

Burger & Co.
BEST PLACE TO
rel Sale.

Will go at
reduced price sales.
on. Every garment
ment will be sold at
The entire stock, in-
suits, jackets,
has been as-
sured or the worth of
saddled. Our only
garments at prices
low. We don't want
work. If a garment
is dropped down to
at in the house is
of spring styles.

\$4.45
Will buy any of the
\$7.50 tan kersey
\$7.50 plaid kersey
\$7.50 seal plush
\$6.50 tan kersey
\$8.50 electric seal
ettes

\$10.00
Will buy any of the
\$15.00 tailor-made
\$15.00 tan, black
jackets
\$16.50 electric
\$18.50 fancy
waist

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

\$19.98
Will buy any of the
\$45.00 tailor-made
\$39.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 tailor-made
\$35.00 fancy silk
\$39.00 kersey jacket
\$39.00 fur capes

The Los Angeles Times

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1900. PRICE 3 CENTS. SINGLE PART—SIXTEEN PAGES AT THE OFFICE COUNTER.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE
A Pronounced Success!
The Musical Event of the Year!
The verdict of press and public at the afternoon song recital yesterday of

Antionette Trebelli
EVERYBODY WANTS HER TO SING AGAIN, and owing to the numerous requests made at the box office, Manager Morosco announces that there will be one more concert by Miss Trebelli given at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where she gives a recital each Thursday. Her last recital will be given at the Burbank Theatre, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 19th, and these popular prices will prevail: First 10 rows down seats (reserved) \$1.00, balance of house down stairs (reserved) 50c. Box seats (reserved) 50c. Sale opens Saturday 9 a.m.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE
TODAY—AND ALL WEEK—TONIGHT
MR. JAMES NEILL...
and the INCOMPARABLE NEILL COMPANY in "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE."
Next week "A GILDED POOL." Grand holiday matinee Washington's Birthday.

OPHEUM TONIGHT Perfection's Night. Tonight Tonight!
The Three HOLLOWAYS, musical comedy (rehearsal) (today).
FAIRY TALE, indestructible feast on the Elbe—The SCHOLERS (novelty) (today) and their five vocalists: BRUET and RIVIERE, comics from Paris. The MITCHELLS, colored comedy-actresses: JAMES BARROWS and Co., "The Three HOLLOWAYS," and her wonderful youngsters: JOSEPH HIGGINS, delightful singer-comedian.

OS ANGELES THEATRE
THE FAMOUS BOSTON LYRIC OPERA CO.
Tonight, Matinee Tomorrow, and Tomorrow Night, "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY." Second week—Great Bill—Charming Opera. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, "The Chimes of Normandy." Wednesday and Thursday, "The Chimes of Normandy." Friday, Saturday, Sunday, "The Chimes of Normandy." Special Prices 50c, 35c, 15c. Seats now on sale. Telephone Main 70.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM
SCALCHI
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM
MADAME GADSKI
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Simpson Auditorium, Manager F. W. Blanchard.

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS
BLANCHARD HALL—Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Blanchard Hall, Manager F. W. Blanchard.
Blanchard Hall, Manager F. W. Blanchard.

STRICT FARM, SOUTH PASADENA
OPEN DAILY TO VISITOR.
"One of the strangest sights in the United States"—New York Journal.
Feather Boas, Capes, Tips and Plumes at producer's prices.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
First Congregational Church.
First Congregational Church.
First Congregational Church.

BASEBALL—Fiesta Park
SUNDAY, FEB. 19.
SAN BERNARDINO vs. MERCANTILES.
Admission 5c. Ladies Free.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL
A TRIP—
Of 166 Miles.
IT'S THE WHOLE THING IN A NUTSHELL.

THE OBSERVATION CAR
This is the most beautiful short journey in the world. DONE IN A DAY.
Los Angeles to San Francisco...
Los Angeles to San Francisco...
Los Angeles to San Francisco...

California Limited
Santa Fe Route
Santa Fe Route
Santa Fe Route.

TOURISTS' COMBINATION TRIP
MOUNTAIN TO SEASHORE
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, in an elegant drawing-room car, LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY gives a 75-mile ride through Orange, Lemo and Olive Orchards, Strawberry and Cherry truck gardens, and along the mountain foothills to Verdugo Canyon, thence to the seashore, trips being made twice a week. Rate only \$1.00 round trip. Trains leave 9 a.m., and return 5:15 p.m. Information and tickets, 214 S. Spring St., and Terminal Station.

SAN FRANCISCO
INCLUDING BERTH AND MEALS—
\$7.85 First Class
\$5.85 Second Class
C. J. LEHMAN, Agent.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
S.S. ALAMANDA leaves San Francisco Feb. 21st, for AUSTRALIA via HONOLULU, SAMOA, and other ports. For rates, tickets and future sailings apply to Hays & Rice, Agents, 101 S. W. 2nd St., Tel. 212.

LOOKS BETTER TO BRITONS.
London Has a Clearer Perspective View.

London Has a Clearer Perspective View.
All Interest Now Centers in Robert's Movements.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

March of His Fifty Thousand Men All-Important.
Resources of Kimberley and of Gen. Cronje, as Well, not Exhausted.

KIMBERLEY RELIEVED.
Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:51 a.m.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The War Office announces that Gen. French reached Kimberley Thursday evening.

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

Gen. French Reaches the beleaguered City.
LONDON, Feb. 16, 9:59 a.m.—Following is Lord Roberts's message to the War Office: "Jacobsdal, Feb. 16, 2 a.m.—French, with a force of artillery, cavalry and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this evening—Thursday."

FREE SILVER
KNOCKED OUT.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

Financial Bill Passes the Senate.
Gold Dollar the Standard of Monetary Value.

[THE PHILIPPINES.]
GARRISON ATTACKED**AMERICANS REPULSE FIVE THOUSAND REBELS.**

Surgeant Bolman Storm the Convent at Davao and Burn Much of the Davao—One Officer the Only Defender Wounded.

Gen. Bates Set Out With an Expedition for Nueva Caceres and Towns in that Vicinity Where Filipinos are Annoying Whites.

Gen. Otis Cables That Conditions Throughout the Islands are Improving—Some Trouble from the Ladrone Element.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, Feb. 15.—(By Manila Cable.) Insurgent forces, estimated to number 5000 soldiers, mostly bolomen, attacked the American garrison in the convent at Davao, in the province of Albay, during the night of February 14. They were repulsed, however, after they had burned much of the town. The Americans had one lieutenant wounded.

EXPEDITION BY BATES.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The Adjutant-General received the following cable today from Gen. Otis:

"MANILA, Feb. 15.—Bates left today with two regiments and a battery of artillery on transports for San Miguel Bay, province of Camarines Sur, to move on Nueva Caceres and towns in that section. The road east from the bay, through the province of Tayabas, is not practicable for troops. The insurgents in Camarines show considerable activity, and make attacks on troops along the southern coast of Luzon. It is reported that they had several hundred Spanish and a few American prisoners in the vicinity of Nueva Caceres.

"Kobbi, with two regiments, occupies the southeastern extremity of Luzon, from Tapes on the north to Davao on the south; also all important points of the islands of Cantanduanes, Samar and Leyte.

"The conditions throughout the Philippines are gradually improving. All coasting vessels are allowed to trade, and the Ladrone element is troublesome in all of the islands, and keeps some very active engaged."

COMFORT AND PRAISE

FOR COURAGEOUS PETTIGREW.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—The following communication has been sent to Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, signed by Thomas W. Higginson, Lloyd Garrison, Gamaliel Bailey, Wendell Phillips, Erving Winslow, William Warren and other anti-slaveryists:

"The undersigned citizens of Massachusetts, cordially inviting the cooperation of lovers of liberty and their country in other states, desire to express to you their thanks and congratulations for your courage in the cause of free speech in the United States.

"For months the government press has groined under the production of the anti-slavery press, and we are glad to see that your opponents in this war are savages, with no rights which we will recognize on them; and that they must bow in abject submission before their own can even be any negotiations for peace."

"Against this you have asked for the printing, as a Congressional document, of a translated paper issued by the leader of these opponents setting forth in temperate and courteous language the history and basis of the war. This paper if it proves nothing else shows that he is no savage, but as a man of sense and courage, and that, if his people believe in him, they are as much his as he is theirs. We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

[THE PHILIPPINES.]
GARRISON ATTACKED**AMERICANS REPULSE FIVE THOUSAND REBELS.**

Surgeant Bolman Storm the Convent at Davao and Burn Much of the Davao—One Officer the Only Defender Wounded.

Gen. Bates Set Out With an Expedition for Nueva Caceres and Towns in that Vicinity Where Filipinos are Annoying Whites.

Gen. Otis Cables That Conditions Throughout the Islands are Improving—Some Trouble from the Ladrone Element.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, Feb. 15.—(By Manila Cable.) Insurgent forces, estimated to number 5000 soldiers, mostly bolomen, attacked the American garrison in the convent at Davao, in the province of Albay, during the night of February 14. They were repulsed, however, after they had burned much of the town. The Americans had one lieutenant wounded.

EXPEDITION BY BATES.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The Adjutant-General received the following cable today from Gen. Otis:

"MANILA, Feb. 15.—Bates left today with two regiments and a battery of artillery on transports for San Miguel Bay, province of Camarines Sur, to move on Nueva Caceres and towns in that section. The road east from the bay, through the province of Tayabas, is not practicable for troops. The insurgents in Camarines show considerable activity, and make attacks on troops along the southern coast of Luzon. It is reported that they had several hundred Spanish and a few American prisoners in the vicinity of Nueva Caceres.

"Kobbi, with two regiments, occupies the southeastern extremity of Luzon, from Tapes on the north to Davao on the south; also all important points of the islands of Cantanduanes, Samar and Leyte.

"The conditions throughout the Philippines are gradually improving. All coasting vessels are allowed to trade, and the Ladrone element is troublesome in all of the islands, and keeps some very active engaged."

COMFORT AND PRAISE

FOR COURAGEOUS PETTIGREW.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—The following communication has been sent to Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, signed by Thomas W. Higginson, Lloyd Garrison, Gamaliel Bailey, Wendell Phillips, Erving Winslow, William Warren and other anti-slaveryists:

"The undersigned citizens of Massachusetts, cordially inviting the cooperation of lovers of liberty and their country in other states, desire to express to you their thanks and congratulations for your courage in the cause of free speech in the United States.

"For months the government press has groined under the production of the anti-slavery press, and we are glad to see that your opponents in this war are savages, with no rights which we will recognize on them; and that they must bow in abject submission before their own can even be any negotiations for peace."

"Against this you have asked for the printing, as a Congressional document, of a translated paper issued by the leader of these opponents setting forth in temperate and courteous language the history and basis of the war. This paper if it proves nothing else shows that he is no savage, but as a man of sense and courage, and that, if his people believe in him, they are as much his as he is theirs. We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

"We are glad to see that you are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war, and are accepting him as a leader and leader in resistance to the war."

[SPORTING RECORD.]
GIVES UP CONTROL.**WHEELMEN'S LEAGUE TO LET RACING ALONE.**

Amateur Clause in Regard to Membership Abolished and All References to Amateurs Stricken from the Constitution.

Conway W. Sams of Maryland Elected President and Abbott Bassett of Boston Secretary—Other Officers Chosen.

Pittsburgh Phil's Jockey Rides a Trio of Winners—Stanford Takes a Close Ball Game from Santa Clara.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15.—The national assembly of league wheelmen today relinquished control of racing, and abolished the amateur clause of membership. All other references to amateur wheelmen were stricken from the constitution.

YELLOW TAIL FLATTENED.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15.—The national assembly of league wheelmen today relinquished control of racing, and abolished the amateur clause of membership. All other references to amateur wheelmen were stricken from the constitution.

The following officers were elected: President, Conway W. Sams, Maryland; first vice-president, Robert F. Kinney, New Hampshire; second vice-president, B. Choate, Minnesota; treasurer, James C. Tattersall, New Jersey; auditing committee, Clarence W. Small, Maine; Aaron Wolfson, Massachusetts; F. M. Skyles, Maryland; secretary, Abbott Bassett of Boston.

GEYSER MAKES RECORD SPURT. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15.**—It seemed like throwing money to the birds to back Yellow Tail against Geysers, but that is what a great many did at Tanforan Park today. The pair clashed in a seven-furlong race, with such a plugged play on Foster & Hackett's bay colt at 2 to 1 that Geysers' price lengthened to 1 to 2. Yellow Tail, with Sly his heels, went out in front with his usual showing of speed, but flattened out badly before the end of the race, and was easily overtaken by the bay colt, who won by a head. The winner carried only 107 pounds, and looked a legitimate 1-to-4 chance.

TANFORAN RESULTS. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15.**—The weather was fine and track fast. Five furlongs: Ella Roland, 106 (Tulley) 2 to 1, won; Isaline, 106 (Jenkins) 15 to 1, second; Lillian, 106 (Jenkins) 15 to 1, third; time 1:01. Harry Thatcher, May Dine, Burdock, March Seven, Galena, Winyah and Gussie Fay also ran.

WILL CHALLENGE DE RODAYS.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Count and Countess De Castellane sailed today for Europe after having satisfied themselves with the status of the Countess's estate—Paris Bladder to be Looked After.

"Our trip over here," said the Count, "has been most pleasant. My wife and I intend to visit the United States every year, and will master of copious of our own country in the autumn."

The Count said that he and the Countess were satisfied with the status of the Countess's estate.

He at first said he would have nothing to say about his fight with De Rodays, the editor of the Figaro, but later said: "I shall attend to the papers which have been handed me when I arrive in Paris. After my suit against the Figaro has been settled, I shall challenge De Rodays to fight. I don't think he will, but if he does not, I will break his bones. If he apologizes for the miserable way in which he slandered me, I will be satisfied."

George Gould, Edwin Gould and his wife, Frank Gould and Miss Helen Gould were among those who prior to the Count and Countess.

YAGUI KILLINGS. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 15.**—A dispatch from Maganillo, Mex., says that the Mexican gunboat Oaxaca has arrived here from the mouth of the Guaymas River with 600 Yaqui Indian prisoners on board. They were captured in the battle fought about three weeks ago near Mazatlan. The prisoners will be taken to Guadaluajara and there distributed to various interior cities. They will not be confined in prisons but will be kept under surveillance for a few years until they have become educated in the habits of the Mexican people, when they will be allowed to return to their tribe and impart their newly-acquired knowledge to their fellow-tribesmen.

When the Oaxaca left the Yaqui River, the government troops were making good progress toward subduing the rebellion. Gen. Torres had divided his command and the two armies were to advance into the Yaqui country from two different points. No official confirmation is obtainable as to the government's loss in the recent battles, but it is reported that there were over four hundred killed and wounded. It is claimed that the Yaquis left 200 killed, about three hundred wounded and 600 captured.

FARMERS ANXIOUS FOR RAIN. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **SALINAS, Feb. 15.**—Reports from the Corral de Tierra, a farming section south of this city, state that farmers there are becoming quite anxious on account of the long-continued dry weather. Much grain has been planted, and considerable more is just coming up. Feed is still good in places, but the southern hillside are getting brown and dry.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **CAMBRIDGE (Mass.), Feb. 15.**—President Charles Eliot of Harvard University, in his annual report for the 1898-99 term says:

"The spirit in which intercollegiate sports are conducted has been improved much of late, but there is ample room for further improvement. Some players and colleges still seem to think at times that they have some thing to gain from victory in sports which will compensate for the discredit for violating the rules or taking undue advantage. It is an objection to football that an immediate advantage accrues from violations of the rules which the spectators cannot see, or even the umpire detect."

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so, NEVER DESPAIR. Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases. Tutt's Liver Pills an absolute cure.

Art, or Mathematics? Wall papering can be made a matter of feet and inches, or it can be made an art. In choosing your stock at wholesale, nothing is so essential as to get the best of the art. Wall papering can be made a matter of feet and inches, or it can be made an art. In choosing your stock at wholesale, nothing is so essential as to get the best of the art.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is drawing to a close, and the contest has narrowed down to a three-horse race. The score at 11 o'clock tonight follows: Cox, 460.12; Barnes, 457.9; Day, 457.9. The winner will be the one who wins the most points.

WALL PAPER. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] **BOSTON, Feb. 15.**—The six-day game of you-please race at Clark's Natatorium is

Liners

[illegible]

rates of interest and more than others charge. Private of
to purchase good real est

[illegible]

holding permanent position, with easy payments; no publicity. T

[illegible]

to suit at 6 and 7 per cent.
BLDG.

MONEY WANTED—

WANTED—WHILE YOU ARE WAITING TO find a satisfactory loan you can deposit your money in the Equitable Loan Society (formerly Equitable Building Fund) and get 6 per cent. If withdrawable on demand, 8 per cent. If non-withdrawable, 9 per cent. Loans made at 7 per cent. interest from \$100 up to \$10,000. Write for particulars to J. A. MUIR, president, 7 W. Broadway, New York City.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, \$100,000 PER MONTH FOR 12 MONTHS AT 7 PER CENT. ON STORES AND T-ROOMS HOUSES, BATHS & CHAWNERS, 2-31 Broadway, New York 21.

WANTED—\$1000 ON 50 ACRES OF FINE LAND IN THE STATE OF TEXAS. Apply to E. L. LANE, 231 Motley alley, (carpenters shop), New York City.

WANTED—MONEY, 5 PER CENT.; LOANS MADE ALSO. Write also to J. A. West, Box section, 300 HENNE BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.

STOCKS AND BONDS—

BONDS—WE OWN AND OFFER
 excellent 5 and 6 per cent. bonds
 BROOKLYN 100 & 125-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-

[illegible]

For particulars call at 303 S.

ANNA-MRS. PARKER, PALMIST,
 reading, tea, fortune, law, etc.
 1000 Madison, Iowa, health and all
 diseases. SPRING ST. room 3. Free

WEND THE MIDWINTER NUM-
 ber of the "Herald" is now out.
 It is a 60-page book, and tells some
 of the most interesting news of the winter
 in a month of Sundays.

THOMAS VAN ROUGH-
 ter, 1000 Madison, Iowa, health and all
 diseases. SPRING ST. room 3. Free

LUTIA DE KORT, Corvallis, Or.
 1000 Madison, Iowa, health and all
 diseases. SPRING ST. room 3. Free

MRS. ELIZA A. EDWARDS, 1000
 Madison, Iowa, health and all
 diseases. SPRING ST. room 3. Free

LADIES, BEHOLD! THE
 "Herald" is now out. It is a 60-page
 book, and tells some of the most
 interesting news of the winter in a
 month of Sundays.

MRS. C. STAFFER, 1000 Madison, Iowa,
 health and all diseases. SPRING ST.
 room 3. Free

LOST, STRAYED
 AND FOUND.
 LOST-PURSE. GREEN VAN NUTE AND
 COMPANY, 1000 Madison, Iowa, health
 and all diseases. SPRING ST. room 3.
 Free

left shoulder. Inquire cor. W
and WASHINGTON

EXCURSIONS—
With Dates and Departures.
PHILLIPS-JUDSON PERSONALLY CON-
ducted excursions, via "Seaside Route" (Dis-
cuss Western and Denver and Rio-Grande
Rys.) leave Los Angeles every Monday, via
"True Southern Route" every Tuesday, via
service. Lowest rates. Office, 120 W. REC-
ORD ST. (Wilcox Block.)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16,

[illegible]

where freezing weather prevails. Very
weather is reported from the eastern sta-
the temperature ranging from zero to 30
below in the Missouri Valley.

Forecast—Local forecast for Los Angeles
Monday: Generally unsettled weather to-
and Friday: Period of rain, heavy
FRANCISCO, Feb. 25, 3 p.m.—Weather
done and the general forecast. The follow-
ing shows the seasonal rainfalls to date, as compared
those of same date last season, and rain-
in last twenty-four hours:

	Last twenty- four hours.	This season.	Last season.
Los- angeles	15.43	
San Francisco	15.50	23.38
San Diego	15.71	22.18
San Jose	16.81	7.77

[illegible]

threatening Friday: cooler.
 The Times Weather Record—
 Clear 11 p.m. to midnight, daily;
 breezy 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Midnight;
 clear 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.
 Precipitation 0.00
 Humidity 67
 Wind 10
 Clouds 100
 Minimum temperature, past 24
 hours 56
 Maximum temperature, past 24
 hours 72
 Minimum temperature, past 24
 hours 56
 Maximum temperature, past 24
 hours 72
 Rainfall for the month 4.30

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Riverside has an "up-to-date \$1000"
 mobile.
 J. H. Fargo & Co. opened their office
 here on Wednesday.
 Descriptions for a smelter at Port-
 er are such that the Oregonian says
 the smelter is now assured.
 The Southern Pacific's new 60,000-gal-
 on water tank at Ebersfield will
 be ready for use in a few days.
 The proposed university extension
 in San Bernardino has been
 approved by the board of education.
 Rest.

Escapes from the H-street and Railroad Avenue schools.

On Saturday last week, 583 cars of cattle were shipped from the penslands of Santa Ana, and there were about 200 carloads still remaining in the pens.

According to the Oakland Inquirer, about sixteen miles of track re-laid by the Santa Ana and San Joaquin Valley road company from Stockton to Point Richmond.

Committee on Public Buildings of the Senate has reported that the government is taking aggressive steps to secure from Congress during the present session an appropriation for a Federal building.

Twenty-two sacks of gold are having been received at Ballersfield for shipment to the coast.

Twenty-five tons of lumber have been mined at Greenhorn Mountain and shipped by the owner, Mr. W. Solomon of Berkeley.

Plans for the emergency hospital have been received by the Southern Pacific

The design is for a three-story emergency hospital at West Oakland, with reception rooms, waiting rooms and a large auditorium. The opening of the meeting is to be held at Santa Barbara, Saturday evening, for the purpose of receiving a Belgian war club. The Press says that the city is growing daily, and Santa Barbara is importing some of the finest stock in the country. The Oakland free library trustees have decided to reduce the \$1500 offered for the purchase of books to \$1000. They say the prices for books are too high, and that they are faced with too many conditions, and that they have already arranged for the purchase of books under the new plans being offered. A petition is being circulated for signature at Santa Bernardino to permit the city to raise the rate of the city bonds to the rate of six per cent through the city sun reports that by Wednesday morning the city had received about two hundred and fifty applications for the limit of speed is ten miles an hour.

at the head of an unincorporated wool-scouring mill, to between \$100,000 and \$400,000 at The Dalles and is now loading 600,000, 800,000 and 1,000,000 lbs. of heavy scoured wools from Oregon to San Francisco for shipment.

The points to be scored before Mr. Munderberg's trip to the San Diego Union principal are:

1. The Diamond Paper Company, Inc., of New York for \$20,000, is in San Diego for the month of his wife's birth.

2. He has decided to start a new business which will be used has been organized in its way.

3. It is an especial invention which he said by some who have examined it and sunlight fine quality.

4. The atmosphere and the clear air in the case of Mr. Lunde California is

Lord Chesterfield Married.
LONDON, Feb. 15.—Lord Chesterfield and Miss Enla Wilson were married in the city this afternoon. There was a large and fashionable attendance at the ceremony.

McCall's Patterns 10c and 15c

Emerson's Journal

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

This is the last week of the exhibit of the burnt leather pieces. Many special designs are shown in old mission and other artistic bits of elching.

The Store Motive.

Our mission is to mass merchandise in such quantities and in such variety as to make your choosing an easy and simple thing.

We study every market of the world that we may serve you well.

Every advantage of quick cash and systematic organization is serving you in a hundred little ways. We pay the printer daily to reflect the news and views of the store, not to induce you to buy.

overbuy your money is waiting for you if you'd rather have it than the merchandise.

The advertising is merely to give you a friendly hint of what is going on, like this:

Sale of Men's Shirts.

Men's golf shirts, cuffs to match; the new spring styles and colorings in pretty stripes and small check chevrons and madras cloths, \$1.00.

Men's shirts, the famous Monarch brand, all the very latest stripes, spots and set figures; the new spring 1900 patterns, as shown in New York and Chicago; these at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Men's shirts, negligee style, of fine French flannel; pretty light stripes and fancy chevrons, splendidly made; good, full body and full length; \$1.25.

Men's negligees or working shirts, pink, gray and blue chevrons of madras cloth, strongly made, full size; 75c.

Men's working shirts, of saturated woven madras and black and white chevrons, full 36 inch waists, full body, carefully made, at 50c.

We also aim to have the best value in unlaundered shirts for the money; the money will buy. Our shirts at 50c and 75c are examples of how we live up to our ideal.

COLUMBIA BAY GOODS CO.,
317-325 South Broadway, Between Third and Fourth, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fear is depressing and demoralizing. Rent one of our Safe Deposit Boxes, and all fear for the safety of your valuables will cease.

Union Bank of Savings, 223 S. Spring
Next L. L. Theaters

ALTHOUSE FRUIT CO.

Make

To keep in touch with Althouse and see what he has to say every day. If we don't happen to mention each day just what you want, whv. telephone us or stop in when

Point

you're down town. We're sure to have all the fruits and vegetables that are gettable at each season of the year. Orders promptly filled.

Goods Shipped Everywhere. 213-215 W. Second St. Tel. M. 393.

Superior Steel Ranges, Cook and Heating Stoves

Cass & Smurr Stove Co.

**LOS ANGELES
FURNITURE** 

"It is a pleasure to please the children."

The little folks are always delighted with our children's chairs. They imitate the kind that old folks use, only they're smaller.


We have them made especially



strong in order to withstand all the rough tumbles children subject them to. Little rocking chairs in mahogany or oak, with leather, wood, cane or upholstered seats, \$1.25 up.

High chairs in many styles for many ages.

**225, 227 and 229 South Broadway,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.**



traced and a new set fitted. The possibility of painless extraction induced him to consent to the operation, and the operation was performed with extreme reluctance to the surgeon. There were both lower and upper teeth to extract, but he stipulated before the operation that only the lower should be removed, postoperative removal of the upper teeth was "if it felt." The lower teeth were removed with such surprising speed and so painlessly that he declared he wished all, upper as well as lower, had been removed, and a few days later he returned to Dr. Schilling and was prepared to have the upper teeth removed. The operation was performed on my father's teeth, and was greatly pleased to see the patient, so old and infirm, was able to get through the operation with such slight discomfort. My father says he felt absolutely no pain.

General Manager Record Publishing Co.

Having an old tooth, carried for several years, tearing to leave a painful hole it would not stay in place. Teeth pain is extracted.

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several tests of my Dr. Schiffrin's medicine. I have tried and used it for my children and filled the roof of one of my teeth, and I can say that I have been completely distinguished from a natural tooth, so all of my work was done with Dr. Schiffrin's medicine.

JUDSON R. HISEL,
of Davis & Rush, Attorneys, 4 Rogers
Block, 207 New High St.

On account of some unfortunate experi-

[illegible]

Orchard Avenue. 107 North Spring St.

...the land-hold-
...to stand the money-
tax and a little premium be-
other
bottle
Atham

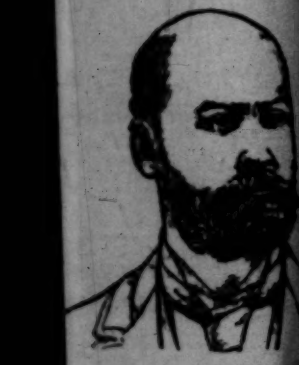
... applications, had one in-
membership Wednesday even-
tors were present from
Santa Ana and Tent No. 6,
November contest during last
a tie, each having received
applications. The reports of
and record keepers of the
the semi-annual term ending
is as follows: Amount col-
later.
U. S. Ho-
new camp
ing with a
The Frater-
NEW I-
itol, No-
Sacram-
by B. F. Ch-
Ontario I.

ants,
Requisites,
Supplies
-OF EVERY KIND
Mailed Free Upon Application
FRUIT CO
Bulb Merchants,
326-330 SOUTH MAIN STREET

SUBJECT TO TAX
VANDERBILT MILLIONS
CHEAT THE LAW
(A. P. DAY REPORT)
NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—The
Fitzgerald today handed down
a decision denying the applica-
tion of the late William H. Van-
derbilt for a court order to
be exempt from inheritance tax
the trust fund of \$10,000,000
which he had bequeathed to his
children. The court held that
the trust was not exempt from
taxation under the will of the
late William H. Vanderbilt.

Under the will of William H. Van-
derbilt a trust fund of \$10,000,000
was bequeathed to his children.
The court held that the trust
was not exempt from inheritance
tax under the will of the late
William H. Vanderbilt. The court
held that the trust was not
exempt from taxation under the
will of the late William H. Van-
derbilt. The court held that the
trust was not exempt from tax-
ation under the will of the late
William H. Vanderbilt.

STRICTLY RELIABLE
DR. TALCOTT



Men Only

We are always willing to
suffer for a cure in our
practice is confined to the
members of the male. Having
the attention to the treatment
of the male. Having the atten-
tion to the treatment of the
male. Having the attention to
the treatment of the male.

Cor. Third and Main

FRUIT WORLD

Grower's Fight Against
Line Injustices

The Fruit World to appear
this week a full review of the
industry, and will be in the
next edition, in celebration of
the centennial of the fruit in-
dustry. The review will be
written by the growers and will
be a real point of view on the
industry. The review will be
written by the growers and will
be a real point of view on the
industry.

DR. SOMER

Funeral

Shaving Out

EN

The Fraternal Field.

lected for endowment fund, \$99,130; for general fund, \$562,300; for cap-
ital, \$12,437; for sick fund, \$104,750; bal-
ance sick fund, \$181,166; balance in
building fund, \$164,681.

Ladies of the Maccabees.
STAR HIVE, No. 18, entertained the
Sisters and guards of Los Angeles
hive, No. 1. Mrs. Eudocia S. Moffat,
D.D.C., was also a guest of the evening.

California-Banner Hive, No. 3, gave
a Valentine party Tuesday evening at
the hall of Tent, No. 6, K.O.T.M. The
principal feature of the evening was
an exhibition drill by the Los Angeles
Division, No. 2, K.O.T.M.

California-Banner Hive, No. 3, initiated
five candidates and received two
applications at its meeting Tuesday
afternoon.

Native Sons of the Golden West.
RAMONA PARLOR, No. 108, is ex-
periencing a boom, as a number of
new applications were received last
week and fourteen new ones will be
presented this evening.

Native Daughters of the Golden West.
MRS. SADIE RIOS, D.D.G.F., installed
the following officers of La
Esperanza Parlor, No. 34, on the
evening of the 14th: Miss C. Kates, P.P.

Grand Overseeer W. E. D. MOR-
GISON and Past Grand Master
Gordon J. Smith, both of whom
visited to the Riverside Lodge
Wednesday evening, where they also
addressed an open meeting under
auspices, the affair concluding with a
banquet.

Los Angeles Lodge, No. 55, conferred
the Workman degree on eight candi-
dates at its meeting Wednesday. The
following members were elected as
delegates to the next session of the
Grand Lodge to be held in April: Al-
dred L. Kiven, Walter Deveder, F. S.
Graham, D. H. Mason, and Alex-
ander Crow.

Independent Order of Foresters.
HIGHER CHIEF RANGER G. A.
MEHLFRESH paid an official visit
to Court Circle City, No. 51, at
Corona Tuesday evening, and addressed
an open meeting in the interest of the
order. Yesterday afternoon he offi-
cially visited the Court of Companions
at San Pedro, which starts with
about twenty-five charter members.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

luted at Ontario, Tuesday evening by
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malona.
Supreme President C. P. Dandy se-
cured forty-five applications in the
past three weeks at Phoenix, Ariz.
Hermosa Lodge, No. 28, initiated
two candidates Monday evening, re-
ceived four applications and elected
four to membership.

Royal Arcanum.
A JOINT session of the councils of
the city was held last evening to
hear reports of committees for a
coming session of the Grand Council.

California Council, No. 1647, initiated
two candidates and received two ap-
plications Tuesday evening. Mr.
Reinecke of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was
among the visitors, made a speech
for the benefit of the order.

United Ancient Order of Druids.
THIS has been an important week
with the local groves because of the
presence of Noble Grand Arch
James P. Martindale and Grand Sec-
retary John M. Graves, on their annual
tour of official visits and inspection.

Fraternities.
COURT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
initiated three candidates Monday
evening.

Cocopa Tribe, No. 1, I.O.R.M.,
conferred the Adoption degree on two
paes last Friday evening.

The Supreme Council, Order of Pendo,
is in session at San Francisco. The
order has been instituted in the south-
western portion of the city, with the
following officers: Fred de Lancy,
President; Dr. W. H. Mitchell, First
Vice-President; Mrs. O. Cleveland,
Second Vice-President; Mrs. Elsie A.
Schubert, Third Vice-President; Mrs.
S. C. Squire, Treasurer; C. H.
Gruber, Guard; Dr. W. H. Mitchell,
Medical Examiner; Ed Sebastian, W.
Cleveland, Secretary.

United Moderns.
THIS order issued \$2,500,000 insurance
last year and started 1900 with 2078
members, and \$2,500,000 insurance in
force. Its death rate was 4.7 per 1000.
Its net assets at the beginning of the
year were \$53,671.75.

Organizers M. C. Gann and Miss M.
Milliken instituted a new lodge at Bal-
boa last Saturday evening, with
thirty-five charter members.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

next convention of the district will be
held at Santa Ana June 20.
In the evening the delegates were
entertained by Mt. Pleasant Council,
No. 147, with the following program:
Evocations by the degree team of Mt.
Pleasant Council in costume; reading,
Mrs. Sollenberger; vocal trio, Mrs.
Mary McClure; piano solo, Miss Be-
sie Littleboy; vocal solo, Mr. F. Has-
meilbach; reading, Mr. Alwater; vocal
solo, Mrs. Mary McClure. The pro-
gram was followed by a banquet and
a number of five-minute speeches.

Order United American Mechanics.
THE State Council of California was
held in this city Tuesday, with all
the councils of the State repre-
sented. After the transaction of the
customary routine business, the fol-
lowing officers were elected: State
Counselor, L. M. Gilman, Pasadena;
State Vice-Counselor, R. H. Shannon,
Los Angeles; State Secretary, Isaac S.
Smith, Los Angeles; State Treasurer,
John A. West, Los Angeles; S. C.
Inspector, L. E. Canfield, Pasadena;
S. C. Examiner, J. H. Leman, San
Pedro; S. C. Inside Protector, E. C.
Clegg, Pasadena; S. C. Outside Pro-
tector, J. S. Van Buskirk, Los An-
geles; Past State Counselor, G. N.
Lockwood, Los Angeles; Representa-
tives to the National Council at Rich-
mond, Va., in September, Isaac S.
Smith, Los Angeles; Isaac S. Smith,
Los Angeles.

Knights and Ladies of Security.
A COUNCIL of this order, to be
known as Los Angeles, No. 337,
has been instituted in the south-
western portion of the city, with the
following officers: Fred de Lancy,
President; Dr. W. H. Mitchell, First
Vice-President; Mrs. O. Cleveland,
Second Vice-President; Mrs. Elsie A.
Schubert, Third Vice-President; Mrs.
S. C. Squire, Treasurer; C. H.
Gruber, Guard; Dr. W. H. Mitchell,
Medical Examiner; Ed Sebastian, W.
Cleveland, Secretary.

Fraternities.
COURT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
initiated three candidates Monday
evening.

Cocopa Tribe, No. 1, I.O.R.M.,
conferred the Adoption degree on two
paes last Friday evening.

The Supreme Council, Order of Pendo,
is in session at San Francisco. The
order has been instituted in the south-
western portion of the city, with the
following officers: Fred de Lancy,
President; Dr. W. H. Mitchell, First
Vice-President; Mrs. O. Cleveland,
Second Vice-President; Mrs. Elsie A.
Schubert, Third Vice-President; Mrs.
S. C. Squire, Treasurer; C. H.
Gruber, Guard; Dr. W. H. Mitchell,
Medical Examiner; Ed Sebastian, W.
Cleveland, Secretary.

United Moderns.
THIS order issued \$2,500,000 insurance
last year and started 1900 with 2078
members, and \$2,500,000 insurance in
force. Its death rate was 4.7 per 1000.
Its net assets at the beginning of the
year were \$53,671.75.

Organizers M. C. Gann and Miss M.
Milliken instituted a new lodge at Bal-
boa last Saturday evening, with
thirty-five charter members.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

At the close of the session of Court
Mateo, No. 388, Wednesday evening,
the Grand Council, Grand Order of
the Orient, conferred the degree upon
twenty-four applicants.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.

DECEMBER 31, 1899

Outstanding Assurance	\$1,054,416,422.00
Assurance Applied for in 1899	237,356,610.00
Examined and Declined	34,054,778.00
New Assurance Issued	203,301,832.00
Income	53,878,200.86
Assets December 30, 1899	280,191,286.80
Assurance Fund (\$216,384,975.00) and all other Liabilities (\$2,688,834.03)	219,073,809.03
Surplus	61,117,477.77
Paid Policyholders in 1899	24,107,541.44

DIRECTORS.
James W. Alexander, President.
James H. Hyde, T. Jefferson Coolidge,
Chauncey M. Dewey, Jacob H. Schiff,
Wm. A. Tower, John Jacob Astor,
Gage E. Tarbell, George J. Gould,
A. Van Santvoord, Edward W. Lambert,
Geo. T. Wilson, Sir W. C. Van Horne,
H. M. Alexander, C. Ledyard Blair,
T. DeWitt Cuyler, John A. Stewart,
Robert T. Lincoln, D. O. Mills,
H. C. Haastick, John Sloan,
Wm. Alexander, Marvin Hughitt,
H. J. Fairchild, M. E. Ingalls,
David H. Moffat, Brayton Ives,
Joseph T. Low, Alanson Trask,
J. F. De Navarro.

OFFICERS.
James W. Alexander, President.
James H. Hyde, Vice-President.
George T. Wilson, Third Vice-President.
William Alexander, Secretary.
William H. McIntyre, Assistant Secretary.
James B. Loring, Registrar.
Edward W. Lambert, M.D., Edward Curtis, M.D., Medical Directors.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT:
A. M. SHIELDS, Manager,
W. H. CRAMER, Cashier.
414-416-418-420 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.
COURT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, No. 314,
met every Monday evening at Unity Hall,
12 N. Main st., D. W. Ferguson, Financial
Secretary, C. J. Gould, Chief Ranger.

CONSUMPTION CURED by the WHITMAN METHOD.
Patients are treated here or at the Institute. Symptom blank and booklet on "Consumption
Cause and Cure" sent free. Koch Medical Institute, 621 N. South Spring street, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

...To Amateur Photographers.

The HOME STUDY CIRCLE course on PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS will be published on Fridays throughout February, March, April and May, beginning in THE TIMES today.

"Snap Shots" at this course will give you much valuable information, but a "time exposure" of fifteen or twenty minutes every Friday throughout the term will produce the most satisfactory results.

Every one interested in amateur photography should take advantage of this unique opportunity. The course will be directed by Mr. George W. Gilson, editor of the Professional Photographer. The studies will include paper on cameras, lenses, dry plates and films, the dark room, negatives, developing, retouching, printing, photographic papers, flashlights, outdoor and indoor pictures, etc., with general papers on the history and advancement of the art of photography.

The Spring Term of the HOME STUDY CIRCLE opened yesterday with an article by Prof. Paul Elmer More of Harvard University on "THE LITERATURE OF EGYPT," the first of the course on GOLDEN AGES OF LITERATURE.

The list of new courses for the term is as follows:

- American Political Parties.
- Recent Scientific Discoveries.
- 20 Lessons in French Conversation.
- Golden Ages of Literature.
- Photography for Amateurs.
- Biographical Studies for Girls.

BUSINESS

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.
Los Angeles, Feb. 15, 1900.
(The following quotations are taken from the market yesterday and are subject to change without notice. They are not intended to be used as a basis for any other publication. When so published, they are simply printed from this paper.)

ORANGES IN THE EAST-YESTERDAY

TWENTY-NINE CARS SOLD.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The auction sale today of twenty-nine cars of California oranges showed a strong market. The fruit was of good quality, all sizes showing a slight advance over yesterday's sale.

The weather here remains favorable. Jobbers report a good demand. Thirty-nine cars are due, and twelve to fifteen cars will be sold tomorrow. Sales: Thompson's improved navel, fancy, regular size, \$2.40; standard, average \$2.40; choice, regular size, \$2.35; average \$2.35; Washington navel, extra fancy, regular size, \$2.30; average \$2.30; small size, \$2.25; average \$2.25; fancy, regular size, \$2.00; average \$2.00; small size, \$1.95; average \$1.95; extra fancy seedlings, regular size, \$1.70; average \$1.70; small size, \$1.65; average \$1.65; \$1.60; small size, \$1.55; average \$1.55; \$1.50; small size, \$1.45; average \$1.45; \$1.40; small size, \$1.35; average \$1.35; \$1.30; small size, \$1.25; average \$1.25; \$1.20; small size, \$1.15; average \$1.15; \$1.10; small size, \$1.05; average \$1.05; \$1.00; small size, \$0.95; average \$0.95; \$0.90; small size, \$0.85; average \$0.85; \$0.80; small size, \$0.75; average \$0.75; \$0.70; small size, \$0.65; average \$0.65; \$0.60; small size, \$0.55; average \$0.55; \$0.50; small size, \$0.45; average \$0.45; \$0.40; small size, \$0.35; average \$0.35; \$0.30; small size, \$0.25; average \$0.25; \$0.20; small size, \$0.15; average \$0.15; \$0.10; small size, \$0.05; average \$0.05; \$0.00; small size, \$0.00; average \$0.00.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

BOSTON, Feb. 15.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The weather today was mild and favorable for the orange business, but jobbers report trade dull. There will probably be about eighteen cars sold tomorrow. A good number of out-of-town buyers is expected, and prices will probably be about the same as today.

Prices will probably show a little advance over the last two days. With favorable weather and the lighter receipts, prices are expected next week. Trade will probably be cleared up, and better prices may be looked for toward the end of next week. There are now forty-seven cars on the track unladen.

PHILADELPHIA CITRUS-FRUIT MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) There was no sale of oranges today. Twelve cars of California oranges are advertised for tomorrow's sale. The market conditions remain unchanged, and no advance in prices can be expected.

MONEY MARKETS.

The money market in New York continues in a state of remarkable calm. Last week's clearinghouse statement shows an increase of \$1,249,000 in loans, and \$15,381,000 in deposits. The total cash reserve is \$228,500,000, which is a record.

The increase of loans must be due almost exclusively to active trade, as the American Banker, which has been comparatively little business doing on the stock exchange. Nevertheless, conditions are becoming favorable to another speculative advance in the situation in South Africa seems to tend to inspire confidence, money is growing easier here, and the world and security prices are low. Call loans are quoted at 1 and 2 per cent, the bulk of such loans being made at 2 per cent. Six months' loans are made at 4 per cent.

COMMERCIAL.

PRUNES IN ENGLAND. The produce market in London is a little less active than yesterday. The demand for plums and prunes in the spring time is a very satisfactory feature in the trade, and it is to be hoped that the supplies for the coming months will be sufficient to prevent any serious advance. At the moment the prospects in this direction are not cheering. The French supplies are small and already completely exhausted in price for ordinary consumption, and the Bosnian market is practically cleared, so that the California fruit is now of considerable interest. Unfortunately the stock of the description is not by any means large, and prices for further shipment are somewhat higher than spot values. It would seem pretty clear that it is desirable not to defer buying until the fruit is actually needed.

FOREIGN CITRUS FRUIT.

The quantities of lemons and oranges, by boxes, on the way to America on the date January 27, for the last three years are as follows:

1898.	1899.	1900.
Lemons.....114,200	128,000	85,000
Oranges.....114,200	128,000	85,000

On January 27 last there was in port to be sold 18,000 boxes of lemons.

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

YOUR CIGARS. Ninety-nine out of a hundred grocers handle cigars and tobacco to a greater or less extent, says a writer in the American Grocer; but few of them realize, however, the necessity for caution as regards the proper care of the cigar. The cigar is a food, and it is to be expected that it should be of the proper nature of the product. It is, perhaps, not generally known that tobacco is more susceptible to climatic influences and the absorption of foreign substances than any other plant grown; and more particularly when manufactured in the shape of cigars, for the reason that it is to be expected that it should be of the proper nature of the product. It is, perhaps, not generally known that tobacco is more susceptible to climatic influences and the absorption of foreign substances than any other plant grown; and more particularly when manufactured in the shape of cigars, for the reason that it is to be expected that it should be of the proper nature of the product.

Cigars should always be kept from coming in contact with such articles as butter, cheese, lard, fish, or foods of a similar character in the grocery line. Inasmuch as the tobacco absorbs the disagreeable or peculiar characteristics of any article that is pronounced in smell, taste, or flavor. Many a cigar has been ruined by being packed in a second-hand soap box, or with butter, cheese, or fish. It is, therefore, a matter of great importance that the dealer who keeps a stock of cigars should be taken into consideration as a dealer in first-class cigars. There are many other articles of merchandise which should never be allowed to come in contact with cigars, such as camphor, salt, butter, vinegar, spices, coffee, tea, etc. These facts, if observed, will prevent many complaints regarding cigars, which are known to have a standard value for quality, that would otherwise prove satisfactory in every way to dealer and consumer.

SHORTER CREDITS.

The Wholesale Grocers' Association of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, about to adopt a plan which would well be placed in use by all the jobbers' associations, as well as the jobbers' associations of the entire country. The association is to form a plan by which retail grocers who pay their bills within thirty days shall be paid by the association. This plan is to be used as an inducement to the use of bills, and will work in this way: The present price of granulated sugar is \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The new plan all grocers, whether they pay or not, will have sugar at \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The bill will be printed with the price of the sugar, and the grocer will be paid by the association. This plan is to be used as an inducement to the use of bills, and will work in this way: The present price of granulated sugar is \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The new plan all grocers, whether they pay or not, will have sugar at \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The bill will be printed with the price of the sugar, and the grocer will be paid by the association.

This plan is to be used as an inducement to the use of bills, and will work in this way: The present price of granulated sugar is \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The new plan all grocers, whether they pay or not, will have sugar at \$2.00 per hundred pounds. The bill will be printed with the price of the sugar, and the grocer will be paid by the association.

Flour and Feedstuffs.

Flour.—The flour market is quiet. The demand for flour is not very active. The price of flour is steady. The price of feedstuffs is also steady.

Fresh Fruits and Berries.

Lemons.—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00. **Oranges.**—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00. **Apples.**—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00. **Berries.**—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00.

Dried Fruits, Nuts, Raisins.

Raisins.—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00. **Nuts.**—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00. **Dried Fruits.**—Per box, 100 lbs., \$1.00.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SHARES AND MONEY.—The stock market is quiet. The price of shares is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

LOS ANGELES MARKET.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15, 1900.—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

London Financial Market.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(The Commercial Advertiser's London Correspondent.)—The London market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

New York Money.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(Money on call, 1900.)—The market is quiet. The price of goods is steady. The price of money is also steady.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(Today's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash, \$1,000,000; gold reserve, \$1,000,000.)

London Silver.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—(Consols, 1899; silver, 75 1/2.)

GENERAL EASTERN MARKETS.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.—The grain market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

MRS. WEIR TELLS OF COMFORT.

That three doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her of a severe case of anemia, and that she was able to resume her normal life.

California Capital.

A California Company, a California Capital, a California Future. The company is organized to develop the state's resources.

Vera Copper Mining.

223 Homer Laughlin Building. The company is organized to develop the state's resources.

PROF. JOS. FANDREY CURES.

Without knife, needle or detention from business. Recommended by the best physicians.

DOCTOR HARRISON & CO.

Strictly Reliable Specialists. For Rent Only. WE WAIT for our FEE until CURE is effected. This is a fact and Not a lie.

Baseball and Bat With Every Boy's Suit.

H. COHN & CO., 141-143 NORTH ST. SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

MRS. WEIR TELLS OF COMFORT.

That three doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her of a severe case of anemia, and that she was able to resume her normal life.

California Capital.

A California Company, a California Capital, a California Future. The company is organized to develop the state's resources.

Vera Copper Mining.

223 Homer Laughlin Building. The company is organized to develop the state's resources.

PROF. JOS. FANDREY CURES.

Without knife, needle or detention from business. Recommended by the best physicians.

DOCTOR HARRISON & CO.

Strictly Reliable Specialists. For Rent Only. WE WAIT for our FEE until CURE is effected. This is a fact and Not a lie.

Baseball and Bat With Every Boy's Suit.

H. COHN & CO., 141-143 NORTH ST. SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)—The market is quiet. The price of grain is steady. The price of produce is also steady.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(The grain market.)

Southern California by Towns and Counties.

DAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.

PARADEMA.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN PEDRO.

COMPTON.

STEARNS BROS.

LEGAL.

TRUSTEES OF THE

PARADEMA.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN PEDRO.

COMPTON.

STEARNS BROS.

LEGAL.

TRUSTEES OF THE

PARADEMA.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

THE LADY JOCELYN.

SAN PEDRO.

COMPTON.

STEARNS BROS.

LEGAL.

TRUSTEES OF THE

"The Best is the Cheapest."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Pears' Soap

A Weak Stomach

It Nourishes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

PERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK WOMEN

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

YOU SHOULD TAKE SCOTT'S EMULSION IF YOUR COLD IS "HANGING ON," IT WILL STRENGTHEN YOUR THROAT AND LUNGS, AND HEAL THE TENDER PLACES.

CAUSE THE PYRAMID CO.

United States Crude Oil Co.

GALLERY OF ART

California Oil Co.

25c for \$1 Shares

Steel Well Casing

Thompson & Boyle Co.

WANTED TO BUY.

COLYEAR'S

GET ABOARD AT LOS ANGELES

City Briefs.

The Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, has removed from the basement of the Times Building, where it has been temporarily located, to its splendid new quarters in the new Times Building, (110-112 N. Broadway), which has been especially designed and fitted up for a modern, up-to-date job printing and bookbinding establishment.

Remember the needy. Save your cast-off clothing, beds, bedding or stoves for poor families of the city. A request is also made for shoes and clothing for poor children. These are many poor families in need of whole-some food, and potatoes, beans, groceries, or canned fruit will be most thankfully received. Drop a card to Fred Wrigley, at the "Good Samaritan" (formerly Capt. Fraser's) home, No. 125 East Seventh street, and anything you have to donate will be called for.

First M. E. Church, Illinois Hall, Sixth and Broadway, Henry J. McCoy of San Francisco, will deliver his amusing and instructive stereoscopic lecture, "The Humorous Side of a European Trip," Friday evening, Feb. 10. General admission 15c; reserved seats, 25c. At Bartlett's Music House, 225 South Broadway.

Learn all about Southern California, its climate, soil, people, productions, commerce, progress and general business conditions, by sending 10 cents for a copy of the mammoth Winter Edition of The Los Angeles Times.

It is reported that the Railway Men's Oil Company closed a deal in valuable oil lands today, amounting to \$5,000, particulars not yet obtained. For time of arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Turkish rugs, draperies and curios at cost. Tourists invited. 121 W. 4th. Fine carpets, draperies and curios. (Fine goods.) Field & Cole, 249 Spring.

Forty finest stamp photos only 25 cents. "Sunbeam," 244 South Main at Union.

Whitney's trunk factory, 423 S. Spring. Remodeled. D. Bonifazi, 423 S. Spring.

Indian relics, Campbell's Curio Store, Ocean wonders, 240-S. Broadway.

Ge Ling Toy was taken to San Francisco yesterday by the Chinese steamer Mambai to be deported. Gee was ordered deported by the commissioner at San Diego.

Let's last night The Times received a message from Pomona, announcing the death at his home at that place of P. C. Tomner, Esq., a well-known attorney. Quick consumption was assigned as the cause.

The employees of the postoffice are arranging for a banquet to be tendered to Postmaster John R. Mathews, prior to his retirement from office, which occurs March 1. The banquet will take place on the evening of February 24.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Charles Anthony, of the Vincent, George H. Larkin, H. L. Percy, C. E. Stevens, Dunne, Gardner, John Throckmold, George H. Russell and Mrs. L. O. Wiedera.

The funeral of Herbert Rase, who was killed in a fight in the Philippines, will occur on Sunday, at 2 p. m., at St. Vincent's Church, on Grand avenue and Washington. His body was brought to San Francisco with that of Gen. Lawton.

"How to Attain and Retain Health, and How to Become Beautiful, Mentally and Physically," is the subject of Dr. Sarah J. Tedford's parlor talk Friday night at 8 o'clock, at the German Methodist Church, on Fourth street, west of Broadway.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of this city will pray for rain next Wednesday. On that day general missionary services are to be held throughout the city, and the women will offer prayer for "salvation and rain, both spiritual and material."

Joseph Weisbart, who keeps a notion store at No. 138 North Main street, stopped a runaway horse attached to a buggy yesterday afternoon. While standing in front of his store he saw the horse dash over the crossing at First and Main streets, proceeding alongside of the frightened animal, going nearly a block before he was able to grasp the bit. He finally brought the horse to a standstill without any damage having been done. The rig belonged to Bailey Johnson.

PERSONAL.

R. L. Ennis of Rochester, N. Y., is at the Nadeau.

Rabbi M. G. Solomon left for New York yesterday.

James G. Jack of San Francisco is at the Nadeau House.

E. W. Ames and wife of Salt Lake are at the Westminister.

C. O. Wiggins of Philadelphia is a guest at the Hollenbeck.

Mrs. Robert S. Gross of Albuquerque, N. M., is a guest at the Nadeau.

Hugh Boyd of New Brunswick, N. J., is registered at the Westminister.

Epoch Magazine, District Attorney of Arapahoe county, Colo., is at the Hollenbeck.

Mrs. William Baird and Miss Baird of Pittsburgh, Pa., are guests at the Van Nuys.

Miss M. Reed and Miss Natalie Reed of Phoenix, Ariz., are guests at the Hollenbeck.

General Manager S. B. Hyman of the Terminal Railway left for the East Wednesday.

Superior Judge John L. Campbell of San Bernardino is registered at the Westminister.

W. R. Prickett and wife of Edwardsville, Ill., are among the tourists at the Hollenbeck.

Mrs. S. B. Howard and Mrs. A. L. Marshall of Philadelphia are tourists at the Van Nuys.

Charles A. Brown of Honolulu is among the visitors to the city stopping at the Van Nuys.

C. D. Kellogg, wife and child of Kansas City, Mo., are among the guests at the Van Nuys.

Henry Shaw, a silk importer of New York, and R. C. Shaw of Oakland are guests at the Van Nuys.

E. E. Stoddard of San Francisco, well known in bicycle circles on the Coast, is at the Hollenbeck.

H. M. Clay, general agent in the passenger department of the Union Pacific, is here from Salt Lake.

J. W. Pierson and family and W. H. Fuqua and family of Amarillo, Tex., are staying at the Hollenbeck.

Colin Timmins, a well-known mining man from Kingman, Ariz., with Mrs. Timmins and child, are guests at the Hollenbeck.

Mrs. Miguel A. Otero and son of Santa Fe, N. M., and Miss L. Rue of Las Vegas, N. M., are guests at the Van Nuys.

Mrs. H. L. Ballou of Colorado Springs, Colo., and Mrs. M. L. Jackson of Scranton, Pa., are tourists in this city, stopping at the Van Nuys.

James P. McCarthy is located permanently in Los Angeles for the purpose of looking after the old interests in which his various companies are concerned. His home is at the Van Nuys.

EYES EXAMINED FREE

By daylight or electric light. Charges moderate for all materials used in rectifying eye troubles.

Rimless Eyeglasses. With best quality lenses and fine nickel mountings, for only \$2.00. Best gold filled mounting, warranted for 10 years, for only \$3.00. Solid gold mountings, \$5.00.

Geneva Watch and Optical Co., 305 South Broadway.

Our Peerless

Gold Medal Wines

Are acknowledged superior to all other California wines. They are favorite wines for family use—guaranteed pure and wholesome.

ANGELICA 50c. 75c. \$1.00 per gal. MUSCAT 50c. 75c. \$1.00 per gal. SHERRY 50c. 75c. \$1.00 per gal. According to age.

So. Cal. Wine Co., 20 W. Fourth. Phone Main 375.

Children's Shoes...

We believe we have a good idea of Children's Shoes as can be found in this city. Moderate in price, but of excellent value. A more varied assortment we never had.

We believe we can meet your every want, whether it be a Patent Leather Slipper or substantial School Shoe. We have the...

Best \$1.50 Shoe for boy or girl, ever made.

Innes-Crippen Shoe Co., 258 South Broadway, 231 West Third St.

HAND-MADE HATS

New York's Latest

See Window Display.

HOFFMAN'S MILLINERY, 215 S. Broadway.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Edwin B. Newcomb, aged 25, a native of Ohio, and Amelia V. Seidel, aged 25, also a native of Ohio; both residents of Los Angeles.

Eddie Gilman, aged 18, a native of Canada, and Sadie M. Coburn, aged 18, a native of California; both residents of Los Angeles.

Horatio N. Rust, aged 71, a native of Massachusetts, and a resident of South Pasadena, and Hattie S. Elliott, aged 50, a native of Ohio and a resident of Los Angeles.

J. M. Naylor and wife and Miss Edna Naylor of Tiffin, O., are among the guests at the Westminister. Mr. Naylor is a hardware dealer and capitalist.

DEATH RECORD.

CRAW—In this city, Wednesday, at 2 a. m., C. C. Crawford, 41 Long Beach, February 11, 1900. Burial at Evergreen Cemetery, Los Angeles, Saturday, February 12, 1900.

DIEMER—At his late residence, No. 100 West Washington street, February 11, 1900, Rev. Francis M. Diemer, aged 72 years.

The funeral service will be held at the Grand View Presbyterian church tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment at Rosehill.

MCCOY—In New York city, February 10, 1900, Harry J. McCoy, formerly of this city, aged 72 years.

LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO. Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office 614 S. Broadway, Tel. 741 or 312.

THE LADY UNDERTAKER. Mrs. Connel, with Orr & Hines, 612 S. Broadway, has charge of all ladies and children entrusted to their care. Tel. 241.

WELL-DRESSED MEN. Wear Cuff Collars. Why don't you? Matheson & Berner, Broadway, opp. Bradbury.

A NEW expansion atlas, size 14x21, just from Rand-McNally's press, contains an excellent map of Manila and its splendid bay, also other maps of the full group of islands, and maps of all the nations of the world. The Times offers this atlas free as a premium with a prepaid six-months' subscription to The Times, or for sale to Times subscribers only for 40 cents. The atlas can be had at the Times subscription department, corner First and Broadway, or it will be mailed to any Times subscriber upon receipt of the price quoted.

SIX entirely new courses will be presented during the spring term of The Times' Home Study Circle, which began yesterday.

ANTVO Cold Cream feeds the skin, puts purity in place of pimples.

VALUE IS THE

MERCANTILE

MAGNET

Today and Saturday

VIENNA BREAD 3c

LEMONS 5c

CEREAL COFFEE 5c

CASTILE SOAP 25c

CHOW CHOW 25c

SYRUP 48c

BANANAS BANANAS 10c

ORANGES 10c

BUTTER 30c

PINEAPPLE 14c

SODA CRACKERS 44c

EGYPTIAN RELISH 9c

STARCH 5c

SHOE BLACKING 6c

GASLIGHT TAPERS 4c

TAN SHOE POLISH 8c

CATSUP 9c

CLAY CHOWDER 8c

SALT 33c

SARDINES 12c

COCOA 18c

PRETZELLETES 10c

Liquor Department.

WHISKY. Old Government, Old Private Stock, Mountain Belle, Kellogg A., Cutler's Extra, Pride of the Pacific, Monogram, Old Rye, V. I. Bourbon, Canadian Club, per bottle, \$1.23.

Buster's Rye, per bottle, \$1.19.

Burke's Irish or Scotch, per bottle, \$1.15.

We Ship Everywhere.

W. M. Cline Wholesale and Retail Grocer, 128 S. Spring St. Telephone M. 329.

THE WONDER MILLINERY 229 SOUTH SPRING ST.

THE Entire Contents of

Meyberg Bros.

Store has been reduced and will be sold hereafter at private sale.

CRYSTAL PALACE 342-344 South Spring St.

WE WILL MOVE

To our New Store, 357 S. Broadway,

MARCH 1, 1900.

To avoid loss from breakage, we will make a Special Reduction of

25 %

ON FRAMED PICTURES, ART PANELS, STATUARY,

Beginning Saturday, February 17, and continuing till WE MOVE.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.

133 South Spring Street.

Keeping It Hot.

When we cut we cut deep and we never advertise special prices unless we have something extraordinary.

We are still dictating prices. We are still giving an economical public and would-be cutters much food for thought.

We are selling all our broken line \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 shirts, your pick and choice at 75 cents.

We are offering our entire line of beautiful Fancy Vests at 25 per cent. from regular prices.

All 50c and 75c Underwear, in medium weight goods, your pick and choice for 35c.

35c, 50c and 75c Fancy Hose at 25c.

P. S. We first, as usual, are showing the Earl & Wilson fine White Dress Shirts

Lowman & Co.

131 South Spring.

The biggest genuine reduction on Shoes ever made in Los Angeles.

95¢ A Pair

Ladies' Shoes. Misses' Shoes.

We have an extra large number of small sizes and narrow widths which we intend closing out. They are worth from \$3 to \$6 a pair, and we will mark them uniformly

95c. 95c.

All Colors—All Styles—Button or Lace—High or Low.

L. W. GODIN, 137 South Spring Street.

FAME. "No man ever achieved fame except by doing what he could do most easily. This is an idea that I apply to my practice of dentistry. I want the fame of perfect dental work in every branch, and to achieve it I have provided as equipment so thorough and complete that the best results in modern dental science are far easier for me to produce than is poorer work with less expert tools. This is the idea that helps to keep my work highest in grade while my charges can be—and are—the fairest."

Dr. M. C. Spinks THE DENTIST

Phone Red 201. Spinks Block, cor. 6th and Fifth Sts.

A. Hamburger

SAFEST PLACE TO

\$1.50 Kid Gloves at \$1.00

Men's, women's, boys' and misses' kid gloves. Our qualities. Also home \$1.25 qualities. There are mocha and heavy pique gloves for women; dress mocha skin gloves for men; real kid and mocha for boys. Every pair will be fully warranted and cashed. On sale one day at \$1.00 a pair.

40c to \$1 Bunches of Flowers

The new manager and buyer of our millinery department of a certain flower manufacturer. After making a tire purchase of flowers he was offered a few hundred assorted flowers at a very low price. These flowers go on bunches. Not one bunch is worth less than 40c and there are worth \$1.00. Among them are violet bouquets, American and crush roses, silk peonies, silk and velvet pansies, valley, marguerites and lilacs; also rose, violet, lilac and foliage. Every bunch is new and manufactured expressly for spring trade. Choice of the entire group for one day only.

\$5 and \$6 Taffeta Silk Waists at \$3.00

A splendid assortment of colors to select from. Profound back and front, detached silk collars, excellent quality of silk. On sale one day only at \$3.00 a waist.

Silk Remnants at Half Price

There are too many kinds to describe. All sorts of lengths suitable for waists, linings, dust ruffles, etc. Average half the standard price of the goods.

\$1.25 Figured Jardinieres 75c

Exactly the same jardiniere another store would charge for. Fancy raised figures in assorted colors, glass outside, 10-inch size and pretty shapes. Special at 75c.

Boys' Woolen Knee Pants 25c

Made of durable cheviot in light and dark colors, checks, plain oxford and plaids; sizes 3 to 16 years. 25c a pair.

Special Bed Spreads at 89c

Same quality you see about town at \$1.00. We have more than \$1.00. Closely woven spreads, in handsome patterns, hemmed ready for use. Special at 89c each.

Hosiery Remnants at Half Price

Odds and ends of hosiery for women and children made at their value. There are lines at 8c, 9c, 12c, 15c, 18c, 20c and 25c.

Men's Underwear at 25c and

For 25c you can buy the regular 50c quality of natural shirts and drawers. For 35c you can buy the regular of came's hair and fawn color shirts and drawers.

Women's \$1.50 Underwear at

The very finest quality of wool. Vests have all been made at \$1.50. Choice of natural gray or white. Drawers 50c each.

12 Yards of Valenciennes Lace

Regular price is 10c for 12 yards or 1c a yard, 1/4 inch one day at 5c.

25c Oriental Laces at 10c

Widths from 3 1/2 to 5 inches. Qualities from 8c to 10c. The 15c, 20c and 25c qualities will be sold at 10c; the 10c quality at 5c. Either cream or white.

Let us talk of Suits at \$965

Doing a Little Better than Other Clothing Stores.

WE are selling a special now at \$9.65 that is unbeatable for the money and really ought to be sold by us for that is the price of similar other stores. But our well reputation for giving great our pride in doing a little other stores causes us to great offer.

World beaters for Over

THE H

FOR FINE CLOTHING-HATS AND FURNISHING

154-156-158-160 N. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

\$2000 WORTH...

Mexican Drawn

Imported by lowest prices retail.

Doyles 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.25, 3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.25, 4.50, 4.75, 5.00, 5.25, 5.50, 5.75, 6.00, 6.25, 6.50, 6.75, 7.00, 7.25, 7.50, 7.75, 8.00, 8.25, 8.50, 8.75, 9.00, 9.25, 9.50, 9.75, 10.00.

CAMPBELL CURIO

Los Angeles

COMPLETE IN 32 PAGES

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE
IN 32 PAGES

FEBRUARY 11, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.



The Empress is the ruler, under the guidance of the powers behind the throne.

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor: Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; 'Sou' by 'Sou'west: the Development of the Slope; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body. Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.
THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1877.

A PERIL OF THE NEW WOMAN.

IT IS a most deplorable fact, but one which seems not to admit of doubt, that intemperance in the use of alcoholic stimulants is on the increase among women, and particularly among young women, in the United States. It is bad enough to know that our young women, in the East at least, are becoming tainted with the cigarette habit, but infinitely worse to know that they are being dragged toward the slough of intemperance. But reports come from many sections of the country, both North and South, that the habitual use of stimulants among women is on the increase, and that the appearance on the streets and in other public places of women who show the effects of excessive drinking is not infrequent. The Atlanta Journal recently called attention to the conditions in this respect in that city, and said:

"It is said that there were more women on the streets of Atlanta under the influence of liquor last Saturday night than the police had ever observed before in all their experience, and in our exchanges from other cities we see frequently accounts of women who have been arrested for drunkenness."

"The rather free indulgence of women in wine and even stronger drinks at entertainments is one of the deplorable events of modern social life, and we fear that it is on the increase."

"The proprietor of a fashionable New York hotel is quoted as saying that women guests give his bar a very large patronage by orders from their rooms, and that the drink habit among women of the higher as well as the lower classes is growing."

"It would be pleasant to believe that such statements as we have referred to are either entirely untrue or grossly exaggerated, but the frequency and emphasis with which they are made will not permit them to be brushed aside merely because it is painful to give them credence."

"What are we going to do about it?"

The question with which the quotation concludes is certainly one which should demand attention. The struggle to subdue intemperance among men has been a long and hard one. The disease had progressed too far before a remedy was sought. Let us hope that in the case of the other sex the right remedy may be applied before the disease has passed beyond control.

The first thing to be done in determining the remedy for this or any other evil is to find its cause. The indulgence of women in strong drink can scarcely be attributed to a change in sentiment by which the liquor habit is looked upon with more tolerance than in the past, for the change has been rather in the direction of greater restraints upon intemperance. And, contradictory as it may seem, women have been the foremost workers in the field of temperance reform. Possibly the habit women in "polite" circles have of looking to the Old World for fashions may have something to do with the increase of the tipping indulged in those circles, for it is said more liquor is drunk by the women in Paris than formerly—but this will scarcely account for an increase of intemperance among the masses of women. The Chicago Journal, which says the increase of intemperance among women in that city, is very noticeable, thinks the cause is not hard to find. It says:

"The explanation of this phenomenon is not difficult. As life has become more tense, more strenuous for women, the need, real or fancied, for stimulants has come upon her as it did upon men. It is the exceptional woman today who is not in some sense a business woman, for even the pursuit of society has become a business. With greater independence, heavier cares, and a livelier intellectual life than her grandmother enjoyed—or suffered—the twentieth-century girl may be expected to seek much the same method of securing relief or stimulus as her brother does."

"Doubtless this will be bad for the race. The alcoholic taint inherited from one parent has wrecked enough lives. If the danger be doubled the gravity of the results will be enhanced. But it is an irrefutable proposition that if women are compelled to do an ever-increasing share of man's work, they will ultimately contract a share of man's vices too."

The Journal is not alone in its conviction that the "strenuous" life led by the woman of today is the cause of the lamentable development of intemperance among

members of the sex. Mrs. D. S. C. Denison, president of the Sorosis, one of the oldest and most prominent associations of women, in addressing the Alumnae Association of Rutgers's College, in New York, recently, referred to the evil in the following words:

"While I personally know no such cases, my observation shows me that many more women habitually use stimulants than perhaps five years ago. The explanation is easily found. In the active, nervous life now led by women, both in business and in society, the temptation to take an artificial stimulant is strong. When women do the work of men it is strange that they should acquire men's vices."

"The women of today are the mothers of the twentieth century, and if a double heredity of predisposition to intoxicants be given to the coming generation it is a serious outlook for the nation and the race."

Such words and such facts should cause the women who are rushing their way forward into the hurly-burly of masculine life and clamoring for "equal rights" to pause and consider seriously whether they are drifting. The solution of this momentous problem lies largely with them. There is but one answer to Mrs. Denison's question. When women do the work of men it is not strange that they should acquire men's vices. When they have reached the limit where stimulants become necessary to maintain their place in the struggle in which they have entered it is time for a halt. The woman—no more than the man—who cannot do her work without stimulants will not do it well or long with them. A stimulant does not create force; it is a draft on the future of one's vitality, and, to make matters worse, gives aid to an insidious and hazardous habit. We have been so long accustomed to intemperance among men that we have almost become indifferent to the sight of a drunken man. God grant that the time may never come when we shall look upon drunkenness in women with indifference.

FOREHANDED UNCLE SAM.

THE estimates made by the Secretary of the Treasury for the expenses of the government of the United States for the present year amount to more than \$631,000,000. This is equivalent to over \$1,250,000,000 for the two years of existence of the present Congress, or over 25 per cent. more than the amount appropriated a few years ago, when it was thought sufficient to condemn the national legislature to call it a "billion-dollar Congress." And yet, surprising as it may seem, no objection worthy of consideration has been made to the present proposed appropriation. What has caused this change in the public toward the question of expenditures? It is scarcely to be supposed that we have suddenly become reckless and indifferent to profligacy on the part of our public servants. The almighty dollar is as attractive and as jealously guarded as ever. Our sense of economy, our appreciation of the value of our cash, has not been blunted.

The explanation is in the fact that the people of the United States have more capital at their command than they ever had before. Congressional appropriations are investments. An appropriation for the improvement of a harbor or a river is an investment for the benefit of commerce. An appropriation for a postoffice is an investment for the benefit of the people who patronize the postoffice. With the means at command the economy of such an investment does not depend on the amount invested, but on the returns it will bring. In other words, a liberal investment may be more economical than a more limited one. The expenditures of a business, to be economical, must be regulated by the extent of the business. Uncle Sam's business has been growing. Things have been coming his way. The aggregate value of our exports for the year 1899, as shown by the annual statement of the United States Treasury, exceeded by more than \$270,000,000 those of any calendar year before the last two years. And yet this happened in a year, as the New York Tribune has pointed out, when there was the greatest advance in prices ever experienced since the country abolished a fluctuating paper currency and resumed the payment of gold.

Such facts as these are what reconcile the people to appropriations by Congress. They have seen that, instead of encountering calamity as a consequence of the "billion-dollar Congress," they have been enjoying a very satisfactory degree of prosperity. They are not therefore inclined this year to insist on cheese-paring for the sake of economy, and we hear no wail of woe because the billion mark has been reached and passed. If the government costs more than it did formerly, it is better able to meet the expense, and is worth more than it was formerly.

AMERICAN BOOKS OF 1899.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING CHANGES IN THE BOOK TRADE.

[Chicago Tribune:] The Publishers' Weekly has just issued its annual summary of the previous year's books and the figures show some curious and interesting changes. According to the tally sheet of this trade organ, the total number of books published in the United States during 1899 was 5321, which was several hundred more than in the preceding year, but still several hundred less than in 1896. The number of copies sold, however, probably exceeded the sales of any previous year, while the proportion of fairly meritorious works was unusually large.

Fiction continues to lead all other departments. Including juvenile works, the fiction constitutes 25 per cent. of the total. An increase over the preceding year is shown in all departments except that of religion and that of political and social science, in each of which there is a slight decrease. Law books come second in point of numbers, as before, but the third place is held by juveniles, while religious works have dropped from the third to the

fifth place, with education and language in the fourth place, as before. Literary miscellany, poetry, and history follow in the order named. At the head of the list of nineteen departments stands that of fiction, with a total of only twenty-seven books in the year. Evidently, we are not running to the ever the decrease in religious works may be seen.

No less interesting is the table showing the number of American and of European books. Of the books handled by American booksellers, 95 per cent. were by American authors, as against only 59 per cent. in 1898. This marked increase in American books is commented upon by the Tribune a month ago, and also remarked that the most popular fiction of the year was all by American authors. The figures of the Publishers' Weekly indicate that the change applied to fiction, but to all the other departments. There were only 571 books by English or other foreign authors manufactured in the United States, as against 1898. Of these reprints, 354 were fiction. Imported, both bound and in sheets, numbered 1144 in the preceding year. Nearly three-fourths of our books are now written by our own authors, four-fifths are manufactured by American publishers and binders.

There would be no particular reason for commenting the public upon these facts if it could not be seen that the moral and artistic standards of the books of the year are as high as those of any previous year. The work done by American printers and binders is as good as to challenge comparison with that of any other country. The United States has arrived at the literary career where it can paddle its own canoe.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

[Philadelphia Press:] If Mohammedism is the religion of the sword, then Mormonism is the religion of the sword.

[Kansas City Star:] The strong bond of sympathy between the pro-Boers and the pro-Tagos is growing to the naked eye.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Abraham Lincoln was in Kentucky, but he got out of that State just as he was able to travel.

[Washington Post:] Can it be possible that the thinking Boers have confounded the Hon. Webster with the late Daniel Webster?

[Philadelphia North American:] No community is not able to procure and enforce laws that will secure a fair vote and an honest count is fit to call the country a democracy.

[Kansas City Journal:] Workingmen, and all citizens, should vote with a common-sense idea of what is practicable and obtainable now—uninfluenced by the seductive and socialist dreamers who deal only with the misty future.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Surely, Kentucky, find some peaceful, upright way to calm the passions, prevail, to reassure the people who think that they are threatened and to prevent the spilling of blood in this strange and tragic form of politics.

[Chicago News:] Americans no longer have to shake their heads and smile in a superior way at the political troubles of the French and the trifling which the volatile Parisians occasionally might do many years has France been so darkened by bloodshed as is Kentucky.

[Brooklyn Eagle (Dem.):] The wheels of the revolving. A commercial gateway has fallen into the hands of the archipelago in trust for its people. We will hold the archipelago in trust for its people, carrying their destinies with our own and carrying them into the stream of civilization. We are depriving them of what they never had—liberty—answer to the charge is that for the first time in history they are now in a fair way to get it.

[Philadelphia Times:] The Senate is rapidly becoming the rich man's club of the nation and when it is remembered that it should be the most intelligent check upon governmental errors the chief purpose of its creation is entirely lost sight of by men of power who seek to crawl or climb to the highest legislative position in the republic. The people are the sovereign power and nation and they should be empowered to elect United States Senators by a popular vote.

THESE NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

The glorious and spring-like air
Falls round us like a veil,
And through it all the opening flowers
Their perfumed sweets exhale.

Upon the cedar's topmost limb
The spider's silver thread
Sways back and forth—a shining line,
The sunbeams love to tread.

The flies buzz in and out between
The needles of the pine,
And butterflies, like bright-winged flowers,
Float through the warm sunshine.

I hear a little bird afar,
Within some high tree top,
Sing sweet and clear—the echoes ring
As they were loath to stop.

And all the world a willing ear
Is turning to the sound,
And e'en the gray, old rocks, unused,
Fling all the music round.

The New Year opens wide its eyes,
On emerald hills so fair;
And Beauty smiles beneath the skies,
And walketh everywhere.

ELIHA A.

The story that William Dean Howells, one of the best of his writings to a stenographer has been a novelist, who says that he always writes himself, though the manuscript is sometimes a typewriter just before it is sent to the publisher.

"Jack and Jill." By Robert J. Burdette.

"Who Giveth This Man?"

A WEEK or two gone by I was not at all interested in a little symposium conducted by some wise men and one wise woman on the rather stale question—*which never was fresh, or new*—"Why do not our young men marry?" And they mourned because the habit of marrying was rapidly becoming obsolete, and by and by, if the girls and boys continued to go to separate colleges, and the girls continued to devote their minds and souls to science, college settlements, and kindergartening, and the boys continued to devote themselves, body and soul, to football, pleasure, and the amassing of great riches,—it would only be so many hundred or so many thousand or million years—I don't remember and I don't care to be told which—when the world would be inhabited by a race of bachelor maids and spinster bachelors, and no children. And as this sort of thing could not continue beyond one generation there would naturally follow an age in which—I would have forgotten it—in fact, I only read the article because a friend was reading to me his essay on "The Cause and Cure of Poverty," and I had to do something to keep myself awake—but last week the report of a sermon on the "Causes of Modern Celibacy" brought it to my mind again. I wondered if the subject was really in the air, and I had not heard of it? Anyhow, it appeared to be interesting some people, and you know you always take less or more interest in what interests your fellow-men—and women. For in these days of women's colleges, the girls are fellows, also. Mighty good fellows, some of them are, as you, my son, could doubtless assure me. Yes, yes, I heard you say "amen," under your breath. If I had made running commentaries on your revered grandfather's remarks in that fashion, under my breath, I would have added a prompt response on the second added line above my breath, *crescendo*, and it wouldn't have been a "hallo-lujah," neither. I don't know, myself, sometimes, what this world is coming to. And at other times, I think I do. Boys are not what boys were when I was a boy. On your happy team or twenty, they are not. They are better, boy; ever so much better. I can't remember a boy in my generation—the very best of them that I'd trade—the whole boy—for the slant of your cap or the level dignity of your "mortar board." God bless you, my boy, there never were such boys as you. I wonder if there ever will be any more? We shall see.

"Why Don't Men Marry More?"

That was the very stupid question with which this worthy man is reported to have opened his discourse on a foolish subject. "Why don't they marry more?" Why, because, the law doesn't allow it. That's any easy one. It was for marrying "more" that our unlamented friend Roberts of several places couldn't break into the Congress of this rigidly virtuous United States. You may remember that when Artemus Ward was not lecturing in Salt Lake City, some fifteen or twenty maidens of that scantily Adamed Eden proposed marriage to him in a round robin. He promptly declined. Being only a "humorist" he had a great deal more sense than a "statesman," and could see farther ahead, and better knew the open road to greatness and political honor. To quote from his diary of this Wise Funny man, "They bust into tears. 'Oh, they said, 'this is too much!' I said, 'yes,' it was on account of the too muchness that I refused." And to this day, when you mention Artemus Ward's name, men smile. And for that matter, when you speak of Roberts, they laugh, also. But there are two kinds of laughter, my son. There are more kinds, indeed, but two are sufficient for your present thought. It will be a pleasant thing for your children and grandchildren, my boy, if after you have been dead forty or fifty years, the mention of your name will wreath with a smile the lips of men who never saw you. Sometimes I think you can almost tell when a man is thinking of Charles Lamb; or Eugene Field, or James Whitcomb Riley; or that wonderful combination of giant and child, Abraham Lincoln. I think the smile that is born of a thought of Lincoln must be unlike any other that ever rests on bearded or dimpled lips.

They Always Have Married.

But as to this question, "Why don't the men marry?" I didn't read the rest of the discourse. The gait the weaker struck on the first heat indicated about what his time would be. You could safely trust him without a stopwatch. You remember, don't you—unless you have happily forgotten it—a lecture you once heard on "Love, Courtship and Marriage?" Yes; well, it must be a burden to you if you can't forget it. But that's about the sort of thing it is. "Why don't men marry?" Just as though it was the man's fault. A fellow can't marry himself. It takes two to make a quarrel, everybody believes that. Well, it takes two to make a couple, likewise. One to bill and the other to coo. Love-making can't be all bill. Although married life may be about 75 per cent. bills, which is another thing. This is no new question. Once in awhile some thoughtful man, who can't, for the grain of him, think of anything else under the skies to think about, jumps up and wants to know "Who was Cain's wife?" Certainly the man in that instance wasn't to blame for any growing custom of celibacy in the world, when he went off and searched the world over until he found a woman for his wife, whom all the wisdom of all the world of scholars, even in this all-knowing, polychrome age has been unable to discover. Well for Cain that he didn't wait for later researches. For then he would have died a bachelor, and the world would have waited long for the rippling chords of Jubal's harp, and the ringing song of Tubal-Cain's hammer on iron and brass. Very possibly King Rehobeam's counselors, who always get their king into trouble every time they came together in consultation, sometimes bemoaned the fact that young men were not so prone to marry young and often as they did in the good old times, and said, "Ah, Your Majesty; men don't marry as they did in the days of your father Solomon." Indeed they did not. Solomon was the husband of 700

wives, besides some three hundred "plural wives"—he was a singular man in this respect—and at that rate, if men had followed his example and kept it up, there wouldn't have been one-fifth enough women to go around, and by this enlightened age matrimony would be a "trust," as public office most generally is, and all public office once threatened to be. Ah, my boy, there is one industry that the trusts can't control. Everything's fair and free in love and war, my son, and you'll find beautiful fighting almost anywhere along the line in either campaign. And the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to the man who gets there. A girl had far better have a fairy godmother, such as blessed Cinderella; a godmother of grace, and sweetness, and truth, and loveliness, even in this day, which isn't quite so sordid as we think it is, than a godmother who is merely a bank book. King Cophetua wasn't the last monarch to come down the steps of his throne to marry the beautiful beggar maid. Helen of Troy, daughter, was not a girl like yourself, but a woman old as your mother when she was—

Whose price had launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants."

Too Popular to Decay.

Why, if there was nothing else to maintain the world-wide and age-long popularity of marriage, this alone would be sufficient—it's the very sort of a contest that men love—a free-for-all; open to all comers; nobody barred by weight, color, age, sex or previous condition of servitude; no entrance fee; no money up, and the prize buried in the ground at the end of the rainbow! Don't you go for to tell me that such a blessed, "bottle royal," Donnybrook, free-for-everybody scramble as that will ever wane in popularity while the earth is inhabited by this good, fun-and-fight-and-fair-play, loving, old human race. Much these wise men and wise women, who are more likely old maids and old bachelors themselves—no; that's right; that's exactly the way I meant to say it, and I'll crack the crucible of any linotype that dares to edit it—know about human nature when they waste time trying to find out the causes of the alarming decay of the marrying habit.

A Habit Easily Acquired.

"But most men marry but once? Does one act constitute a habit?" Well, in some things, my son, I should say that it did. If a man should commit suicide once, wouldn't you say that he was incurably addicted to it? Do you want a man to kill himself every other day for a couple of months before you are convinced that the habit is in danger of becoming chronic? No use going to a man who was married for the first time in his life just two weeks ago, and saying to him, "Look here, old fellow; I don't want to alarm you, and I ain't going to preach to you, but I want to say to you, as a friend, that if this sort of thing keeps on, you are in danger of becoming a marrying man." Like the chicken that "peeped!" as he went down Pat's gullet when he swallowed the raw egg—"Bogorrah, me little man, ye shpake too late." "Well," says the Wise man, "the statistics show that marriage is, and for years has been, on the decrease in France." Oh, well; I was never in France. I reckon the people of France know each other better than anybody else does, and they must have some good reason for staying out of a federation in which all the rest of the human race has eagerly joined, by natural selection, hereditary influence, force of environment, inherent taste and personal volition. An American traveler was one day permitted by fraud or bribery or some "slick" management which the American traveler does not go abroad to learn, to catch a glimpse of the Sultan's harem. The Christian man was not pained by the degradation of the unhappy women; the blot upon civilization did not shock him; his soul was not grieved for the bondage of womanhood worse than death. His heart ached with sorrow for the Sultan. But here in America, son, so long as American girls are what they are, the man who mourns because the marriage state is falling into neglect, had better save his tears to weep over the grave of Adam. We are pretty reasonably certain that he is dead. Adam, I mean, Well, yes; the other man, too. Why, when you come to think of it, matrimony is the oldest custom in the world. It is older than being born. It is older than death. There hadn't been a woman in the world fifteen minutes before there was a wedding. The man had been here considerably longer than that. But when the woman was ready the wedding cards were out.

Do As Your Father Did.

Now, in some things, my boy, I want you to improve on your father most magnificently. Your father isn't always a safe guide. Not because he is your father, but because he is a human man, and possibly didn't know it all. "And Nadab the son of Jeroboam walked in the way of his father," and because of that Baasha came along and smote him and all his house "and left not alive any of his house that breathed." And Ahab walked in the ways of his fathers, and you know what happened to Ahab. There are some things you want to do better than your father did, my son. Trouble is, you try to improve on the wrong things. You would fall down dead if anybody should catch you pouring your coffee into your saucer and blowing it to coolness. I have seen your old grandfather do that very thing, and if you grow up to be as good, and strong, and clean a man as your grandfather was, you'll be on hand-shaking terms with the angels. But when it comes to this question of marriage, my son, I don't know that you can find a better guide than your father. And you know very well that he believed in getting married. And so did his father, and his before him, and his before him, back through a record of some seven thousand years. Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, and he has eight children, and pays every year a great little pile of your bills that your salary can't—or won't—cover. "You can't afford to marry?"

Then you admit that you're not so good a man as your father was at your age? No; I don't believe, either, that old saying that "what will keep one will maintain two." Because it won't, under all circumstances. A \$1000 salary won't keep two \$1000 people, not by ever so much. But it will keep two \$500 people very neatly. And let me tell you that a good, trustworthy, guaranteed \$500 man of your age, son, is by no means a drug on the market. A man who rates in the world as a \$500 man, all the year round, who is worth just as much Monday morning as he is Saturday afternoon; the day after Christmas as well as the day before, the fifth of July as well as the third—who is always worth every cent of his salary every minute of the time, is a \$1000 man working for \$500, and before very long somebody is going to find him out.

The Cricket and the Butterfly.

"But," you say, "the girls of today are such useless creatures; mere butterflies of fashion; gifted with a few useless accomplishments, and no wholesome qualities that must be in the wife of a poor man." Oh, well, son, if she is any "poorer" than the man she is going to marry, you will have a time with each other. But the fact is, she isn't so much of a butterfly as you think. She is about as practical as you are. See, now; you are a poor man; do you know how to measure nine cords of wood after the man has tossed it all over the yard, shipwreck fashion, and declares it is all there? Do you know how to buy potatoes? Or pick over apples? Can you watch the shoeing of your own horse, and do you know anything about it while you are watching? Do you know how to take the queer taste out of a new cistern? Can you patch the leak in a shingle roof? Suppose a hoop should fall off the flour barrel? Can you replace it and maintain your standing in the church? What if a door binds at the top? Or a mortise lock gets out of order? Or a pane of glass gets smashed? If you knew how to plant a few trees on your sidewalk line, would you know how to make boxes for them? If you can't afford the golf links for your out-of-door gymnasium, do you know how to "loft" and "put" and things in a little kitchen garden? Can you tell what the things are when they come up, unless you have labeled the places? And can you tell lettuce from plantain even then, when they are both young? What if a chimney gets choked? If an extra shelf is wanted somewhere?

You see, my boy, you expect to "send for the man" when any of these things cry out from your side of the house. But you will expect that your little wife will know how to meet every emergency that arises on her side the line without hesitation or failure. You see, you want to marry a "housekeeper." Well, the place for you to go a-wooing is the "intelligence office." Aileen O'Donovan is the "one girl for you." But, son, she wouldn't look at you a second. Aileen can do all the things a good housekeeper can do, but she demands a higher and more practical type of manhood than you represent, to her. Con Regan, the track walker, is her style of a man. But don't you go to the "employment agency" for your wife. You marry the girl you love, with dimples and a smile like the starlight, with girlish ways and a woman's heart, dainty, and sweet, and loving, with all the light "accomplishments" men affect to laugh at and really admire; marry when life is in the twenties and the world was made yesterday, and life will be something infinitely better than one long, sweet song—which would be fearfully tiresome—just think how utterly unsupportable life would be if "I'll leave my happy home for you" had verses enough to last fifty years! Life will be a pilgrimage—so many hills to climb; so many deserts to cross; so many valleys of humiliation and shadow; so many hours of struggle, and so many nights of sorrow; so many mornings of laughter and so many days of toil, one little, narrow plain called "Ease," and a peaceful resting time in Beulah-land.

The Married Man.

Swift as the light the Married Man
Heads off the car with leaping tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Pursues him, "Don't forget the bread!"

He halts to nod, then turns to go,
The hurried, careless married man,
When shrill the maid accosteth him,
"Oh, say! You haven't got the can!"

Once more he nods in fretful style,
His car is gone, but what of that?
It gives his sister time to say,
"Dear brother, won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" he shouts, and truth to tell,
He hath no need to shout so loud,
But louder yet his son doth yell,
"Show tickets fur the crowd!"

Another car! From window high
His daughter ropes him with a call—
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
Some gum, a belt, a parasol—

He hears no more; far down the street
The trolley bears him far and nigh;
And all day long, in measures fleet,
He softly sings, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And the long day's sore toil is done,
Though told to buy a hundred things—
He hasn't thought of one.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THE EARTH'S CENTER.

AN EMINENT GEOLOGIST DISCUSSES AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

By a Special Contributor.

PHYSICAL science has undoubtedly attained more than half its total development within the nineteenth century, though it is true that the scientific gains of the century do not include such splendid achievements as the Newton theory of gravitation, the Copernican account of the solar system, or the primary concepts of the atomic hypothesis. The rate of advance in scientific knowledge has been more uniform also in the last hundred years than in the earlier centuries. The discoveries in each field have served as never before to help on inquiries in adjacent fields, with the result that the explorers have moved forward in touch with one another. Nearly every branch of science has helped and been helped by the others. To this interaction of learning—a marked feature of our age—we may in large measure attribute the surpassing advance it has won. To it we clearly owe the singularly-rapid gain which has been made in all that relates to the explanation of the earth. Geological science is not a distinct branch of learning, as is chemistry or astronomy. It is a body of varied knowledge, drawn from the stores of all the others, and so combined as to render an account of what has gone on in and upon this sphere.

The conditions under which the group of sciences termed geology has developed have set certain important limits to its successes. A hundred years ago the pioneers had just fairly begun to interpret the tangle of rocks which make up the so-called crust of the earth, and to speculate as to the meaning of the evidence concerning the condition of its interior. From the point of view of scientific inquiry, these speculations had advanced but little beyond the position to which they had been brought by electricity a century before. The real advance in the science was attained in the main by close study of the structure and attitude of the rocks, together with the organic remains which those laid down in water so often contain. In this way the division of the past history of the earth into ages, epochs or periods, a task begun in earlier times, has been carried so far that we now have a fairly-clear idea as to the way in which the record is divided into chapters and sections, and a general, though still very incomplete, knowledge of the order of events on those parts of the crust which have been lifted above the level of the sea. This store of facts enables us fairly to interpret so much of the history of the earth as is written in stratified rocks that have at no time in their history been buried to a greater depth than from twenty to thirty miles below the surface.

Deepest Depths Hard to Study.

While the facts revealed in the newer stratified rocks—those which commonly lie in a little changed form near the surface—are easy to be interpreted, there are difficulties in this work which increase in rapid measure as they concern beds that have been deeply buried. The reason for this is that, in proportion as the strata are covered by others subsequently laid down, they are brought into a region where they are subjected to a number of physical and chemical actions, concerning which we can know nothing by direct observation—we cannot submit this sphere to dissection. The deepest mining work penetrates only about one four-thousandth of the way to the center. So far as we can ascertain, the oldest and for a time deepest-buried rocks have not been more than one or two score miles below the sea level.

The first and in some ways the most important point that our century has made as to the depths of this sphere consists in a determination of the heat of its interior and the origin thereof. The evidence of a high temperature in the depths of the earth, afforded by hot springs and volcanoes, is so clear that the Greeks appear to have noted its meaning and to have conjectured the existence of some kind of a central fire, burning after the manner of a furnace. This view, indeed, appears to have been commonly held by all the early geologic inquirers who considered the facts. So, too, it has long been known that there was in some mines a distinct increase in heat to be noted in any considerable descent. The main gain in this inquiry has consisted of a determination as to the rate of increase and the source of this high temperature which exists in the depths. Many careful observations, distributed over all the continents, show us that for all the distance we have penetrated with shafts and borings, the increase is at an average rate of 1 deg. Fahr. approximately for each fifty feet of depth. At this rate the temperature at the center would attain to about four hundred thousand degrees.

The Earth Not Fluid Inside.

But there are various reasons why this intense heat cannot really exist. How, then, can we account for the error? It may be explained by what we may observe or compute as taking place in any cooling body. It is a perfectly warrantable supposition that the earth, at a remote period, was in a state of igneous fluidity; that the mass was long kept at about the same temperature by a process of boiling. When the sphere assumed its present state of approximate solidity its further cooling would have led to the chilling of the outer part, while the central portion remained at near its original heat. A little reflection will show that, under these conditions, we should have a rapid increase of temperature for perhaps a few score miles downward; while below a certain level the increase of heat would be at a steadily-diminishing rate—the greater part of the internal mass being at a rather uniform heat.

When the understanding of the evidence derived from volcanoes had advanced beyond the primitive notion that they were due to some kind of subterranean combustion, such as takes place in burning coal beds, geologists adopted the view that they proved the interior to be in a fluid state, substantially like molten glass or iron. It did not

seem possible otherwise to account for the outpouring of lavas in such quantities that they have covered to great depths areas many thousand square miles in extent.

Further proof to the same effect seemed to be afforded by the fact that wherever we have access to crystalline rocks, such as granite, which have been brought into contact with other deposits, they have entered fissures in a way that shows that they were originally fluid. The hypothesis of internal fluidity appeared at the beginning of this century to be tolerably well approved; it was indeed assumed by most writers, and was made the basis of many learned treatises. Steadily, however, within the last half century the contributions from other branches of science have served to bring this view into doubt. First it was noted that any melted rock shrinks in general to the amount of about 15 per cent. of its bulk in solidifying; and, in consequence of this, tends to sink as it freezes. This tendency to settle down into an interior fluid would make it possible for the crust of a generally-fluid earth to attain a greater thickness than about half a mile before it would be dragged down by gravitation. As we know that the earth is solid for at least twenty miles downward, and probably is in that state for several times that depth, the idea of a thin crust lying as a layer on a liquid interior was shaken.

The next attack on the notion of internal fluidity came from the astronomers. It had long been known that the gravitative attraction of the moon on the equatorial bulging of the earth, or, rather, the difference in this pull on the parts of that mass near to and away from our satellite, caused the polar axis to be constantly changing its position. The geological bearing of the movement is found in the fact that, if the earth were fluid except for its crust, the position of the polar axis would not be altered by the attraction; but the sphere would change shape in the manner of a tide, as the waters do under a similar impulse. While the problem is complicated and the results not accepted by all students, it seems from this argument most likely that the earth is as rigid as the most solid of its rocks.

Geologists' Views Reviewed.

In face of the evidence as to the difficulties of reconciling the great heat of the interior, and the ejection of lavas, with the evidence that shows that it cannot be fluid, geologists of this century have had to review many opinions which they inherited from the last. To begin with, they have had to modify their conceptions of solids and fluids so as to clear away certain misconceptions due to our experience with materials on the surface of the earth. The phrase "hard as a rock" expresses a high order of rigidity or resistance to strain, when judged by ordinary conditions such as we are accustomed to; yet, when deeply buried and subjected to the vast stresses which are due to the contraction of the mass, from the constant loss of the internal heat, rocks creep in the direction of least pressure, like wax. They twist and fold, as do sheets of wet paper; they behave in a manner that we are not accustomed to associate with solidity.

We may see how inadequate are the common views as to the strength of materials by observing what takes place when an armor-piercing shot strikes a thick plate of steel, such as is used to protect the vital parts of a battleship. The shield is made of the most rigid substance that has been contrived. Its resistance is far greater than that of any rock. Yet, when struck by the projectile, it yields and is pushed aside as earth by the plowshare. It may splash, as mud when a pebble is thrown upon it.

The facts above set forth, as well as other considerations which it is not necessary to present, have led those geologists of our time who are concerned with the difficult problems of the earth's interior to look upon that realm in a different way from their predecessors of a hundred years ago. It is now generally believed that the temperature in the depths, though not as great as it would be if the rate of increase in heat which we observe in mines continued downward to the center, is still hot in a measure not approached in any furnace, or even in the electric arc. That this heat does not resolve the matter into vapor, as it would like materials on the surface, or even bring it to the fluid state, is explained by the action of the pressure to which it is subjected.

Pressure That Would Solidify Air.

We know that pressure tends to consolidate all substances. Even the relatively trifling amount of it that we can apply by our arts will liquefy air. If we could expose this fluid air to the weight of a hundred miles of overlying rock we may fairly presume that its particles would be so driven together that it would become in a manner solid. It is true that the heat of the depths would tend to keep it from attaining solidity; but we may well believe that the load would be even more effective in bringing it into that state. It seems likely, in a word, that the effect of that internal pressure, due to the weight of the overlying matter, in inducing what we term solidity, is greater than the effect of the heat in bringing matter into the fluid condition.

We may bring the points above noted into a clear view if we consider what we would find if we could critically examine the cubic foot of matter which lies in the very center of the earth. It is pretty certain that we should find it hotter than anything has been on the surface for some hundred million years; hotter than anything we see, except it may be the surface of the sun and other fixed stars.

We would doubtless find that the atoms or molecules of the mass were driven nearer together than the like units of surface materials, and that it was more rigid than glass; yet, under the strains such as have flexed and tangled the rocks in mountain folds, this bit of the central earth would move readily, as all the deep parts evidently do under like strains.

If we could complete this imaginary observation by bringing the central bit of the planet to the surface, keeping it, during the 4000 miles of journey, in unchanged conditions of heat and pressure until it was in the air, and then suddenly release its bonds, it would explode after the manner of fired gunpowder.

About Volcanoes.

There is the evident question as to the relation of volcanoes to the heated interior of the earth. This is still

much debated, but opinion is inclining to the view that volcanoes are really superficial in origin; that have their source in the outer hundred miles or so of the crust, and not, as was believed at the beginning of the century, in the central region. The fact that the limited while active to the floor of the oceans and seas and to the lands within a few hundred miles of the seashores, indicates that they are not of very deep origin. The most remarkable explanation is that they are due to the effect arising from the laying down of lava in water.

Such deposits act as a blanket, serving to heat the rocks the heat that is continually seeking to escape to the cold outer space of the heavens. The result is that twenty miles of beds are laid down on any part of the earth (and we know of like thicknesses having formed) the lower layers and the crystalline rocks on which they lie may come to have a temperature of several hundred degrees Fahrenheit or more. In this state of heat the water which is built into the rocks as they are laid down, will be expelled. If a crack, such as a fault in the rocks, gives a chance of escape, what we term a volcano, i.e., an outbreak of very hot steam driving out from beneath, will be formed.

The problem of the earth's interior is among the most difficult that science has to face. Unless the physicist invent for us some application of the "Röntgen" apparatus, so that we may be able to examine the conditions of the sphere as we may the lower layers of the earth, it will ever remain a field for speculation. It is easily seen that the inquirers of our time have been to apply criticism to their views in a way unknown to their predecessors; so that, while very much remains to be proved, their opinions have been so limited by facts and so adjusted by criteria that they evidently have been relatively near the truth. In fact, the modern geological inquiry makes the intellect of man an apparatus for seeing light through dark places. It has not yet illuminated the earth's interior, but it has revealed to us more than was learned in all the earlier centuries.

N. S. SHALER.

"Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler occupies the chair of geology at Harvard University, and is therefore as thoroughly conversant with the subject as any living authority to discuss the probable make-up of the inner earth. Prof. Shaler, the author of this article, is a tuckman by birth, and was the director of the Kentucky geological survey in 1873-80, inclusive, devoting part of every year of his work, and since 1884 has been the geologist in charge of the Atlantic division of the United States Geological Survey. He will be seen that his knowledge of the "group of sciences termed geology" is practical as well as theoretical. Prof. Shaler has written extensively both on his favorite subject and general geology." [Copyrighted, 1900, by N. S. Shaler.]

ZOLA ON THE DREYFUS CASE.

[London Daily News:] M. Zola, interviewed by Sighele for the *Illustrazione Italiana*, is represented that journal as saying:

"France believes, or feigns to believe, that the liberation of Dreyfus the affair was ended. It is not. The actual minister has not been other than an actor who has known how, by his hypnotic power, to delude the people—to sleep for a moment. And he has succeeded in doing this, not so much by any merit of his own, but because it was in the general interest, felt consciously and unconsciously by all, that a species of truce should be obtained for the epoch of the exhibition. Material interest—money—has once again been of account than the highest human ideals. France wanted to do more honor to her signature as rich and a nation than as a free and just nation; and has put off to an uncertain date the payment of the false bill of exchange by which her staff deprived her of credit and honor. I am always more convinced that it would be better for the country to totally liquidate the affair before the exhibition. But the government—so mediocre—has only known to inaugurate a mediocre policy—that is, the policy of expediency. The expedient was the sentence at Rennes, other, the pardon of Dreyfus; a third, the adjournment of my process, and that of Picquart. Ah! Picquart! his voice here, says Signor Sighele, trembled with emotion. He is a true hero! Because I, after all, risked and lost all, or nothing, while he risked and lost all! An expedient—perhaps the last, and it also in view of the success of the exhibition—will be the amnesty. We and I are resolutely against this amnesty. We want, and justice, not darkness and easy accommodation to shut the mouths of the timid and content the masses with a quiet life."

Signor Sighele having asked M. Zola whether he would ever be able to obtain his official rehabilitation, replied:

"Without doubt. Not only because, as I have said, I struggle will recommence after the truce of Calcutta, violently than ever—and to use struggle means war—but also because all the Councillors of Cassation (those not favorable to Dreyfus) are extremely ill, and against the court-martial of Rennes, which showed its members took no account of their sentence. We therefore have the spirit of caste as our ally; the majority cannot pardon the military judges the affront put upon them and will use all its power to compass a revenge."

THE CRITIC'S ADVICE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] "Now," said the critic, "tell you what I would do with this play if I were in your place. I would switch it around completely, and have it last act first."

"But," replied the author, "I don't see how that can be done. The villain is killed and the hero married off in the last act. If that were switched around as you suggest, the first, what would be the use of having the other acts?"

"No use. Change it, by all means."

A FAVORITE OF PROVIDENCE.

[Atlanta Constitution:] "Hit do 'pear lak Providence is on my side," said the colored brother. "You know my 'lef' arm in de saw mill las' year?"

"Well, I got \$50 damage fer dat; en fo' I'd half de money, 'long comes de railroad and cut off de leg, en I got so much money fer dat I ain't done no more it yit! If Providence des stan's by me, en day lak a-hackin' at us, we'll soon be livin' in a painted house two brick chimbls!"

IMPERIAL PORTRAITS.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GERMAN RULER AND HIS FAMILY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE accompanying portraits of the German Emperor and Empress, from the latest photographs taken of their imperial highnesses, possess a special attraction of their own by reason of the costumes worn. In nearly all other portraits of William and his spouse they are dressed in garb that proclaims their rank—either the dress of the court bedecked with glittering orders, or, in the case of the Emperor frequently, and sometimes even in the case of the Empress, in the uniform of some military organization.

A loyal German subject who saw these photographs a day or two ago and remarked the civilian dress of the Emperor drew special attention to the fact that they were taken in London.

"The Emperor never appears in public in plain citizen's clothing at home," said the German, "unless he does not wish to be recognized, and the reason for this ought to be obvious. There he is the personal embodiment of the German system of government, and there, under no ordinary circumstances, would it be advisable for him to step from the high level of distinction, even in what you might consider so comparatively unimportant a matter as dress. For a similar reason, he very properly prefers his military uniform to court dress when he is to appear in public. He is not only the personal embodiment of the government and its power, but he is the living personation of the military idea—the idea to which the German empire, as it is, owes its very existence.

"You may very naturally ask why he would more readily appear in civilian dress abroad than at home, and

land, whereas he wouldn't think of such a thing anywhere in continental Europe."

Considered as human documents, these portraits of the heads of official, military and social life in Germany, unreinforced by the opera-bouffe-like tinsel and glitter of official dress are unusually illuminating. Clad in the simple morning dress of the English gentleman, Emperor William looks more like a hard-headed, progressive banker or high-class business man than anything else, and the clean-cut lines of his face, the resolute poise of his head, show more real dignity than is apparent in any of his official portraits. The impression produced by the Empress's portrait is equally novel. It has often been stated that she is a simple German "hausfrau" at heart, despite her imperial position; this trait of her character never shows in the ordinary portrait, but in this one the "hausfrau," dressed for public appearance, is clearly dominant.

To the American eye, both Emperor and Empress appear far more human and real in these portraits than in any previously given to the public.

Prince Augustus and Prince Oscar, whose portraits are also from their latest photographs and taken in England, are 13 and 12, respectively. They seem to be clean, bright lads, without any nonsense such as you might expect in young Princes of the imperial line about them. There are three other sons and a daughter. J. M. D.

ANOTHER CLOSE CALL.

GEN. SHERMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE ON THE RAID TO MERIDIAN.

By a Special Contributor.

I noticed in The Times of January 26, an item concerning a narrow escape from capture of Gen. Sherman on a railway train near Memphis, Tenn.

This reminds me of another occasion when, to my personal knowledge, our beloved Uncle Billy came near being gobbled by the "Johnnie rebs."

On the 1st of February, 1864, he started from Black River, in the rear of Vicksburg, on the Meridian raid, his

with his staff for the night with the Seventeenth Corps, the head of whose column was some four miles behind the rear of the Sixteenth. To make this undertaking safe he detached an infantry regiment from Hurlburt's command to guard the crossroads of the town until the head of our column should come in sight. He and his staff then went to a large log house and made arrangements with the hostess for some supper, had their horses unsaddled and tied to the fence, and went inside to wait the preparation of the meal. Feeling fatigued, the general lay down on a bed and fell asleep.

Presently the colonel of the regiment detailed as guard espied a cloud of dust down the road in the direction of our corps, and being very eager to get into camp, took it for granted that it was occasioned by the head of our column, called in his pickets and started in the direction his corps had taken. This left Gen. Sherman and his staff wholly unprotected.

But the dust cloud the colonel had seen was occasioned by some straggling wagons of the Sixteenth Corps and a light infantry support. When these arrived within pistol shot of the house where the general was, a body of Confederate cavalry that during the day had been hovering on the right flank of the Sixteenth Corps, discovering the exposed position of the wagons, struck them in the flank with the result previously mentioned.

In the encounter some of the balls struck the house in which the general and his staff were located. On being awakened by this disturbance, Gen. Sherman started a mounted officer on the run for the infantry regiment that had left him, and he and the rest of his staff and orderlies prepared to take refuge in an old log crib near the house and defend themselves as best they could. Fortunately, however, the officer soon overtook the regiment, returned on the run with it, deploying as they came, and soon cleared the premises of the troublesome Johnnies, which no doubt saved the general and our nation from a great calamity.

It will be remembered that this famous raid across the State of Mississippi from Vicksburg to Meridian, was one of "Uncle Billy's" marvelous moving war pictures, 300 miles long by twenty miles wide, with his communication completely severed for thirty-one days, and richly embellished from start to finish, as he so well knew how, with plenty of fighting, foraging, darky freeing, cotton burning and railway smashing. I footed it with him at 15 with an old musket and forty rounds of buck and ball and at 51 still think it was one of the greatest hustling moving war pictures I ever saw.

WILL B. SMITH.

Pasadena, Cal., Feb. 5.

MR. LANDOR'S SUFFERINGS.

THE TIBETAN EXPLORER'S GRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF HIS JOURNEY.

[New York Mail and Express, Jan. 24:] In a simple, straightforward way A. Henry Savage Landor gave an account of his journey into Tibet, his capture, imprisonment and torture by the Tibetan Lamas, and his ultimate release, before a large audience in Chickering Hall last evening. The story of the terrible tortures suffered by the explorer at the hands of the Tibetans was so vivid that the lecturer held his audience spellbound for more than an hour.

In the beginning he carried his hearers with him from London to Bombay, up through India to the Himalayas, and over the great mountain range—into Tibet. He gave an interesting description of the difficult passage over the mountains. In telling of the customs of the Tibetans his account of the marriage ceremony in vogue there excited much amusement. It seems that the bridegroom sticks a lump of butter on the head of his beloved, she adorns him in similar fashion, and the betrothed couple are then man and wife. That is all there is to the ceremony. Mr. Landor then told how he left the friendly Tibetans and fell among treacherous ones, who captured him by trickery. A dozen or more Tibetans fell upon him, threw him down, and in spite of his struggles bound him with ropes and hurried him away. The only two servants who were faithful to him and had not deserted him were also captured.

"Then a body of 400 Tibetan soldiers, who had orders to take me dead or alive, came up and carried me off over the plains," he said. "It took 500 Tibetans to capture one Anglo-Saxon with two servants. They are a brave lot!"

When the cavalcade had arrived at the place of torture the explorer was placed on a horse bearing a saddle with five or six long steel points sticking out forward from its rear end. His hands were tied behind his back, a rope was placed about his neck, which was held taut by a horseman in the rear, and the steed which bore the tortured man was lashed into a gallop. With the horse galloping forward and the taut rope pulling him backward against the steel spikes, his lot was not enviable.

Then he was told his eyes were to be burned out, and a red-hot iron was for thirty seconds held within an inch of his eyes. This injured his vision painfully, but his eyes were not put out, as the Tibetans had decided to reserve him for further plesanteries. They flogged him to a jelly for a change. Then the champion executioner seized a two-handed sword, and while a soldier pulled the explorer's head backward by the hair, swung the big blade twice under the chin of the unfortunate captive. When the time came for the third stroke, which is the death stroke, the executioner lost his nerve and refused to go on.

The efforts of friends who had heard of his predicament secured his release, and he was set at liberty, a physical wreck.

QUICK TO RETALIATE.

Miss Sannie Kruger says, in a contributed article in Harper's Bazaar:

"The most popular misconception of our race is that Zulu blood filters through our veins. A few there may be who are thus tainted, but the God-fearing Boer, loving and living up to Puritanical standards, does not pardon such intermingling. A Boer has no more Zulu than an American has Indian blood.

"When told that I am a Boer, the American is usually astonished, saying: 'Why, you're not black!'

"And you're not red!' I retaliate, with signed amazement."



to this I answer that he wouldn't, save in a so-called Saxon country, like England or the United States, supposing he were to do such an unlikely thing as to visit America. There are the most important reasons why he should not publicly appear in plain clothes anywhere in Europe. Every European country is a military country, a land of the soldier. In Russia, France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, even in the comparatively unmilitary Scandinavian countries, the soldier's uniform is the ever-present banner of the powers that be, and in none of these countries could William I, the war lord of Germany, the most military of all countries, think of being seen by the masses without displaying the sartorial insignia of the military idea, though to this as to most general rules, there is an exception. Hunting dress is perfectly proper for a public appearance of the Emperor in appropriate circumstances, and photographs of His Highness in that garb are very popular in Germany.

"It might be explained that the English photographs of the Emperor and Empress without imperial or military dress will undoubtedly be sold in Germany. It will be rather flattering to the Germans, who, though very respectful with regard to the British navy, think little of the British army, to reflect that their Emperor considered civilian dress good enough for public appearance in Eng-

land, whereas he wouldn't think of such a thing anywhere in continental Europe."

command being composed of the Sixteenth Corps, under Gen. Hurlburt, and the Seventeenth Corps, under Gen. McPherson, numbering 20,000 men.

As far as Morton, our command had marched on two separate roads, running parallel with each other east and west, and from seven to ten miles apart. Hurlburt's corps occupied the left, while our corps (McPherson's) occupied the right; but at Morton the two formed a junction. On February 12 Hurlburt's corps had the right-of-way and at night bivouacked on a small stream three or four miles east of Decatur, while McPherson's, bringing up the rear, camped for the night on the outskirts of the town. As usual, during the day there had been lively skirmishing at the front and on our flanks, with an occasional dash on our rear guard. Entering Decatur as the shadows of the tall pines were lengthening to their eastern limits, we came upon evidences of a cavalry dash upon Hurlburt's wagon train, the dusty road being strewn with dead and wounded mules and abandoned white covered wagons, riddled with bullets, besides a number of dead and wounded soldiers and teamsters. On entering the town we found Gen. Sherman and staff, and learned that our commander had just run a very narrow escape from being captured by some Confederate cavalry. It seems, as was his custom, he that day rode along with the advance corps, and as the Sixteenth passed through the town he decided to halt there

HOW HOBOS ARE MADE.

A SPECIALIST ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE TRAMP.

By a Special Contributor.

SCATTERED over the railroads, sometimes traveling in freight cars, and sometimes sitting pensively around camp fires, working when the mood is on them and loafing when they have accumulated a "stake," always criticizing other people, but never themselves, seldom very happy or unhappy, and almost constantly without homes such as the persevering workman struggles for and secures, there is an army of men and boys, who, if a census of the unemployed were taken, would have to be included in the class which the regular tramps call "Gay Cats." They claim that they are over five hundred thousand, and strong, and socialist agitators sometimes urge that there are more than a million of them, but they probably do not really number over 100,000.

Not much is known about them by the general public, except that they are continually shifting from place to place, particularly during the warm months. In the winter they are known to seek shelter in the large cities, where they swell the ranks of the discontented and complaining, and accept benefits from charitable societies. They certainly are not tramps in the hobo's sense of the word. His reason for derisively calling them "gay cats," is that they work when they have to and tramp only when the weather is fine.

Many of them really prefer working to begging, but they are without employment during several months in the year, and are constantly grumbling about their lot in the world. They think that they are the representative unemployed men of the country, and are gradually developing a class feeling among themselves. They always speak of their kind as "the poor," and of the people who employ them as "the rich," and they believe that their number is continually increasing.

Studying the "Gay Cats."

For the past year it has been one of my duties to keep well in touch with this class. At the request of a railroad official, who has been considering an innovation in railroading, I have made some special investigations regarding all who trespass on the steel thoroughfares.

"The attitude of the company toward this class of trespassers," he said in talking to me about the matter, "must necessarily be the same as toward the tramps, as long as they both use the same methods of travel, but I have often wondered whether there are enough of those who claim to be merely unemployed men to justify railroad companies in experimenting with a cheap train a day, somewhat similar in make-up to the fourth class in Germany and Russia, for their patronage. At present the trouble is that we can't tell whether they would support such a train, and I personally am not convinced that all of them are as honest out-of-workers as they say they are, when arrested for stealing rides. If you can gather any data concerning them which will throw light on this matter, I should be glad to have it."

All told, I have met on the railroad, during the past year, about one thousand men and boys who claimed to be out-of-workers, and not professional vagabonds or tramps. In saying that I have met them I mean that I have talked with them and learned a good deal about their history, present conditions and plans and hopes for the future. They talked with me as freely as with one of their own set; indeed, they seemed to assume that I belonged among them. I have made their acquaintance up to date in ten different States, and in cities like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Chicago.

The most striking thing about them is that the majority are practically youths, the average age being about 23 years, both West and East. Of any 1000 out-of-workers, fully two-thirds were between 20 and 25 years old; the rest were young boys under 18 and mature men anywhere from 40 to 70.

Youths of all classes of society have their wanderjahre, and so much time during this period is taken up with mere roaming that it is easy to understand how many of them must be without work from time to time. It is also true that young men are more hasty than their elders in giving up jobs on account of some real or supposed affront; life is all before them, they think, anyhow, and meanwhile do not intend to knuckle down to any overbearing employer. In certain parts of the country, on account of crowded conditions, it must be stated furthermore that it is difficult for a certain number of young men to get suitable employment.

There is a sociological significance, however, about the present strikingly large number of young men who are "beating" their way over the country on the railroads. There is gradually being developed in the United States a class of wanderers who may be likened to the degenerated "Handwerksburschen" of Germany. They are not necessarily apprentices in the sense that the "Handwerksburschen" usually are, although the great majority of them have trades and make some effort in winter, at least, to work at them, but they are almost the exact counterpart of the "Burschen" in their migratory habits. Years ago the traveling apprentice was a picturesque feature in German life, and it was thought quite proper and useful that he should pack up his tools every now and then, get out his wheelbarrow, and take a jaunt into the world. He had to take to the highways in those days, and there was no such inducement as there is now to take long, unbroken trips. A few miles a day was the average stint, and at the end of a fortnight, or possibly a month, he was ready and glad to go to work again.

This is not the case today. The contemporary "Handwerksbursch" works just as little as he can, and travels in fourth-class cars as far as the rails will carry him. In a few years, unless there is some home influence to bring him back, he generally wanders so far afield that he becomes a victim of "Die Ferne," a thing of romance and poetry to his sturdier ancestors of Luther's time, which

for him has become a snare and a delusion. German vagabondage is largely recruited from German apprentices. It is the same love of "Die Ferne," the desire to get out into the world and have adventures independent of parental care and guidance, which accounts largely for the presence of so many young men in the ranks of the unemployed in this country. As I have said, they are not tramps or "hobos," but neither are they victims of trusts, monopolists or capital.

Things That Develop "Gay Cats."

Great public undertakings like the World's Fair at Chicago, the recent war with Spain, a new railroad, and the attractions of places like the Klondike, have a tendency to increase the number of these youthful out-of-workers. The World's Fair stranded many thousands, and there are already signs that the war with Spain has brought out a fresh crop of them. They have taken to traveling on the railroads because they have become inoculated with wanderlust, and because they think that it is only by continually shifting that they are likely to get work. The same thing took place, only on a larger scale, after the civil war, and our present tramp class is the result. Some of the young men who took part in the Spanish war, and, when mustered out, joined the wanderers on the railroads, will eventually develop into full-fledged tramps; it is inevitable. At present they are merely out-of-workers, and at times honestly seek work.

Let me tell the story of one of my companions for a few days on a railroad in Pennsylvania. He was only 20. He was a plumber by trade, and had left a job only a fortnight before I met him. The weather had got too warm to work, he said (it was in June), and he had enough of a "stake" to keep him going for several weeks on the road. He was on his way to the Northwest.

"The West is the only part of this country worth much, I guess," he said, "I'm goin' out there to look around. Here in the East ev'rythin' is in the hands of the rich. There's no chance for a young fellow here in Pennsylvania any more." I asked him whether he was not able to make a good living when he remained at work. "Oh, I can live all right," he replied, "but this country's got to give me somethin' more'n a livin' before I'll work hard month in and month out. I ain't goin' to slave for anybody. I got as good a right's the next man to enjoy myself, 'n' when I want to go off on a trip I'm goin'." I suggested that this was hardly the philosophy of men who made and saved a great deal of money. "Well, I ain't goin' to work hard all my life 'n' have nothin' but money at the end of it. I want to live as I go along, 'n' I like hittin' the road ev'ry now and then."

"How long do you generally keep a job?" "If I get a good one in the fall I generally keep it till spring, but the year round I guess I change places ev'ry two or three months." "How much of a loaf do you have between jobs?" "It depends. Last year I was nearly four months on the hog once—couldn't get anything. As a general thing, though, I don't have to wait over six weeks if I look hard."

"Are you going to look hard out West?" "Well, I'm goin' to size up the country, 'n' if I like it, why I guess I'll take a job for a while. I got enough money to keep me in tobacco 'n' booze for a few weeks, 'n' it don't cost me anything to ride or eat." "How do you manage?" "I hustle for my grub the way hobos do—it's easy enough." "I should think a workman like yourself would hate to do that." "I used to a little, but I got over it. You got to help yourself in this world, 'n' I'm learnin' how to do it, too."

"Gay Cats" Mostly Americans.

The nationality of the gay cats is mainly American. A large number have parents who were born in Europe, but they themselves were born in this country, and there are thousands whose families have been settled here for several generations. I bring this out because it is a popular but mistaken notion that the native Americans contribute very few recruits to the "army of unemployed," and the tramp class, and that it is the foreigners who cause most of our labor disturbances and fill our poorhouses and jails.

What I have said in regard to the unemployed young men applies also in a measure to the old men; the latter are in many cases as much the victims of wanderlust as are their youthful companions; but there are certain special facts which go to explain their vagabondage. The older men are more frequently confirmed drunkards than are the younger men. Occasionally during the past year I have met an aged out-of-work who was not addicted to drink and who was penniless and "on the road" from other causes, but nine-tenths of all the mature men were by their own confession hard drinkers. Whether their loose habits are also answerable for their love of carping and criticizing and their notion that they alone know how the world should be run, it is impossible for me to say; but certain it is that their continual grumbling and scolding against those who have been more persevering than they is another of the causes which have brought them to their present unfortunate state. Men who are unceasingly finding fault with their lot, and yet make no serious attempt to better it, cannot "get on" very far in this country or in any other.

This type of out-of-work exists everywhere—in Germany, Russia, England and France, as well as in the United States, but I am not sure that our particular civilization, or rather our form of government, has not a tendency to develop it here a little more rapidly than in any other country which I have explored.

Won't Work Outside Their Trades.

It is furthermore to be remarked concerning these aged out-of-workers that pride and unwillingness to take work outside of their trades have also been causes of their bankruptcy. The same is true, to some extent, of all sorts of unemployed men, young and old, but it is particularly true about those who have passed their thirty-fifth years. I have known them to tramp and beg for months rather than accept employment which they considered beneath their training and intelligence.

It has been a revelation to me to associate with these men and to see how determined they are that the employing class shall have no opportunity to say, "Ah, hal

We told you so!" Many of them have jobs in a pet, and taken to "the road," with the idea that they cannot get what they want they will leave the lodge and feed them for nothing. Let me tell you of this sort whom I traveled with in Ohio, without employment for over eight months, and had just passed his forty-second birthday, and expected to get work again before long, and was time away until the position was ready for him, up and down the "Hobo & Bore" railroad. He was a painter by profession, and claimed that for as long as he had never worked at any other occupation worked at all.

"I put in three hard years learnin' to be a painter," he said, "an' I ain't goin' to learn nothin' more. For a while I used to take all kinds of jobs, but I've got over that. It's carpentering with me from now on. You got to put your money in this country or you won't get on at all." "If I was married 'n' had kids, I'd be a carpenter 'n' take what I could get, but I ain't got no kids, an' I ain't got no wife, an' I ain't got nothin' to sell. That's what all men in this country ought to do. The rich have got it in their heads that they can have us when they want us, and when they don't want us, 'n' that's the way they've been doin' with the most of us. They want us to play with me any more, though. Two years better off than I am now, 'n' I'd be in good luck if it hadn't been for one o' them trusts."

"Are you not at all to blame for your present condition, knowing that the man had a good job, and a whisky. He thought a moment, and then he might have squandered less money on whisky, and was not at all sure that he was not entitled to that "booze" brings.

"Cause we workmen drink," he explained, "we get us drunk on our uppers, but ain't we got to get drunk 'n' have a good time as the rich have. When I want work I'll work, but I won't. What we men need is more money. What the devil 'ud become o' the world if we had more money? Couldn't go on at all. That's what my carpenter pals. 'Don't take nothin' for nothin' trade,' I tell 'em, 'n' then the blokes with no money have a better chance." But you know how it is, as well tell the most of 'em not to eat, but the little sense knocked into me. You don't want outside o' my trade. I'd rather bum."

And, unless he got the job he expected to get, he was still "on the road."

(Copyrighted, 1900, by J. F. Willard.)

A PLUG UGLY'S MISTAKE.

HE CONCLUDED ULYSSES S. GRANT AFTER HIS FATHER.

[New York Tribune:] "I think it was still President," said Charles Melton of the day at the Hotel Imperial, "that his second better known to his friends as 'Buck' Grant of the western mining camps. In the course of his career he arrived at Leadville, and the news of his arrival was soon spread the length and breadth of the mines on the mountainside. In one of the mines on the mountainside was a character known as 'Plug Ugly Bill,' who was the walk in so far as Leadville was concerned had a tremendous reputation as a fighter. By a mental process, 'Bill' arrived at the conclusion that Ulysses S. Grant would detract from his reputation as a fighter, and that the only way to get rid of him was to get him out of the town. 'Buck' Grant at the first opportunity of this idea he came down into the town and began a systematic search for his victim. He was eating his supper in a restaurant, he discovered a young man, and as the stranger passed him he called a boiled shirt, which was almost wholly unknown in Leadville, and the hasty and for him unfortunate conclusion was reached that the man he was looking for. Sliding up to him he passed rapidly from jeering, personal remarks, the dishes about, and finally upset the table. The quiet man arose. 'Bill' never could tell what it was that happened, but bystanders told him that 'Bill's' anatomy came in contact with every part of floor, walls and ceiling of the restaurant, and finally and violently ejected into the street. He was lying in the gutter. As he sat up he found him the first object to fix his glance on. He had tried to do up, apparently as usual. Looking at him mournfully and with pride, 'Bill' said: 'Boy, you take powerful after me. The man whom 'Bill' had mistaken for 'Buck' Grant was a gambler known far and wide as the "bone" count of his signal ability to care for himself in tumble fights, and to place his adversary at the service of physician and surgeon."

CORK FOR FLOORS.

[Scientific American:] Cork, as "every one knows," is one of the best non-conductors of heat or sound, and has not been more widely used in building because of the difficulty of obtaining it in an unadorned form. A product called cork tiling has recently been placed on the market which is made of what is known as "virgin cork," ground, compressed and extruded by a patented process, and which is free from glue and usually employed to hold the particles of cork together.

We are informed that tiles made of this pressed cork form an admirable flooring, being noiseless, waterproof, warm and generally capable of withstanding hard usage. By varying the degree of compression and modifying the manufacturing process, sheets of cork different in color and texture can be obtained, which, when sawed and finished into panels, can be used for wainscoting and other interior decoration with cork-tile floors.

Gen. J. C. Bates, one of the new major-generals of the few officers who speak the English fluently. He is said to be a master of the

CONGRESSMAN HITT. HAS A RARE FUND OF REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

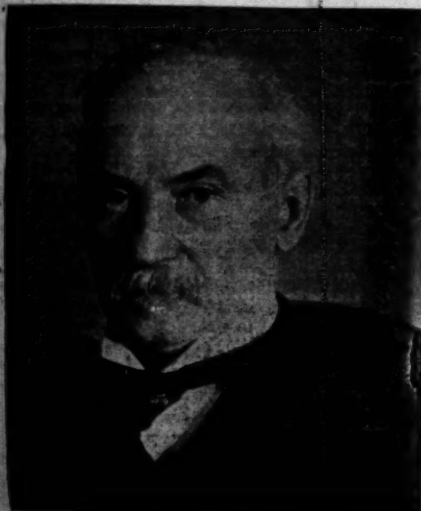
By a Special Contributor.

IF REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT ROBERTS HITT of Illinois were to compile his reminiscences the result would be a volume of extraordinary interest. Not only has he figured prominently in national and international affairs for nearly a generation, but he has enjoyed personal relations of a peculiarly close character with more men of eminence perhaps than any other man of the day. Away back before the war, when a mere boy, he was attached to Abraham Lincoln in a way that gave him enviable facilities for studying the processes of Lincoln's mind. He was a stenographer and a newspaper reporter for the Chicago Tribune, at that time the one great Republican organ of the West, and throughout the memorable debate between Lincoln and Douglas, preceding the latter's election to the United States Senate, young Hitt followed Lincoln, taking down in shorthand every word that publicly fell from his lips. These famous addresses, which made Lincoln's national reputation, and which, more than anything else, contributed to his election as President, owe their permanent and enduring form to the youthful reporter's notes, the originals of which the Congressman still hoards among his literary treasures. Lincoln called him "Bob," and was fond of the boy.

Valuable Experiences in Paris.

After the war Hitt came to Washington as clerk of a Congress committee, and had an opportunity to become acquainted with the great statesmen of the reconstruction era.

His good luck sent him to Paris in 1874, just after the Franco-Prussian war, as secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires ad interim. History was being made rapidly in the French capital in those days, and Hitt spent seven years in Paris, a period which was closely packed with important events. He returned to Washington in 1881 to become Assistant Secretary of State, and the next year was elected a member of the House of Representa-



HON. R. R. HITT.

[From photo by Miss Frances B. Johnson.]

tion. All through his career in Congress he has been conspicuous in the discussion of international questions, and now, as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, he is regarded as a diplomatic authority beside whom there is no peer. Had it not been for Hitt's conspicuous position in the House, and for the fact that the administration regarded his presence there as essential to the proper handling of the complicated questions growing out of the war with Spain, he would probably have been appointed Secretary of State when Judge Day retired from office.

Friendships Firmly Cemented.

Hitt has had the good fortune to cement friendships more firmly than almost any other man now in public life. He was Blaine's closest friend in Washington. In the concluding years of Blaine's life Hitt was the man in whom he confided most, and was often to be found in the historic old mansion on Lafayette square. At the same time that he enjoyed these affectionate relations with the great Secretary of State, he was the best friend of Speaker Reed, Blaine's bitterest enemy in public life. And no finer tribute could be paid to the delicate tact of the Illinois representative than that he should have continued for years such a relationship with two such men without losing the confidence of either.

In Hitt's house in K street is a room which is devoted to the memory of Blaine. The walls are covered with pictures of the Maine leader, with autograph letters, and with all sorts of relics which bring Blaine to mind. Elsewhere in the house are Lincoln relics, and stored away somewhere in the places where they will be found some time and brought to light are scores and hundreds of confidential letters from men whose names will figure in history. For instance, while Hitt was secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires in Paris, he carried on a delightfully personal correspondence with James Russell Lowell, who at that time was American Minister at Madrid. None of these letters has ever been published. Whenever they see the light they will make sprightly reading, for there is not one of them, no matter upon how trivial a subject, which does not contain an odd turn of speech or a witty allu-

sion. How many other lines of correspondence the Illinois man has been carrying on during all these years only he can tell.

Memories That Will Not Be Published.

There are some things which Hitt remembers about great men who are dead and gone that would be meat for the iconoclast, and that are hardly likely to find their way into any authorized biography.

Charles Sumner, as Hitt recalls him, was a monument colossal egotism. Never, even for a single moment, or when among those who might naturally presume upon some measure of acquaintanceship, would he drop the pose of the statesman or mingle with others on their own level. In a street car he would quote Latin to the conductor. He seemed always to feel that he was an object of observation, and that he was contributing to the dignity of history. In the Senate he was without influence. He was as far outside the daily life of his associates as if he had already been chiseled in marble. Once when he was placed by accident on the useless Committee on Revolutionary Claims, he took it as a personal affront, and nobody could ever explain the matter to him. "And yet," says Hitt, "Sumner was a great man, and his memory will always live."

Hitt tells entertainingly of the way in which the Chicago Tribune failed to print a line of Lincoln's historic speech at Freeport in the Douglas debate—the greatest of all Lincoln's addresses before the civil war. Hitt was reporting the speech, and was writing out his notes for the next morning's paper, when Owen Lovejoy, the abolition agitator, rose in the rear of the hall and delivered a harangue which is now forgotten, but which for the moment roused the meeting to a frenzy of enthusiasm, while Lincoln's had seemed rather tame. Joseph Medill, the proprietor of the Tribune, was carried away with Lovejoy's speech and came up to Hitt's desk excitedly, ordered him to stop transcribing his notes of Lincoln's speech, and to let the Tribune have every word of Lovejoy's harangue in the morning. The Tribune the next morning was all Lovejoy, and there was only a word about Lincoln's oration. "An illustration," says Hitt, in telling the story, "of the fact that the contemporaneous impression of a great occasion does not always coincide with the judgment of history."

Mr. Hitt is of medium height, of modest bearing, and one of those in public life, not any too numerous, who is a gentleman always. His voice is softly modulated; his manner is frank and friendly, although he never forgets the diplomatic proprieties, his conversation is stored with information and anecdote, and yet he has never been known to reveal a thing which was to be kept in confidence. He makes no pretensions to oratory, and is not much of a politician.

R. E. S.

ASTRONOMY.

THE PLANETS.

By a Special Contributor.

FEW can fail to have their attention attracted by the splendid appearance which Venus presents in the southwestern skies every evening, and which she will continue to present with increasing brilliancy for some months. It may be well, therefore, to make a few notes upon the planets generally at this time, in order that we may observe them with more intelligence. For although Venus is the only one visible in the evenings, yet those who are out in the early mornings have a good opportunity of watching both Jupiter and Saturn in the Southeast.

The planets are the attendants upon the sun, and with the sun as their common center form the solar system. This system may be considered quite apart from the fixed stars, which may themselves be centers of other systems, but at such an infinite distance that their order and component parts will probably never be known to us. Compared with the fixed stars, the planets are our near neighbors, and most of them have been familiarly known from the earliest times. The fixed stars are so called because they always retain the same relation to each other in the sky, while the planets are always changing their places, but in the most perfect order. The word is used in the Greek Testament by St. Jude of certain people who are not very stable in their ways, and there it is translated "wandering stars."

Without considering the planetoids, of which more than four hundred have been discovered, there are only eight planets, of which the earth is one. The two nearest to the sun, to which we will confine our attention in this paper, are Mercury and Venus. They are called inferior planets, because they are nearer to the sun than we are, their orbits lying within that of the earth.

Mercury is very brilliant, as we may imagine, being so near the sun, but can be seen with the naked eye only rarely, and then only for a very short time; in the evening just after sunset, when he is at his greatest angular distance from the sun eastward, and in the morning just before sunrise, when he is at his greatest angular distance west of the sun. Mercury can never have an angular distance from the sun of more than about 29 deg., and Venus of about 47 deg. Mercury is about thirty-six millions of miles from the sun, and Venus about sixty-eight millions. The former revolves around the sun in about eighty-eight of our days, the latter is about two hundred and twenty-four days. The diameter of Mercury is about thirty-two hundred miles, and of Venus 7800 miles. So that Mercury is not nearly half the size of the earth, while Venus is almost as large as the planet on which we live. Each of these planets has an atmosphere somewhat like our own, and from this and other considerations it has been believed by many that they may be inhabited by creatures similar to those which dwell on the earth. More recent discoveries, however, may possibly make this less probable. Until quite recently it was almost universally thought that both Mercury and Venus had a daily rotation each on its own axis in a period very nearly the same of that of the earth—that Mercury had a day of over twenty-four

hours, and that the day in Venus was a little more than twenty-three hours.

In the last few years, however, very careful observations have been made of both Mercury and Venus, and it seems now to be established that each of them rotates on its axis only once in the period of its revolution round the sun; so that in these two planets the day is of the same length as the year. It will follow also that, as in the case of the moon, very nearly the same face of the planet will always be presented to the sun. It is to an American astronomer, Percival Lowell of Flagstaff, Ariz., that we owe these wonderful discoveries. In 1896 he removed his telescope, which is one of the largest in the world, from Flagstaff to Tacubaya, in Mexico, and there confirmed his previous observations, "that the two planets rotate only once in the full course of orbital revolution round the sun, the faces thus turned toward that orbit enjoying perpetual day, while the further sides are wrapped in endless night." Another writer says, "The credit for the establishment of these important facts of observation may be divided between the illustrious Italian astronomer, M. Schiaparelli, and Mr. Lowell; the former being the first to re-examine the long-accepted but erroneous rotation periods of these planets, and to render the present results highly probable; the latter being the first to furnish a decisive proof that no other periods than those of the sidereal revolutions could account for the observed phenomena." While Mercury and Venus, then, have many features in common with the rest of the planets, such as their rotundity, their elliptical orbits, and their receiving of light and heat from the sun, the common source of light and attraction for the whole system, they have this striking unlikeness to all the rest, that their day is of the same length as their year.

There is, however, another interesting feature in which Mercury and Venus differ from all the other planets. When Copernicus was propounding his theory to the world, and declaring that the sun was the center of the system, and that the earth and all the planets revolved around it, it was said that in that case Mercury and Venus, being nearer to the sun than the earth, would pass through all the same phases as the moon, that is, would sometimes be crescent shaped, sometimes like a half moon, and sometimes like the full moon. This was a point which could not be tested before the invention of telescopes. When, however, Galileo had come on the scene, and had invented that wonderful instrument, the matter was soon put to the proof, and it was shown beyond a doubt that Venus did pass through the same phases as the moon, and thus the Copernican theory received one of its strongest attestations.

If Venus were as near to us as the moon is, we should sometimes have eclipses of the sun caused by her. As it is, however, we have instead the very interesting but rare occurrence of a transit of Venus across the disc of the sun, when she appears as a black spot on the face of the sun. Herschel says: "The transits of Venus are of very rare occurrence, taking place alternately at intervals of eight and 113 years, or thereabouts. As astronomical phenomena, they are, however, extremely important; since they afford the best and most exact means we possess of ascertaining the sun's distance, or its parallax." They are considered so important that astronomers travel to any part of the world where they can be best observed. In 1768 Capt. Cook was sent on his first visit to the Pacific, to observe a transit of Venus; and had it not been for his discoveries in the Pacific, Hawaii might not now have been a part of the United States!

As a little bit of simple practice in observing, let the reader notice where Venus is now in the evenings—how far she is from the Pleiades or Aldebaran, for instance, and he will find that in her journey eastward she will pass to the north of Aldebaran about the middle of April, and by the end of May she will be a little to the south of Castor and Pollux.

G. R.

AN EMBARRASSING JACKASS.

[New York Mail and Express:] The king in the topical song had an elephant on his hands; the New York Central Railroad is the unwilling possessor of a jackass. It came about in this way:

Henry Fisher of Canajoharie wanted to sell a jackass, and J. W. Sparks of Cohoes wanted to buy one. After some correspondence Wilson bought the beast for \$18, and then forgot all about it. The jackass arrived at Cohoes in the best of spirits, and earnestly called for food. The station agent fed the animal for five days, and when Wilson finally appeared to claim his own, he was refused his purchase until he paid a bill of \$23 for care and maintenance. Wilson declined to pay, saying that he already had spent \$18 on a \$10 quadruped, and that he believed the station agent had been giving it perfume baths and pate de foie gras. After some further sarcasm he went away.

The agent fed the jackass again, and wrote to Henry Fisher of Canajoharie. Mr. Fisher replied that he had sold the animal, and suggested that if the station agent objected to a companion apparently so congenial, he should send it to the lost-parcel room. The agent has reported the matter to his superiors, who are wondering what to do with their new employé. Meanwhile the jackass is the only party to the transaction who is perfectly content.

WOULD "STRIKE 'EM" ANY WAY.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "What a godsend it would be if the company increased our wages 2 or 3 per cent!"

"Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"That the raise has come? Seven and a half per cent.!

How is that?"

"Seven and a half per cent.! Say, Brittle, let's strike 'em for 121!"

ONE WORD OVERLOOKED.

At a dinner in Rottingdean lately a royal academian stated to the company the alleged fact that sugar and sumac are the only two words in English where *su* is pronounced as *shu*. There was much interest shown in the discovery, when Rudyard Kipling was heard from the other end of the table: "But are you quite sure?"

THE HERMIT OF SANTA CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

WE THREE, the Angler, the Photographer, and I, had passed a blissful week on Santa Catalina Island. I say "blissful" advisedly. The smart summer cottages and the big hotels were untenanted, for to the fashionables, Catalina in midwinter is a howling wilderness. One ran no risk of meeting a bevy of the fair sex, bent on despoiling the cañons of their dainty ferns and clinging vines, and the pretty mermaids in the latest thing in bathing togs would not be along yet for months; therefore might one wear old clothes, and be primitively, hilariously and undisturbedly happy.

We had explored the cañons, now and then catching glimpses of shy mountain sheep as they bounded from rock to rock. We had chartered burros and following the

racks there, but we had gone for the express purpose, I will add, of digging in the old Indian burying-ground for wampum, the only relic now to be found of the gentle aborigine who inhabited this fair island in the days when Cabrillo was wont to prowl along the coast. Somewhat to our surprise, we found nothing whatever for our pains. The relic-hunters' visit antedated our own. As a matter of course we fished every day, for the Angler would not be detached from his ten-foot pole for more than three consecutive hours. But with all his enthusiasm, the Angler did not meet with phenomenal success in the matter of catches.

"You'd better get the Hermit of Swain's Landing to give you a few points on fishing," said the Photographer, when the Angler, after using two pounds of beef for smelt bait, and cutting up the smelt in turn for bait for yellow-tail, had turned up at luncheon minus beef, smelt, yellow-tail and a half day's time.

"I was with him last summer, when he caught—" "You'd better ask him to give you points on photography," growled the Angler, whom adverse fortune did not chasten.

The Photographer looked pained, for only three days before he had taken two pictures on one plate, with the result, photographically, that the Angler, the subject in both instances of the snap shot, bore the appearance of

shinele and we found ourselves within the Hermit himself.

A strong odor of fish saluted our nostrils in the Photographer's wake, we struggled along the worn path that led from the beach to the Hermit. He was seated near his domicile, engaged in preparing the small fry of his morning's catch for immediate use, the larger fish being reserved for guests who greeted us pleasantly, and so facilitated the process that we were soon chatting with our friends.

"Tell the boys how you caught three today," suggested the Photographer. "Let's see if they weigh? The three of 'em tipped three pounds, if I remember."

"That ketch? Oh, that was last summer's Hermit, a reminiscent look dawning in his eyes. "Bright an' early, one mornin', but early as it was, more'n a dozen boats ahead of me at the beach. Among them was th' Annie, manned by th' carryin' Mrs. F., one of th' cottagers. She was a expert angler, an' many's th' dollar she a-rowin' her of a mornin'. We'd just called on Joe, when th' cry, 'A shark! A shark!' came out of th' boats. Lookin' across th' water I saw a black movin' as fast as a bird on th' wing. I past my boat, an' I saw in a minute that it was a merhead. It shot past like lightnin', an' it shinin' on its sides it seemed to hav all the rainbow. It changed its course d'rectly an' passin' Joe's boat. A man in one of th' boats shouted, 'It went that way! There 'tis!' Joe a large hook to th' anchor line, an' I said, 'They are goin' to have a try at it.'

"Th' hook was baited with a yaller-tail an' an' no sooner had it struck th' water than it fer it. He passed it once or twice, then turned his mouth wide open, swallowed th' fish an' leaned over th' side of th' boat to watch it out th' line till it was near to th' end, while th' oars. At first th' fish moved slow; then he up. Findin' somethin' was wrong with him, he made fer deep water, th' boat follerin'. His voyage was cut short. He broke th' line. It was a mortal wonder th' boat didn't tumble back amongst th' fishin' tackle, an' gen'ally mixed fer a while. Mrs. F. was th' fish, so they rowed fer shore an' got th' Joe laid in a supply of hooks, an' line big as a whale; then they went back.

"Th' shark had been swimmin' around th' boat up th' strings of fish that had been hung in to keep 'em fresh. Mrs. F. took th' oars, in case a chance at th' fish. Th' shark's experience kinder shy, an' he took no notice of th' bait. He would pass by, sometimes goin' an' twenty minutes at a time; but he always came bright an' smilin'. Everybody had stopped th' game. This went on fer more'n an hour. Joe was goin' to give up an' head fer shore, changed his tactics. This time he came for th' out any fuss, an' took it down hook an' all. It was fun! He struggled fer freedom like a man. Joe paid out th' line or drew it in ag'in, an' changed his course. Th' gamy fish played th' fer an hour, sometimes takin' th' boat th' water fer half a mile or more, every boat in th' hood follerin' in hot pursuit.

"It must 'a been a big strain on Mrs. F. to job to row 'round a fish of that size; but she land him, an' slow, but sure, Joe drew him. Three times th' shark tried to upset 'em, but to lather with his big tail. But this time it break, an' Joe hauled th' fish close in an' laid a rap on th' head. At th' first tap there was a heaval an' th' water flew twenty feet into th' air. Th' occupants of th' boat an' everybody on ketch th' shower. When his struggles were tied to th' boat an' towed to th' land, the party was received with cheers.

"Now ain't it a queer thing about wimmen, tinned, in a reflective tone. "They sets th' suthin' an' nothin' else 'll do but they must figgers, an' schemes an' works, an' if 'twas th' was cryin' fer, d'rectly they gets it they want th' sun they wanted. Wimmen is wimmen, an' an' so was Mrs. F. She was th' dis'p'nted she'd scarcely look at it. Just because he th' them pretty colors when they got him out th' turned up her nose, an' 'lowed he was nothin' old black shark. Land sakes, but wimmen is

"But how do the jewfish come in?" asked the wildered Photographer.

"Thet," said the Hermit, in the words of Kipling, "is a nother story." J. TOREK

NATIONAL VITALITY.

[London Telegraph:] The population statistics of the developed nations are the certain index of national vitality. In this sense the nineteenth century has seen the most significant changes in the relative strength of the peoples of Europe. At the beginning of the French revolution the population of France was 25,000,000; it is now no more than 35,000,000, and that it has ceased to increase is the very proof that France has lost the power of relative growth. She has passed from the state of progress to a stationary condition.

In the same period of comparison the population of Great Britain has risen from 12,000,000 to 32,000,000, though the rate of increase has shown a decided tendency to fall and to follow the example of France, enough to insure for another generation at least a full expansion in the number of industrial workers. Again, however, Germany has both the absolute and relative advantage. Her population has increased in the last hundred years from somewhat over 20,000,000 to nearly 60,000,000.

Finally, Russia has increased the number of her inhabitants from 25,000,000 to some 100,000,000, by far the most prolific country in the world, and the frightful mortality which attends her life.



trail to the plateau, high up among the peaks of the rocky little island, had planted thereon the colors of the Signal Corps. It is, as the Photographer (who had been there before) carefully explained to us, "no walk-over" to climb that trail, for the narrow path turns and twists, often doubling on itself; and when one is not skirting a cañon, hundreds of feet in depth, with nothing but the blue sky to grab at in case of a tumble, one is mounting a tortuous way where none but a burro could keep a footing. But rich reward awaits the man who "stays by" the burro until the heights are gained. Standing on the plateau and looking seaward, one notes how the blue of the ocean meets and melts into the deeper blue of the sky. A white sail, outward bound, completes the picture. Turning from the enchanting view—though one could gaze and never tire—a scene no less beautiful meets the eye.

Landward, the grand dome of San Antonio, capping an army of lesser peaks, rounds to a cone of lustrous ice, its bold front now hidden from view by drifting clouds, now sharply outlined against the sky. Far, far below, so far that the sound comes but faintly to the ear, the surf wakens thunderous echoes in the rocky caverns of the island. It is as if one were in a world apart, a peaceful, idyllic world, where even the nearness of the lunch hour and one's remoteness from the Avalon table d'hôte were matters of secondary importance.

Of course we had visited the Isthmus, and the old bar-

having been distributed over the landscape by a Kansas cyclone. Fearing impending hostilities, I hastened to step into the breach, and having reminded them that there were no more worlds to conquer in our immediate vicinity, suggested that we pay the Hermit a call.

Accordingly, as soon as lunch was dispatched, we set out for the beach, and having selected a boat to our liking embarked on the briny deep. We rowed through acres of kelp to the clear water beyond. There was not a breath of wind, and although the water rolled with a long swell, the surface was as smooth as glass. Looking down, fifty feet or more, one could almost count the pebbles on the floor of the ocean, so clear was the water. Here were patches of sea moss, those "flowers of the sea" whose variety in form and coloring—some running the gamut of greens, from grass-green to olive, and thence to black, a few iridescent and others of the tint of an autumn leaf—is infinite.

Slipping in and out among the forests of feathery moss were tiny gold fish, appearing, vanishing and reappearing like arrowy rays of sunlight. Now and then we saw the shining back of a porpoise, and once a pair of seals lifted their black heads from the rock where they were resting, and seemed to regard us curiously.

"You fellows better let me draw him out a bit," suggested the Photographer, as our boat keel grated on the

MR. DOOLEY ON THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

Contributed to The Times by F. P. Dunne.

WHEN Congress gets through expelling members that believe so much in matrimony that they carry it into ivry relation iv life an' opens th' door iv Chiny so that an American can go in there as free as a Chinnyman can come into this refuge iv th' oppressed iv th' wuruld, I hope 'twill turn its attention to th' gr-rat question now confrontin' th' nation—th' question iv what we shall do with our hired help. What shall we do with them?"

"We haven't anny," said Mr. Hennessy.
"No," said Mr. Dooley. "Ar-rchey r-road has no servant-girl problem. Th' rule is, ivry woman her own cook an' ivry man his own footman, an' be th' same token we have no poly-gamy problem an' no open-dure problem an' no Phippen problem. Th' on'y problem in Ar-rchey r-road is how many times does round steak go into twelve at was dollar-an-a-half a day? But east iv th' r-rd bridge, Hinnissy, wan iv th' most cryin' issues iv th' hour is: What shall we do with our hired help? An' if Congress don't take hold iv it we ar-re a rooned people."

"'Tis an' of problem, an' I've seen it arise an' shake its gassy head ivry few years whiniver th' Swede popylation got wurk an' begun bein' married, then rayjocin' th' visible supply iv help. But it seems 'tis deeper thing that, I see be letters in th' pa-pers that servants is insolent, an' that they won't go to wurruk unless they like th' looks iv their employers, an' that they refuse to live in th' country. Why anny servant shud refuse to live in th' country is more th' I can see. Ye'd think that this disreputable class'd give annything to lave th' crowded tenements iv a large city, where they have friends be th' handreds an' know th' policeman on th' bate an' can go out to hateful dances an' moonlight picnics, ye'd think these unfortunat slaves'd be delighted to live in Mulligan's subdivision, amid th' threes an' flowers an' bur-rds. Gettin' up at 4 o'clock in th' mornin' th' singin' iv th' full-throated alarm clock is answered by an invincible choir iv songsters, as Shakespeare says, an' ye see th' sun rise over th' hills as ye go out to carry in a ton iv coal. All day long ye meet no wan as ye trip over th' coal-scuttles, happy in ye'r tile, an' ye'r heart is enveloped be th' thought that th' childer in th' front iv th' house ar-re growin' strong on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

"But wd ye believe it, Hinnissy, many iv these misguided women refuse fr to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrash, th' street car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

"But wd ye believe it, Hinnissy, many iv these misguided women refuse fr to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrash, th' street car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

"But wd ye believe it, Hinnissy, many iv these misguided women refuse fr to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrash, th' street car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

"But wd ye believe it, Hinnissy, many iv these misguided women refuse fr to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrash, th' street car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

"But wd ye believe it, Hinnissy, many iv these misguided women refuse fr to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrash, th' street car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on th' fr-rash country air. Besides they're always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve th' mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' pa-per that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'r through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye'r in bed."

with others. 'Tis I that'd be th' fine censor iv a bartender's wurruk. Th' more ye ought to be a servant ye'er-silf, th' harder 'tis fr ye to get along with servants. I can holler to anny man fr'm th' top iv a buildin' an' make him tur-rn r-round, but if I come down to th' street where he can see I ain't anny bigger th' he is, an' holler at him, 'tis twinty to wan if he tur-rns r-round he'll hit me in th' eye. We have a servant girl problem because, Hinnissy, it isn't many years since we first begun to have servant girls. But I hope Congress'll take it up. A smart Congress like th' wan we have now ought to be able to spare a little time fr'm its preparation iv new jims iv speech fr th' third reader an' rig up a bill thet'd make keepin' house a recreation while so softenin' th' spirit iv th' haughty sign iv a noble race in th' kitchen that cookin' buckwheat cakes on a hot day with th' aid iv a bottle iv smokeless powder'd not cause her fr to send a worthy man to his office in slippers an' without a hat."

"Ah," said Mr. Hennessy, th' simple Democrat. "It wd be all r-right if women'd do their own cookin'."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "twud be a return to Jacksonian simplicity, an' twud be a gr-rat thing fr th' restrant business."

[Copyrighted, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.]

A FEW RUSKINIANA. REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RUSKIN'S PECULIAR CHILDHOOD.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

HE was a lonely child in London (he tells us in his autobiography, "Praeterita," "with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad, light-blue sash and blue shoes to match." One of his principal amusements at this early childish time was standing at a window and looking in Bloomsbury square. His father was a wine merchant, a man of keen sensibilities, a tender conscience and high principles—a man with none of the petty ambitions which the constant trend of daily toil sometimes produces. His mother was stern, uncompromising, loving, but not affectionate. People have said—very old people—that the sensitive refinement of his father and the direct austerity of his mother are well expressed in the portrait by Hubert Herkomer. He was an independent child, and he became more so when his father and mother removed to Herne Hill, not too far from the great city, to a house with ground about it, and mulberry, almond and white-heart cherry trees. He tells us that the difference between the garden of Eden and this garden was that in Eve's, only one fruit was forbidden, while in his mother's all were denied him. Toys, too, were not for him; his mother held it wrong that children should have toys. A glorious gold and scarlet Punch and Judy, given him by his amiable aunt at Corydon, who had no theories about education, was gently taken away from him. He concerned himself with other things. He had his imagination—a small child imagines rather than thinks—and nature. He got more pleasure from the colors of the cherries and the almond blossoms and the purple and gold of the clouds than he could have had from any toys. He tells us that his parents were kind to him like the sun and moon, kindly, but far off. He often stood beside his mother while she watered her flowers, but this was no special pleasure to him; he had learned to live in his own world even as a child.

The Franciscan Friar.

There is the story of the Franciscan friar who kissed his hand, and Ruskin, by a sudden impulse, kissed him on the cheek. "The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said, a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered a dream when the poor beggar brought forth his relic, and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the convent of St. Francis of Assisi, where he beheld those frescoes by Giotto, which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoret himself had ever produced. I personally should like to believe that the mendicant was himself St. Francis, appearing in the garb of a beggar to his great disciple."

Some Eccentricities.

On one occasion, wrote Mr. Crofton, some years ago, Ruskin, who is almost a total abstainer, astonished the waiter at his hotel by calling for half a dozen bottles of champagne. They were brought, and the man was ordered to pour out slowly the contents of one bottle into a deep plate, while Ruskin sat and watched attentively the foam of the effervescing wine. When it had nearly subsided, another bottle was poured out in the same manner; fizzing and bubbling, the wine made its way into another plate, and the great art critic still sat watching keenly the result. One bottle after another, until the whole six were exhausted, was poured forth in this way, and then Ruskin, turning to the waiter, made him a present of the wine, advising him, with a touch of his own quaint, dry humor, "not to drink it all himself." Like the famous painter who sat all one day throwing pebbles into the water, and marking the ripples they made on its surface, Ruskin had been taking an art lesson from the effervescence of the champagne at all this expense of time and money.

On another occasion he engaged a band of the best musicians from London at great expense, and made them play on the beach near Folkestone, while he compared the rhythm of the trained music of man and the untrained melody of nature. He is so much influenced by impulse that his eccentricities might be put down as the result of something akin to madness by those who do not know him; but his impulses are all in the right direction, and the outcome of a kindly heart. Some years ago he bought some house property, which he let out on the condition that the rent need only be paid when his tenants were able, or felt inclined, to pay it. The experiment, it need hardly be added, was not a great success.

He hated traveling on railways, and more than once ex-

pressed himself very savagely in regard to them. So great was this dislike that on one occasion he drove all the way from London to his home on Coniston Lake in a carriage built especially for the drive.

Millais's first picture was a portrait of Charles Read, and the young artist took it to Ruskin to know what he thought of it. Ruskin said it was not a failure, but a fiasco, and kicked it over in a passion, the hole which was made by his boot being still to be seen.

Personal Characteristics.

In appearance, he was a singularly insignificant-looking little man, rounded at the shoulders, with large blue eyes and a full, white beard. He was very tender as regards his personal appearance, and is quoted as saying that he was dissatisfied with all his portraits, and that the truer and more candid they are the less he cares for them. "I like to be flattered both by pen and pencil, so it is done prettily and in good taste," he said, recently. Mentally, he was a veritable "sensitive plant." On a bright, clear day he was buoyant and elastic; but on a dull, wet day he was equally moody and misanthropic. He had two pet aversions—tobacco and stupid people. So great, indeed, was his objection to the weed that his intimates who indulged in it had to fumigate and scent themselves before approaching him.

Like all other great men, he had his hobbies. One of them was a weakness for diamonds and other gems. He carried them, loose in his pocket, and played with them in an idle moment as other men would toy with a watch chain or a cigar. On one occasion, it is said, while calling on a friend, he took out some of his costly playthings. While showing them, the most valuable one fell on the floor, and, with the curious faculty of valuable stones, rolled into some corner where it was as secretly hidden as though it had dropped down the main sewer. The friend was in a terrible state of anxiety. Chairs were taken out of their places, furniture moved and carpets taken up. Meanwhile, Ruskin exhibited his remarkable unselfishness by begging his host not to take further trouble. "It is gone now; let it remain where it is," he said, as though he were referring to a 5-cent trinket. Eventually the gem was found; but during the search by far the least concerned of all present was Ruskin. He leisurely put the stone back into his pocket and continued his criticism on modern literature.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine is the lover's saint, and hence the letters sent by wooers to their sweethearts on his festival bear his name. Little, however, is known of him beyond that he was a priest of Rome, and martyred there about 270 A. D. It was the custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honor of their goddess, February-Juno, on the 15th day of February, in exchange for which certain bishops of the Catholic church substituted the names of saints in billets, given the day before, namely, the 14th of February.

The day is celebrated in many parts of England and Scotland, and in different parts of the continent, particularly Lorraine and Maine, by a very peculiar and amusing custom. On the eve of St. Valentine's day a number of young folks, maids and bachelors, assemble and inscribe upon little pieces of paper the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintances, throw the whole into a receptacle of some sort, and then draw them as in a lottery, care, of course, being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn becomes one's valentine. Of course, besides having obtained a valentine for one's self, one becomes, by the universality of the practice, some other person's valentine; but, as Mission, learned traveler in the early part of the last century, remarks, "The man stuck faster to the valentine that had fallen to him than to her to whom he had fallen." These imaginary engagements, as may be supposed, often lead to real ones; because one necessary consequence of them is that for a whole year a bachelor remains bound to the service of his valentine, somewhat after the fashion of a medieval knight of romance to his lady love.

At one period it was customary for both sexes to make each other presents, but latterly the obligation seems to have been restricted to the gentlemen. During the fifteenth century this amusement was very popular among the upper classes, and at many European courts. From "Peppy's Diary" we learn that in the reign of Charles II married, as well as single, people, could be chosen.

The stationers have found it to their interest to keep St. Valentine's memory green, and so the approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in their windows of various kinds of prints, both comic and sentimental.

J. A. M.

IRRIGATION IN SIBERIA.

If the winters are long in Siberia, and very cold, on the other hand, the summers are extremely warm and dry. The small streams of water dry up during this season, and agriculture suffers much from this state of things.

To remedy the evil, the following is what the inhabitants of certain districts do: During the winter they collect the snow which, as is well known, falls in abundance in these regions, and accumulate it at the bottom of some narrow valley. They press it and make it compact so that it will be more resistant to thawing. At the end of the winter they cover the enormous piles which they have thus formed with branches, straw, manure or earth, in order to protect the snow against the rays of the sun and the exterior heat.

Then, when after long days without rain, the temperature is much elevated and the water of the streams begins to dry up, the snow, in spite of its covering commences to melt, and by means of a ditch made for this purpose, the water which runs down, supplies the river until the return of winter.

It is rumored that W. R. Hearst, of the New York Journal, and Arthur Brisbane, one of his most trusted lieutenants, will start a magazine de luxe in New York, something on the lines of Lady Randolph Churchill's Anglo-Saxon, to appeal only to the most cultured classes.

FLEURS-DE-LIS.

STORY OF A LITTLE FRENCH-AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

By a Special Contributor.

YOU have heard of Nauvoo, the home of the Mormons before they were banished from Illinois. It occupies gentle heights on the Mississippi River, and is beautiful as seen from the Iowa side. Jean Dinette lived in Nauvoo, though her only relation with the Mormons is that she lived in a brick house that Mormons had built and occupied; and, too, she had seen some grandchildren of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect, had once been in the "mansion," the large brick house by the river, where lived Joseph Smith's ex-widow, then married to a Virginia colonel.

When the Mormons were forced to quit their beautiful, prosperous city, they would deed a good house or a farm for anything that they could take away on a journey of nameless duration and undetermined destination—as a wagon, a span of horses, a yoke of oxen, a pair of blankets, a feather bed, an overcoat—for they crossed the river on ice, in beginning the long journey that ended months afterward in the heart of the desert.

These conditions made possible cheap homes, ready for the Icarians—a colony of communists, organized in France by Cabet. But dissensions soon began among the Icarians, and the colony went to pieces. Some of the members returned to France; others found employment in the river cities, while others yet adjusted themselves to conditions in Nauvoo.

Among these was Jean's great-grandfather. He had been, in France, a vineyardist. He decided to try vineyarding in Nauvoo, both his wife and son being skilled in the industry. The son married a girl across the river, in Iowa, whose parents were Boston people. The son of this marriage went when quite young into the civil war, marrying, years afterward, a South Carolina girl, and this pair were the parents of Jean Dinette. So the family tree was a singular one.

"It's mostly palmetto," her father said, teasing both Jean and her Carolina mother.

"You're a chestnut," Jean retorted, showing quickness at catching current vernacular, for she was yet called "Baby."

She had French alertness at repartee, and her father, unwisely perhaps, liked to provoke it. He called her a secessionist. She said, with mock tearfulness, that her heart would some day secede from him and go into union with some nice German boy, "for the French and Germans are lovers." Her mother, doubtless, furnished her with this retort, for Jean hardly knew of the Franco-German feeling. Indeed, she had little of history. The States-rights question she vaguely knew about; but there was little vagueness in her determined feeling that she had no State; that a State was too small for her; that she was French-American.

When her father joked her about backwardness in numbers, she flashed back, "I know enough numbers to know that I am one-fourth French and three times as much as that I am American. You are only half American, Papa Dinette."

At a one-quarter rate, she was loyal to France; but she was more than three-fourths American patriot. As between far-distant, unfamiliar, fashions-planning France and triumphant America, generous in opportunities, where her father's people, who had been so poor over there, were every season getting on wealth and all comforts—Jean never had a doubt as to which, in question, her passionate heart would fly with great sudden warmth of patriotism. She learned somewhat of the civil war, while yet ignorant of colonial history and of the independence war. In studying United States history, she had revelations, though the illuminating was gradual. Along the approaches to the great revolution, she went quietly. But as knowledge of the subject grew, interest grew, excitement grew, her indignation grew. All of this showed in her history recitations, which she had a dramatic way of giving. Once she interrupted a boy who was drawlingly telling of Paul Revere's ride, getting the motive, the result, and all in confusion.

Bending beyond the bench-line, so as to fire at his eyes, she flashed out, beyond the teacher's control: "Why don't you recite that with the spirit of an American?" and then her stormy eyes rained hot tears.

Another day, her exultation of patriotism rose to such heights that she ended her recitation by beating her history with her small brown fists till the class was in an uproar of surprise and amusement.

Between flashes of quick tears, she cried out, "England ought to be ashamed of herself to this day. I'll never eat another English walnut. I hate kings. I wish King George wasn't dead so I could hate him hard!"

As the interest of the revolution story thickened, Jean forgot her other studies—arithmetic, spelling, geography—abandoning herself to the history. On and on, through all the school hours, she read history, through recesses, into late night hours, until the independence was achieved.

And she had no generous pity for the defeated. Never, never, would she knowingly use any of England's wares.

She draped over her bed the American flag and the flag of France, wore the red, white and blue, while her soul exulted in the parts that Massachusetts, South Carolina and France took in the patriot war. To her ardent fancy it was all very close to her day; to her fired heart it was more recent, more vivid, than the civil war. Washington, Lafayette, Marion were more real than Grant and Sherman or George Crook, the Indian fighter.

"Of course," said Jean, when word came from the far West, "a great nation can conquer a handful of Apaches; but a handful of brave patriots licked the strongest nation on earth."

Of a guest at her father's, of whom she made a great friend, she said, "He looks like dear Washington."

He told her one day, that he was an Englishman.

"An Englishman!" she cried, with French impetuosity.

"I don't believe it. Aren't you a changeling? Wasn't it

this way?" and she pushed back her Saxon hair, fixing dark Latin eyes on his merry blue ones, with the attitude of an attorney about to open an argument. "When the patriots sent the Tories scampering out of our country, the scared creatures were in such a hurry, I know they were, that some English woman snatched up a Pilgrim baby, instead of her Tory baby, and took him on board the ship; and he got to playing with the soldiers' guns, thinking they were empty—that's the way they ought to have been before they surrendered; I wouldn't surrender with a loaded gun in my hand—and that American baby, playing with the guns, shot his mother, and they buried her at sea, and nobody was left to tell the tale of it being a confiscated baby, and it grew up not knowing; and you, sir, you're that baby, the very one. Haven't you a pine-tree shilling among your relics, or something marked 1776, to prove the story by?"

"Oh!" said the English guest, falling in with her make-believe talk, which the Saxon browne half believed herself, so vividly had she conceived the plot and characters; "that might all be true about the baby, but I probably was not the baby; that was over a hundred years ago, before my mother was born. No; that's not the way I came to be English when I ought to be American. I ran away and went to sea when I was a lad, and 'Britannia rules the wave,' you know—"

"I don't know such a thing—she does not rule the wave; she's had to waive the rule, since Perry and Decatur—poor, dear, darling Decatur! he was killed in that awful duel. I'll tell you; I think you couldn't help being born English, and I'll forgive you for not being born American, if you'll sing the 'Red, White and Blue' with me, and feel it while you sing."

"I'll do that gladly," and he seated himself at the piano.

At the line,—
"Thy mandates make tyrants to tremble," she placed her two brown hands on his large and pink, halting the music, and said with dramatic voice, "That means kings and emperors. Tell Queen Victoria to take off her crown to the red, white and blue when you go back. But you are not going back, are you?"

"Not till after the World's Fair."

"I'm going to France after the fair with Grandpa French and Grandma Boston. I'm going to school, and they'll have me recite everything in French."

Her father entering sent Jean to bring grapes for the pardoned Englishman.

"That's a clever child, Mr. Dinette, remarkably clever."

"She seems so because she is small; she is older than she looks."

"Oh! but she is clever enough for a grown-up girl."

"About history, yes; but she has no head for numbers. I offered her \$100 to learn the multiplication table to the fifteens, but she doesn't know the twelves yet—do you?"

perceiving that she had heard his summing.

"Yes," shortly.

"How much is twelve times twelve?" he challenged.

"A guess!"

Jean went to Paris in the spring of '94. Her French had been acquired mostly from her grandfather. She could sustain a commonplace conversation with him; but when she went to begin lessons in Paris she was told directly that her pronunciation was not good. This was humiliating; but when the teacher added, "The American's pronunciation is always incorrect," Jean said, with scorn in her small, piquant face, "The great French, like Lafayette, could understand Americans, their hearts as well as their words. I like American French better than Parisian French."

She did not trust the teacher's criticism. She paused on the street, determined to test her French on the first amiable-looking man. Waiting a little, she made her selection among the passers. "He looks sorter French, and sorter not; but a little more sorter than not."

He came near; she walked on and stopped in his way, saying, "Parlez-vous Français?"

He looked down at her, and then replied in brusque English, "No; nor you either;" and went on with long steps, followed by eyes wide with surprise and chagrin.

"I did say that right; I know I did. I'll say it to that woman."

The woman, carrying a pasteboard box, came on with seeking eyes. "Parlez-vous Français?" said Jean.

The other replied in French, with eager courtesy, "Yes, dear little lady. What wish you? Let me serve you. I shall be very happy. Wish you flowers? Some very pretty." The box was uncovered.

"What beauties! Fleurs-de-lis! Four! So pretty!"

There was swift persuading talk of sous, of the girl's sweet French, her beautiful pronunciation—words delightful to Jean. She thought this a charming lady. What signified a half franc for beautiful fleur-de-lis, the flowers of dear France.

"Dear mamma and papa want me to spend some money in Paris," she assured herself, at the exchange of coin for the flowers.

Prancing along the street she went, giving the flowers admiring looks. Then she began questioning. Were the flowers natural or artificial? If artificial, of what were they made? Not of muslin, not of silk, not of crepe. Surely they were not artificial; they had the tender, alive look that the real flower has, and that artificials lack. She hurried the box to her box of a room, wishing to escape being told that she had not spent her money wisely. She smelled the flowers; they were very fragrant, but before putting them in water, she decided that they were not real; she was almost sorry. "If they were real, they'd wither and fade, and I'd throw them out the window; but I can't throw away good hat flowers."

For two days she kept them behind the bureau, looking at them often, and every time saying, "They're exactly like live flowers, only they don't die."

The next Monday her grandfather, opening his paper, cried out, with horror: "Mon Dieu! President Carnot was assassinated last night!"

At once Jean was intensely excited. She scolded and cried, and pounded her grandfather's back when he would not let the paper to her for reading.

"Such Yankee fists can't hurt my back," he said, while Grandma Boston threatened. "You will have to go back to bed, Jean, unless you can control yourself."

"Her French spirit is up this morning."

"It ought to be up, when its dear President is dead."

Gulping down the milk and looking at her, the goblet's bottom she went directly on the floor.

"There'll be millions of crepe on the poor President. Poor, dear Carnot! had he done? How had some of my over here in this beautiful France, my dear Americans are bad; they assassinated Carnot, and I myself get so mad sometimes I war against all sorts of people and also things, chairs over and slam doors. Mamma says I'm swearing, and that it's because I come of Carnot's. She's a dear Mamma Fire."

"I don't see mourning hanging anywhere," said Jean, before 10 o'clock, when dear Mamma was assassinated, all the cities were in mourning; before telephones, too, when folks couldn't talk. Are you going to mourn before dinner? There was mourning, and just said so in deep black."

She wandered far a-street, looking for the signs of a nation's grief, finding few. Of a fruit-seller she asked why the city was not in black. "I'm sorry that the President is assassinated!"

"Very, very sorry. Tomorrow the city will be in mourning. The body will be brought in early, to the Palace Elysée, the official residence of the President. Workmen are busy there now, to porch and façade into a chapelle ardente."

"What is a chapelle ardente?"

"Well," she began, "you are an American—"

She interrupted, "Isn't my pronunciation good? Very good; but there is a little beautiful French, it makes it prettier, sweeter, but I know it can't be. I have been in America; there, a house is around a court; a French house is, as you see, the court has a wide general street entrance. There's a death in the house, this entrance is in mourning, and there are many burning candles, brings body water in a chalice; and the friends come for a last look, sprinkle the coffin with water. If you go to the palace when the president is killed, you'll see the President's body lying in the chapelle ardente that they are building there."

"When will be the public day?"

"Friday or Saturday."

"Must I wait till then before I can do anything, when I am so sorry for the dear, dead President for my dear French people? A fourth of me is French."

"You can inscribe yourself. All the mourning will be going into the porter's lodge of the palace, their names."

"Oh, I must write mine, for I am very much interested, be that the dear President may read my name, magnifying, spirit eyes, and it may please him, whole of an American girl mourns for him, and the French fourth. I'll inscribe myself."

She hastened home for permission. She looked the fleurs-de-lis. They were bright as ever, but not alive, or they would be dead. They are of France—of the dear President, still and all in coffin. I will wear them till the funeral is all over."

Friday was the first public day. Jean and her father started early, with the purpose of visiting the chapelle ardente, where the body was in state. A line of visitors reaching six blocks, and waiting for the foot. For three hours they crept forward. Jean's papa Dinette said he must go for something to eat.

"Grandpa, dearest, we are only two black and white. Don't let's give up our places. My plate of crackers and raisins; you may have everything never get so near again. I'm dressed in my hat. See, everybody about us is lunching. Grandpa, eat a cracker. You are all French, you must see this great President of your great, the greatest people on earth, you are always with Grandma Yankee."

Grandpa, munching crackers, laughed at the idea in Jean—at her smartness in summoning the quarter—to her purpose. To see Carnot's chapelle, to look on the poor, pale face, this purpose was fulfilled. The artistic effects—they must have even the most artistic of cities. It was here, the richest draperies of black and silver, white, and gold, as if all France's stars of glory were to illumine the darkened face of the republic.

While from the old Frenchman's hand there came of holy water, tears rained from Jean's story of the fleurs-de-lis. Saturday, far and wide Jean's party rode, a marvelous stream of color, fragrance and beauty, every city of the bereaved nation they came; societies over the continent and in the islands, from friends of republics, near and far; from governments; from emperor's hands; from the Czar, for whom soon after was flowing the Danube; from sources unexpected arrived the flowers of sympathy, tender things of fleeting life and glory. There were thousands of tributes, hundreds of them of size so immense they were borne on litters by quartettes of bearers, were on floats drawn by spans of horses, were covered. They were wreaths of immortal oak leaves; of ivy, and many other handsome silver.

Jean witnessed the passing of hundreds of pieces. One of great beauty, she noted with long and eyes glistening; it was sent by the Republic of Paris. Another offering that caught her eye came from a city of Southern France. It was a wreath would have measured seven feet across, made of fleurs-de-lis. It was borne on a strong trolley by the sight of this quickened Jean's already throbbing heart. In a burst of enthusiasm, she tore from the float, flowers ran along to the bearers, and offered them, she ran alongside:

"Please tuck these into the wreath."

The men smiled. "Please do," she begged, sad for the sweet President. He was part of me is French. You see I have French blood. They were pleadingly lovely, with the bright above. The men's hearts, tendered by the child's appeal, bent before the child's appeal, the

making the incident piquant. With their eyes they said
 "To Jean, but marched steadily on.
 "Wear them in your lapels in the grand procession to-
 morrow. There are four, one for each of you. I shall die
 of grief if they are not in the President's funeral pro-
 cession. My beautiful flowers! I kiss you for his sake."
 With one of her flashing, triumphant movements, she
 held the flowers with the asureine wreath, and sped back
 to the walk.

The bit of blue color passed on, the French-Saxon girl
 watching the receding beauty, her face suffused, a tearful
 fervor of patriotism in her heart remembering the Presi-
 dent of the republic still and pale in the magnificent
 Chapelle Ardente.

Jean witnessed the grand funeral procession, otherwise
 she might not have lived through that Sunday. She had
 tried to persuade the Dinette grandparents to sit up all
 Saturday night in the Tuilleries gardens, so as to secure
 a good place along the line of the funeral procession; and
 she did coax them out of bed at an untimely hour Sunday
 morning so that by daylight they had secured room for
 two chairs near the street curbing, but even this small
 postage had been hard of procurement; everywhere along
 the line immense crowds had been for hours assembling.
 It was weary waiting, but at length the grand hearse
 came in view, and Jean's heart leapt heavenward, saying,
 "Oh, Carnot must be glad that he died! To be so honored!
 Oh! the beauty and the glory!"

To the ardent child it was a vision of magnificence not
 of this earth—an escort for a great nation's ruler to the
 golden gates of the everlasting city. More impressive to
 her than the gorgeous trappings, the vondrous color and
 the stately movement, was the reverent silence of the
 great crowds along the line, on the packed balconies, at a
 thousand windows, and the uncovering of every head in
 reverent sympathy, Jean, with the rest, lifting her straw
 hat, her beautiful bright head high in the June sunshine,
 as she stood, half and half, on the two chairs of Grandpa
 French and Grandmother Boston. Mentally she marked
 time, as with solemn, conscious step, the six stately
 horses, in gorgeous caparison of black and silver, with
 costumed groom at every bit, drew, like the steeds of a
 king, the grand state funeral car, while close on the car-
 riage walked the sons of the dead President.

"I wonder they can stand it to walk; but," Jean thought
 proudly, "they have French spirit."

"There is Casimir Perier, the new President!" she heard
 this whispered all about, and she put up a glass to study
 Casimir Perier, as he walked with uncovered head, chief
 mourner, after Carnot's sons. "He walks alone, but he is
 not alone. France has angel friends that will help." So
 thought the pious, susceptible child, with her ready ad-
 justing powers.

The June sun made radiant the long, gleaming line of
 Ambassadors and officials, all in state dress, while the
 body of lawyers and judges were clothed as it seemed, with
 midwint, the brilliant stove-pipe hats matching in color
 the bright gowns. The long citizens' procession, though not
 in uniform, was a remarkable one, since each man was in
 full evening dress and silk hat. And the flowers! Jean
 had seen, the day before, the arrival and passing of hun-
 dreds of pieces for the great occasion, and had thought,
 "Every garden and greenhouse must be stripped." When
 she saw them at the Pantheon, after the funeral, filling
 the immense building, she said with real concern,
 "Grandma Boston, there'll be no flowers here next year;
 they've been all stripped off the continent of Europe; there
 ain't any left to go to seed. But then some will come
 from the roots."

As the procession passed, she declared, "There are mil-
 lions of wreaths and hearts, and stars and things."

There were, in fact, thousands. She had counted above
 eight hundred pieces, when suddenly she forgot her count,
 gazing and staring with bated breath. There it was!
 Then it was!—the beautiful iris wreath—the fleur-de-lis
 garland! It lay a cerulean circle on a stand, marble
 white, and was borne by those certain four men, picked for
 symmetry and presence in that sunny city of the south, in
 the sunny land of France.

They were in venture like snow, and each wore in the
 white lapel a bit of blue—a fleur-de-lis. In Jean's heart
 of passion, hope was flaming high. Eagerly with jorgnette
 she scanned the blue flower favors, brought close until
 she was looking straight and deep into their hearts. She
 said to herself that they were not real, like those in the wreath.

"They are not watered," she told her heart, "but they are
 just as if growing on the stalks. I know you! I know
 you! You are my flowers—the flowers of the dear France,
 and you are in the great procession in honor of the dear,
 smiling President of my sweet, beautiful France. They are
 from America to France."

So thought she, standing a foot on each chair, with fas-
 cinated gaze. Then she slid swiftly off her feet into the
 lap, half and half, of Grandpa and Grandma Dinette. With
 a hand on either silvered head, she pressed them close
 toward the golden one between, and eagerly whispered to
 the waiting ears her sweet, sweet, sweet secret, her happy,
 happy discovery, looking ever and anon over her shoulder,
 noting the asureine wreath, on-moving, the whisper-tones
 growing louder.

"I'm going to write to dear Mamma Fire all about the
 beautiful fleur-de-lis wreath, and about my four darling
 flowers, that are in Carnot's procession, and I'll tell her that
 there was a patch of lawyers and judges in the procession
 that reminded me of her nasturtium bed, back in Nauvoo."

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

A VAIN OLD BEAU.

He was an antiquated, well-bred, but excessively vain
 old beau—who cherished the illusion that in spite of rheu-
 matic knees and a stiff back, his figure was still quite
 irresistible. She was smart, girlish, fresh as a rose, and
 regarded any man over 40 years of age in the light of a
 grandfather. It was a first-class street-car comedy. Sweet
 17 squeezed herself in a corner to give the dear old gentle-
 man a seat. He bared his bald head, thanked her with
 Chesterfieldian courtesy, and like the addle-pated old
 bachelor he was, rode twenty blocks swinging on a strap,
 inflicting torture from a pair of rickety legs, but smiling
 sweetly all the while under the delusion that 17 would
 surely recognize Apollo when she saw him.

HILDER'S MISSION.

HE WILL PREPARE A REMARKABLE ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), Feb. 5.—Americans unable
 to go to the Philippines will have the Philippines
 brought to them. This miracle is to be effected
 through the most extravagant combination of reality and
 artifice yet employed in the construction of an educational
 exhibit. The islands themselves, according to the proposed
 scheme, are to be reproduced in a miniature relief model,
 showing their physical characteristics and their relative
 positions upon the oriental waters. Typical men, women
 and children of the various native races are to be counter-
 feited in life-size plaster casts, clad in their various cos-
 tumes and adornments. The representative architecture of
 the many islands is to be done over in miniature fac-
 simile. Surrounding these will be thousands of actual im-
 plements representing their every art, industry, pursuit
 and as many photographs, depicting their every phase of
 character and life. The collection will be first shown in
 the government's exhibit at Buffalo during the Pan-Ameri-
 can Exposition. Afterward it will rest for all time in the
 National Museum, this city.

To measure and photograph the people and to collect
 linguistic data and specimens, Col. F. F. Hilder, an expert
 ethnologist and explorer, with a record for wide travel,
 several times around the globe and particularly in the
 Philippines, Asia, Africa and South America, has been dis-
 patched to Manila.

May Bring Specimen Natives.

Col. Hilder may return with living representatives of the
 numerous Filipino tribes. A plan for a general congress
 of primitive races, including Filipinos, Hawaiians, and
 North and South American Indians, to be held at Buffalo,
 is receiving the consideration of the proper authorities.

The ethnologist will grade his collection, whether in-
 cluding Filipinos in the flesh or in plaster-of-Paris, in the
 order of the ascent of the five principal tribes toward en-
 lightenment. In Mariveles Mountain, near the mouth of
 Manila Bay, in the wildest parts of Mindanao or Negros,
 he will seek the Aetas or Negritos—the alleged "missing
 links"—representing the lowest forms of savagery. He
 will select characteristic types of their men, women and
 children and by aid of the tape will make complete an-
 thropometric measurements such as needed by the sculptor.
 Such as are selected for this purpose will also be posed in
 various positions by an expert photographer. An inter-
 preter will be another factor necessary to the work.

Will Record Their Utterances.

Objects familiar to the little savages will be pointed out
 and their Aeta names will be recorded in a peculiar
 phonetic alphabet, devised especially for philologists by
 Maj. Powell, director of the Bureau of Ethnology. In this
 all possible linguistic sounds can be expressed in English
 letters written with a complexity of accent symbols. Inas-
 much as the number of such separate characters necessary
 to record an unstudied language multiplies as the
 speakers degenerate in the human scale, the task will be
 difficult. The Indian languages alone require an alphabet
 of some two hundred and forty characters; the English
 between forty and forty-five. Having in this way learned the
 nouns, the ethnologist, by simulating various actions,
 will discover the verbs. The other parts of speech will
 be learned by more complex methods. Every article ex-
 hibited will be labeled in its native name.

The "Missing Link" to be Looked after.

The architecture and industries of the Aetas will require
 little inspection. Like wild beasts, they sleep upon the
 ground wherever nightfall happens to overtake them. They
 eat the fruits and tubers of the forests and such game as
 falls victim to their curious, poisoned arrows. These
 weapons will constitute an interesting part of the col-
 lection. The lay figures of the people themselves will
 preserve in striking tableaux their anatomical peculiarities,
 which have led some scientists to class them as the near-
 est approaches to the hypothetical pithecanthropus erectus,
 or erect monkey-man, sought for the completion of the Dar-
 winian chain between man and ape. Their stature will
 be shown to average only about 4 feet, 8 inches. They
 will be seen to have lank, ill-nourished bodies, long arms,
 spindle legs, the flattest of noses, the most degenerate of
 facial angles and peculiar finger-like toes, capable of pick-
 ing up needles from the ground. It would be amusing to
 model some in the act of climbing feet first, in the attitude
 of monkeys, or of smoking their crude cigars, wrong end
 about, with the light in their mouths. Inasmuch as these
 little dwarfs are fast suffering extinction, these lay fig-
 ures will give future generations their most vivid hints
 as to their actual appearance.

The Barbarous Igorrotes.

Col. Hilder ranks the barbarous Igorrotes as representing
 the second step toward civilization. He will look for them
 in the wildest parts of Luzon and will apply to them—
 as to all remaining tribes—the same anthropometric, photo-
 graphic and philologic methods to which the Aetas will be
 subjected. Plaster reproductions of their almost naked
 forms, armed with huge shields, bows and arrows, will
 call to mind pen pictures of their pathetic resistance of
 modern Yankee weapons at the outbreak of the rebellion
 in Luzon. A study of them in their native haunts cannot
 be accomplished without probable peril, except under es-
 cort of a guard of our soldiers. Such escorts will be ac-
 cessible, when need be, since Col. Hilder carried letters
 from Secretaries Root and Long to Gen. Otis and Admiral
 Watson. The Igorrotes are fierce, head-hunting hill tribes.
 It is alleged to be impossible for a young swain of their
 tribe to find a bride without exhibiting to her parents the
 gory head of a victim. That of an American, during these
 times, doubtless would purchase a Venus of her race.

The Moros and Visayans.

The third level of Filipino life will, according to the
 explorer, be best illustrated by the semi-civilized Moros

and Visayans. He will visit the Moros in the Sulu, or Jolo
 Archipelago. He may collect interesting material in Mal-
 bun, their principal slave market. Types of Moro slaves,
 men, women and children, will afford interesting groups.
 He hopes to study also the dreaded Moro soldiers, who
 strike down their slaves to test the edges of their weapons,
 who vibrate their legs below their great shields to resist
 missiles and who terrorize their foes by contorting their
 faces with devilish grimaces. When bayoneted, these
 braves seize the barrels of opposing muskets and thrust
 the steel entirely through their bodies to insure near reach
 for a final revenge. They treacherously behead their ad-
 versaries without challenge by continuation of the quick
 jerk with which they draw their swords. Moro pirates will
 furnish interesting subjects for such statuary.

Not Unknown to Col. Hilder.

Col. Hilder will be eminently capable of depicting their
 blood-thirsty practices. "I once met with an interesting
 case of Moro piracy while sailing down Palawan Passage,"
 said he, referring to a former period of study in the group.
 "We were in a small schooner and early in the morning,
 about sunrise, spied a Chinese junk, drifting aimlessly
 about, evidently in distress. We lowered a boat, made for
 the craft, hailed her within a few yards, but received no
 response. Pulling up to her, we made fast and climbed
 aboard. Her decks were covered with fresh blood, but no
 one, dead or alive, was anywhere to be found. Her cabin
 had been plundered, her cargo ransacked and everything
 within told a sickening tale of mortal combat. The crew
 had all been slaughtered and thrown overboard, or per-
 haps some had been spared and borne away into slavery.
 She had been set on fire, but had burned out. After taking
 a few souvenirs, we rekindled the flames, lest she remain
 a menace to commerce."

Col. Hilder will visit the Visayans in Panay and the
 other central islands of the group. They are a lazy people,
 less warlike than the Moros, and subsist mostly upon dried
 fish, rice and corn. The men commonly lie upon the floor
 of their rude houses, smoke their cigarettes and play their
 guitars while their wives do most of the work.

The Tagals, to whose race belongs the wily Aguinaldo,
 will represent the nearest approach to Filipino civilization.
 These will be shown in ordinary life. The Tagal soldier,
 the Tagal brigand and types of women and children will
 be strikingly exhibited, in costume. Possibly Aguinaldo
 himself, if captured meanwhile, will have his face and
 form perpetuated in this way, as have many of our Indian
 chiefs. Such would remain the nearest approach to a
 statue erected to his memory by Uncle Sam.

How the Lay Figures are Made.

Fifty such lay figures will probably be needed to illus-
 trate these and intermediate Filipino types. Most of them
 will be made here; a few, perhaps, in Buffalo. The Na-
 tional Museum, in which the exhibit will be worked into
 shape, employs expert sculptors and modelers for such
 work. The bringing here of the actual people themselves
 would greatly facilitate their labors. So far as possible,
 plaster masks and molds are taken directly from the sub-
 jects. The operation of molding the living face is by no
 means pleasant and there have been instances where In-
 dians, subjected thereto, have rebelled from sheer fear of
 slow assassination. The subject is laid out supine with
 eyes closed and quills, or straws, inserted into his nostrils.
 The wet plaster is then caked on and he must submit to
 the sticky poultice until it sufficiently hardens. The limbs
 are similarly cast, but the trunk offers insurmountable
 problems. If it were possible for the sitter, or rather the
 "lier," to cease breathing for a half hour or so, all would
 be simple. The skeletons of the lay figures will be wrought
 of rough boards; the "insides" of excelsior and burlap.

A veritable city of playhouses will be needed to illus-
 trate the different types of Filipino architecture. It will
 include the typical Tagbanna house of Palawan, built of
 dried palm leaves and bamboo, upon a high trestle-work
 of the latter; a characteristic Mindanao homestead simi-
 larly raised from the ground upon timber posts and built
 of framework tied together with rattan, without nail or
 peg; the Moro dwelling, elevated upon piers, over the
 water; the rude, airy palm arbors thrown up temporarily
 in the forests of Mindoro, wherever the nomadic tribes
 happen at sundown; the Mindoro barn, resembling a hay-
 stack elevated upon the high stump of a single tree; and
 the more modern homes of the Visayas and Tagals.

Projected Transportation Exhibit.

In a projected transportation exhibit will be shown
 models of rude native sledges and carts, drawn by minia-
 ture water buffaloes, bullocks, or coolies; model of the
 huge square-ended "casco," poled along streams with long
 rods of bamboo; the long dugout, hollowed from a single
 tree-trunk; and the peculiar native sailboat, with bamboo
 outriggers.

A striking section of the exhibit will be devoted to the
 native Philippine industries, the growth and manufacture
 of the famous Manila hemp fiber and Manila tobacco, the
 weaving of cloth from pineapple leaves and its embroidery
 by native women, the making of matting and hats from
 split bamboo, native wood-carving and furniture making
 and the manufacture of alcohol, leather, candles, soap
 and other articles produced individually for home use. No end
 of implements and weapons of all kinds will be purchased
 out of the general appropriation of \$10,000 which the
 ethnologist has been furnished.

Col. Hilder sails from San Francisco on the transport
 Thomas. Fearing that the bubonic plague may hamper
 him, he carries letters from Surgeon-General Wyman, of
 the Marine Hospital Service, securing best advices as to
 health precautions. JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

ARISTOCRATIC HORSE CEMETERY.

[New York Mail and Express:] On Robert Bonner's
 farm at Tarrytown a sunny corner on the hillside is the
 burial ground of some of the most famous horses in the
 world. There sleeps the mighty Dexter, who cost over
 \$33,000, and held a record of 2:17 1/4; near him lies young
 Pocomantas, for whom Mr. Bonner paid \$40,000, and the
 ex-champion Rarus, who succeeded Goldsmith Maid, and
 who cost Mr. Bonner \$36,000, according to reliable reports;
 Edwin Forrest, costing well toward \$25,000; Nutbourne,
 the brother of Nutwood; the \$10,000 filly Reverie, and
 many others.

PATRICIA'S VALENTINE.

By a Special Contributor.

PATRICIA BRIEN was what people called a successful woman—that does not always mean a prosperous one. She was finding this out during the past three months. Congratulations, compliments and attentions of such description as are meted out to a favorite of fortune were showered upon her. Fortune, indeed! Success as far as recognition alone is concerned is frequently a doubtful pleasure. For a time at least it precedes—in a majority of cases—financial prosperity; in many cases it continues to precede it.

It happened that pretty, delicate, Patricia Brien, after a long struggle—in which she had met discouragement and adversity at every turn, frequently facing, with her two children, situations over which a man's stout heart might have quailed—at last had a play accepted, to her own surprise, for she had almost succumbed to despair. More than this, in the brief interval it had run it had proven a success. But brought into notice as a favorite of the fickle public, Patricia found that so far the royalty it brought did not fill her purse sufficiently to meet the additional demands which the necessary prominence brought her. Her time and strength were taxed to their utmost limit. She was learning one of the hardest lessons that aspiring genius has to learn—that recognition is not success.

Patricia was overwhelmed with invitations to social functions, letters of congratulation which called for acknowledgment, letters asking advice from young aspirants, business letters that demanded prompt attention, and she could not afford a secretary. Constant anxiety and the long strain of overwork had been too much for her, and she was really ill. She grew to dread the sound of the postman's ring, and the mere sight of the formidable pile of letters on her desk and the scattered sheets of manuscript was sufficient to bring the weary tears to her eyes.

Pat and Patsy stole in, and found her lying down. Her eyes were closed, and the long black lashes lay like delicate fringes against her white face. Her slow, regular breathing proclaimed the fact that she was asleep. She looked like a crushed, white flower, so utterly weary and worn that the twins were awed into unusual silence.

"Oh, Patsy!" whispered Pat, in terror. "I'm afraid she is going to have it!"

Patsy looked frightened.

"Have what, Pat?" he whimpered.

"S—h!" cautioned Pat, in warning. "You'd waken her! Patrick Brien, don't you remember when our mother had 'nervous protraction?' Why we had to tip-toe about the room for days, and the doctor saying, 'Come, come, little people! Tut, tut! This is serious—do you want no mother?'"

Pat mimicked good Dr. Barton's solemn voice so perfectly that Patsy uttered a subdued howl, which was strangled in its birth by Pat, who clapped a resolute hand over his mouth and dragged him from the room. She landed him safely in the hall outside, but in the effort ran headlong into a gentleman who was passing the door of their mother's apartments.

"Hillo, my man, what has gone wrong?" hailed a pleasant voice.

Patsy ignored the salutation, and continued to weep audibly. Pat, panting and breathless, very much flushed, but undaunted, faced the speaker calmly. She met a pair of kindly dark eyes regarding her most good naturedly, considering that their owner had been almost carried off his feet by a small cyclone in the way of a determined little maid in fiving petticoats, and a small lad in diminutive trousers, and a state of dismal lamentation.

"Patsy always cries," said Pat, apologetically, pushing a mop of dark curly hair away from her eyes, whose deep Irish blue the handsome stranger was regarding with a puzzled expression. "It's about mother," she continued, with a very sober little face; "we are afraid she is going to have nervous protraction."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, who found himself the possessor of this information, "I should think that something to cry about, certainly. What makes you think such a serious thing, my small woman?"

Pat looked at him keenly. "Seemingly her scrutiny satisfied her that he was in all respects a trustworthy person. She lowered her voice, and said, confidentially:

"It's a secret—we haven't told anybody, but Pat and me think it's because mother is a successful woman."

For an instant her listener appeared staggered.

"H—m!" he said, as soon as his surprise would permit him. "I should have imagined—"

At that moment he chanced to raise his eyes, and the sentence was never finished. Through the open door he saw a fair, white face outlined against the pillow, which was scarcely whiter than the delicate cheek pressed against it.

Roderick Deering stood in speechless astonishment; his eyes saw only that white, delicate face, framed in masses of black, waving hair.

Could it be? Impossible—and yet—were there in the world two faces—stay! Pat was the name of this funny little woman who had been talking to him—he had heard Patsy call her by name—Patricia, of course; just as certainly as the fragile sleeper yonder was Patricia also—dear little Pat, whom he had last seen—Roderick Deering's heart gave a throb of pain as he remembered when and how he had last seen Patricia Brien. A swift light of mingled tenderness and pity entered his fine face. A successful woman! She did not look it at this moment. How white and worn she was. The sweet, imperious mouth, that Deering remembered so well, had a sorrowful droop that went to his heart, and hurt him cruelly.

He leaned forward and noiselessly closed the door. Then, taking a hand of each of the twins, he led them to the stairway, and, seating himself upon the top stair, drew Patsy down upon his knee, and, turning to Pat, said gently:

"Tell me all about it, Pat. You are so very like a little

girl I used to know, that I want to be friends with you—the very best sort of friends—who tell each other everything."

Pat found this most consoling. She was never averse to talking, and just now she was compassed about with many cares, and was superlatively glad to share the burden with a sympathetic listener.

"What do you mean by your mother being successful? I don't quite comprehend you, Pat. I should think success very gratifying," said Deering, persuasively.

"Well," confided Pat, "it's a kind of a puzzle. Me and Patsy can't quite make it out, either. It is in all the papers that mother is a successful woman, and everybody we know, and heaps of people who never knew us before"—Deering smiled slightly—"say 'how nice!' 'how clever!' My dear Mrs. Brien do put me sweetly in your debt by gracing a luncheon arranged expressly for you!" Deering suddenly shaded his face with his hand, Pat was a born mimic, although an unconscious one.

"It's lovely sounding," continued the narrator, mournfully. "It means invitations to go out, and people asking how to write plays, and other people wanting more plays right away, when mother had a hard enough time to write the one she did, and letters and letters, and mother cries and has nervous protraction. It's very puzzling how it is so nice sounding, and yet seems real sad to me and Patsy—and mother."

"I should think so—poor little Pat!" murmured Deering. "If I had not been a thundering idiot, I would not have staid away so long," he muttered, a great remorse in his eyes.

"A play is a thing that a person writes and people act out," explained Pat, kindly. "Mother wrote one. It's like this—a play is. A person rushes out on the stage and holds a revolver to another person's head and shrieks: 'Are you a man or a devil?' Almost always the other person says he's a man. Patsy and me have begged mother to write one next time so the other person will shriek wildly: 'I am a devil!'—then sip goes the trigger! Brag goes the gun! And the person drops dead—wilted in his blood. It would be glorious!" said Pat, enthusiastically.

"We would love that, Pat and me would," announced Patsy, with a seraphic smile.

This thirst for blood on the part of these small savages met no rebuke from Deering, who received it with shameless laxity, and even smiled indulgently. A few adroit questions drew from Pat the history of their mother's struggles, and when Deering finally arose to go, he had gained a fair idea of the last five years of Patricia Brien's life.

His face was very grave as he set Patsy gently down, and bade both him and Pat good-by.

I shall come back and see you some other day. Be sure you don't forget me," he said.

"We won't!" chorused the twins.

Patricia Mallory and Roderick Deering had been children together. When Deering went away to college he carried with him the memory of a pair of Irish blue eyes, the dearest memory of his boyhood days. When his college days were over and he returned home, he found Pat, little more than a child in years and experience, engaged to marry a man nearly twice her age. Deering was a brave fellow—too brave to permit Pat's happiness to be shadowed by a knowledge of his pain. He was best man at her wedding, and "faced the music" like a man, with a smile on his handsome face that would have done credit to a general, and afterward he went quietly away with his heart ache and made a career for himself.

When again he met Patricia Brien she was a rich young widow, and the twins were not yet 3 years old. Although Deering had not achieved fortune, he was a prosperous lawyer, with flattering prospects of rising in his profession. He loved Patricia Brien, with her womanly ways, far more than he loved Pat the immature girl of several years ago, and when to his great joy he found that his love was frankly returned, he was too sensible to permit Patricia's wealth to stand between them, although, like all many men, he would have preferred to have been sole provider for the woman he loved.

There are, unfortunately, some natures which cannot endure witnessing the happiness of others. The trouble between Deering and Pat originated in a few malicious words prompted by a spirit of envy. A seed of distrust was sown in Pat's foolish heart, a coolness followed, which resulted in a quarrel, in which impulsive Pat indignantly accused Deering of desiring to marry her for her money alone. Deering, proud and sensitive, with just anger, asked to be released, and told Pat sternly that marriage with her under any circumstance would now be as distasteful to him as impossible. But added that, if ever she needed a friend, she would find one in him.

"And that time may come, Pat," he added, gravely.

With flaming cheeks and eyes flashing with anger Pat had given him back his ring, and vowed that if she were facing starvation she would never ask nor accept a favor at his hands, and forbade him to ever see her again.

Since then Deering had knocked about the world in nearly every quarter of the globe. Fortune, a fickle goddess, had smiled upon him. At the death of a relative he had fallen into a nice estate, while a financial crash had swept Patricia Brien's fortune away, and penniless and inexperienced she had faced life alone with her children. The struggle had been a terrible one.

Poor little Pat Deering's eyes were inexpressibly pitiful as he remembered her white, weary face, and contrasted it with the blooming, rosy Pat of five years ago.

The following day was St. Valentine's. When the mail-carrier brought in his usual supply of letters, Pat carried them to her mother's bedside, for Patricia was too ill to make any attempt to sit up. She took the letters from Pat and tossed them one by one aside, until she came to the last. As her eyes rested on the handwriting on the envelope, she started, and a sudden rush of color stained her white cheeks. Her hands shook as she opened it. When she had hastily scanned it, she sank back upon the pillow with a moan that was not all physical pain. The tears stole from under her closed eyelids and rolled down her face. She kissed the letter, and murmured words of tenderness and grief.

"Don't, mother," begged Pat, while Patsy rubbed his own eyes, preparatory to a sympathetic accompaniment. But

their mother was too ill and overwhelmed to notice them, and the children withdrew to the bed, and sat down on the floor, where they passed consultation over the situation—was quite the most wonderful thing in the house and Patsy.

Patricia kissed the letter again and again, women will.

"A 'valentine!'" she sobbed. "O Roderick, I throw aside my miserable pride and say you will not have so foolish a vow? But I cannot will not have so little pride. But you will how much I want you to come. I must sobbed Patricia, "but how can I?"

Presently Pat stole around to see if her mother was asleep, and found that she had dropped into the letter loosely clasped in her slender fingers.

A brilliant idea flashed into Pat's fertile mind. Had heard what her mother had said. It was a letter, and must be replied to. Pat bent over, withdrew the note from her mother's hand, and then another whispered consultation, and then to the seclusion of an adjoining room, where herself to writing material from her mother's sitting down upon the floor, began a letter. A bright little girl, and looked at the letter she received to see the signature, and then began to

"miStEr RoderiCK deering.

deER mr Deering. My mother goT yewr lEtTER whiCh PuZZLeS ME An PAtSy. Pat the lEtTER tew I neVer saw Her kiSS any one but the One yew sent—neither did PAtSy. headH ER say yewRS wuz a valentine, and it, an said, dar-ling, like that (it was a valentine, I expect, but PAtSy an me PAtSy an soWers, an deER butTerties) ShE said she could tell Yew to come. WE was sitting and Listening—we listen to Lots of Things—its being, SoMeTimes. She went two sleep an I thing beWtful. I tiP-toEd to the bed an valentine an aM writing the RePLY to SaLLy. When She wakes. HoW suRPriZed we will be. This is a RePLY valentine—we an motheR only got yewra.

tRuewly yewR

P.s. PAtSy Held The ink BottLE."

Pat was greatly excited over the brilliant scheme. She directed her valentine to the address letter her mother had received, and after laying Deering's letter on the bed beside her mother, Patsy ran out to post the one Pat had produced.

At the corner they met the mail-carrier on his rounds.

"Oh, please, won't you send this today?" eagerly. "It's a valentine—and tomorrow is late."

The postman glanced at it, saw that it was a route, and not out of his way.

"All right, little lady," he said, good naturedly, "see that it reaches the right place instanter!"

Doubtless Pat's surprise would have been a more immediate success, had she not run across the letter with a little girl in a neighboring flat, and about it.

That evening when the gas was lighted, Patricia's headache gone, but white, and exhausted, sat before the open grate: the twins, happy at their mother's recovery, were playing at her feet, rapped on the door, and Pat, always foremost in thing, ran to open it.

A tall, broad-shouldered man stood on the step. Pat uttered an exclamation of astonishment as she recognized their acquaintance of the day before. He had given his small heart unreservedly to the stranger, rushed to meet him. But for once in the life of these young autocrats they were both silent.

The newcomer strode straight past them, where their mother sat, flushing and paling at very much frightened, yet strangely glad—clung up in his arms as if she had been Pat or Patsy, unbounded astonishment of these small people.

"Why-ee!" they gasped, in the same breath, paid the slightest attention to them.

A little later, when he had descended to turn again bore some resemblance to a rational being, held out his hand to the nonplussed twins.

"Come here, children," he cried, joyously, "I've got something." Patsy came at once and

findingly against his knee, but Pat drew back at him with belligerent eyes and a dignified air, put his arm about her and drew her to him.

"Pat, couldn't you share your mother with me?" asked, persuasively. "I knew her and loved her years before you did. When she was a little girl I used to play with her, and I called her 'Pat' and call you. I want to love her and take care of her and when I received your beautiful valentine she wanted me to come—"

A subdued, "Oh, Pat, how could you?" from An astonished "Oh, was it you sent mother's letter from Pat Junior."

Deering calmly ignored these interruptions.

"When I received your valentine—it was so angel, Pat"—his smile was so superlatively beautiful was fortunate a certain little woman's face was

"why, I came at once—"

"Are you going to stay always?" broke in the

roughly won over.

"Ask your mother if I may," said Deering.

"O, mother, do say yes!" shouted the twins.

"I am almost afraid," said a smothered voice

vicinity of Deering's shoulder, "that it is too

no. Besides"—Patricia permitted her admiring

brief glimpse of a blushing, happy face, as she

"besides, no one ever refuses a valentine."

ELIZABETH

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] If James J. Flannery

successfully carried out, China will still be a

Flannery Kingdom, but the Flannery part will

"Flannery," and every Chinaman will be

made of two sacks, branded "Minnesota

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

His Title Did Not Count.

THEY tell a characteristic story of Lord Methuen. It seems that a "new chum" had joined his irregular horse. A younger son of a noble family, this young fellow had been sent to the colonies to get rid of his wildness or to increase it, as the case might be. He had not long joined the irregular horse before he was sent up to Lord Methuen for some gross breach of discipline. Not knowing before whom he had been taken, the youngster resented, and said to Lord Methuen:

"Do you know who I am? I am Lord —"

There was silence for quite a minute, and then came the answer:

"Let me introduce myself. Paul Sanford Methuen sentences you to twenty-one days' confinement to barracks for breach of discipline."

The younger son of the noble family wore a crestfallen look for once in his life as he went back.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A Story of "Back-Acher."

AN INDIAN correspondent of "M. A. P." tells a little story in reference to the restless activity of Gen. Gatacre. He was in command of a district in India, and there had been a field day. This, with Gatacre at the head of affairs, means a good deal more than it does with the ordinary general. There were long marching, forced marching and mimic hill warfare in full field order, and Tommy sweated for hours. How many miles had been covered I will not attempt to say. Some allege twenty, others two, but anyhow the long day was at an end, and, dishevelled and footsore, the troops marched back into camp. 'Twas then that I heard this delightful little dialogue: "Tired, Bill?" asked a private to a comrade. "No," unhesitatingly came the reply. "Well, Bill, seeing as how it's all over, I think I shall just drop into the canteen and have a quart of ale. What are you going to do, Bill?" There was a pause. "Do, 'Enery?" said the dust-begrimed Tommy. "Well, 'Enery, I shall just go and have a bit of a wash, and then think I'll go for a walk." The tale went round many a table in the land of exile, and no one who knew Gatacre failed to laugh outright when they heard it. Tommy thinks the world of Sir William, however; his only objection is that "he does make 'em work"—wherefore hath he been nicknamed "Back-acher" by his men.—[Birmingham Post.]

Kruger's Flawless Nerve.

A GOOD story is told of Mr. Kruger as a young man, which shows that he was quite able to take care of himself. Once when out hunting on foot Mr. Kruger, after climbing to the top of a kopje, found that he had been seen by a number of hostile natives, who were then running toward him, some to climb the hill, others branching out to surround it. He knew that those on the flat could cut him off before he could descend, and that his only chance lay in "bluff." Stepping on to the outermost ledge in full view of the enemy, he calmly laid down his rifle, drew off first one and then the other of his home-made hide boots (in those poorer days worn without socks), and, after quietly knocking the sand out of them, drew them on again. By this time the natives had stopped to observe him. He then picked up his rifle again, and, turning to the right and then to the left, as though directing them to charge round each end of the hill. The next instant the Kaffirs were in full retreat.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Gen. Forsythe's Brave Fight.

THE war in Cuba and the Philippines has quickened the memory of the American people, and they are becoming moved to pay homage to deeds of heroism performed long years ago. An example of this is found in a movement to erect a monument on the battlefield of the Arrickaree, where in 1868 Gen. George A. Forsythe and a band of scouts fought the most memorable fight recorded in the annals of Indian warfare.

The Arrickaree is one of the branches of the Republican River, and the scouts were encamped on a little island in this stream at a point in Colorado ten miles south of the Nebraska line. Here for six days they stood off Roman Nose and his band of 2000 warriors, being relieved at the end of that time by a regiment of cavalry from Fort Wallace.

Second in command to Gen. Forsythe was Lieut. F. H. Beecher, of the Third Infantry, who was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, and he was killed on the first day.

In the six days' fighting Roman Nose and some three hundred of his warriors were killed, and a number of the scouts also bit the dust. Gen. Forsythe was himself wounded twice, and many of his men received injuries of a greater or less degree. Time after time the Indians charged, always to be repulsed, and many of their dead were left within ten feet of the breastworks the scouts had made by piling sand about their dead horses.

In the dispatch which Gen. Forsythe sent to Fort Wallace by Scout Jack Stilwell on the fifth day he used these brave words: "I am on a little island, and still have plenty of ammunition left. We are living on horse meat, and have no rations left. If it were not for so many wounded I would come on and take the chance of whipping them if they attacked. They are evidently sick of their bargain. I can hold out six days longer if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time."

This was written by a man with a bullet hole through his ankle bone and one through his shoulder, and he was speaking for about thirty men left in fighting condition out of the fifty-four.

Late in September, on the thirty-first anniversary of the battle of the Arrickaree, 500 people assembled on the little island, now known as Beecher Island, and with appropriate ceremonies celebrated the victory of the heroic scouts. At the same time a monument association was

formed, and it was determined to ask the United States government to cede the island and contribute something toward a fitting shaft to be erected on the spot. It was the opinion of those present that Colorado would assist in the patriotic undertaking, and it was resolved if possible to unveil the monument on September 17, 1900.—[Kansas City Journal.]

A Growsome Place at Old Manila.

RALPH S. GEHRETT, a young Jefferson county soldier with Co. C, Twentieth Kansas, has written an interesting letter home to a friend, telling of a visit to a Spanish dungeon. While on duty in Manila, after active service at the front, he took it on himself to make a few explorations, and he visited subterranean prisons constructed over three hundred years ago. Private Gehrett, in his letter, under date of July 25, says:

"I must tell you something about the walls that surround and fortify the city. They were built by Gomez Dasmarias in 1500, and are today, although covered with moss and creeping vines, in a good state of preservation, and, with their parapets, moats, ponderous gates and drawbridges, constitute a most curious relic of the Middle Ages. A few days ago my bunkie and I took a notion to go through the dungeons, secret passages and rooms with which the old wall is honeycombed. We took a couple of lanterns, bribed the guard at the entrance, and in all visited about thirty rooms. When we got fairly inside we put out the lanterns for a minute and the darkness was horrible. Think of being confined for life in the dark, damp, foul-smelling hole! In several rooms we found skulls and different parts of a human skeleton, with slimy lizards and big, gaunt, gray rats slinking and crouching in the corners. Oh, what terrible stories those dark, reeking walls could tell if they could only speak! What tales of the horrible silence, of thirst, starvation, madness and death! As I stood in the uncertain flicker of the lantern and watched a lizard as it crawled sluggishly into the empty eye socket of a grinning skull, I could not suppress a shiver of fear, and thank God that the time of such things is past, at least on this island.

"From that chamber we climbed a flight of spiral stairs into a chamber that at one time had been used as a magazine for the storage of ammunition. It had a pile of old, smooth-bore cannon balls in it that, from their rusty appearance, must have lain there for the past one hundred years. We visited many other rooms, each one having something in it to sicken the heart and disgust me.

"It was with a sigh of relief that we emerged from that living tomb into the brightness of God's sunshine and fresh air. I wish you could see all I have described. It is a sight once seen never forgot!"—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Wise Dog.

THERE formerly lived in Owasco, N. Y., a physician, Dr. Baker by name, who owned a dog to which he was greatly attached, on account of the animal's intelligence and affection. The doctor frequently proved to his friends the dog's keenness of scent by throwing his pocketbook into the grass at the roadside when driving in the country, accompanied by the dog. He took pains to do this when the dog was not observing him. Then, after driving a considerable distance, he would call the dog and tell him he had lost his pocketbook. The animal would immediately run back with his nose at the ground until he found the book, and then bring it to the doctor.

Once a man from some distance came in the night to get the doctor to visit a very sick patient. In order that no time should be lost, the man went to the barn to harness the doctor's horse, while the doctor was dressing and preparing to start. When the man attempted to put the harness on the horse, however, the dog caught hold of it and prevented him. The dog was so persistent in doing this that he was obliged to give up the task. He went to the house and told the doctor how the dog had prevented his harnessing the horse. The doctor was much surprised, but a moment later asked the man which harness he had tried to put on the horse, there being two in the stable. It was discovered then that he had attempted to use the wrong harness—one that belonged to another horse. He then went back, took the proper harness, and put it on the horse without any objection on the part of the dog.

Devoted to His Dead Comrade.

TWO tramp dogs wandered into Kirkwood, Mo., from no one knows where, last week. People noticed them prowling around the back entrances of houses, but gave them no especial attention until compelled to do so by the wails of one of the animals, a dog with a trace of shepherd blood in his veins. The wild, weird howls coming from in front of the Presbyterian church at midnight caused an investigation by the few who were out late. They found one of the dogs lying in front of the church, dead. A wagon had run over him. The print of the tires was across his body. At his side sat the shepherd dog, roared back on his haunches and howling as if in a delirium of agony. This continued all night, for those who tried to drive Pythias away were only snapped at.

In the morning the town marshal tried to coax the animal away from the corpse, but he would not budge, though he had been howling a dirge for twelve long hours. And when any one attempted to approach the remains of the dead dog he snapped and showed his teeth menacingly.

The marshal was perplexed. Finally some one suggested that he be lassoed and dragged away, while others took the remains of the dead dog and buried them. The marshal adopted this method with entire success, for the dog was dragged away despite his protestant howls. Then the remains of the dead dog were taken in an opposite direc-

tion and buried, after which he was turned loose, given a kick and told to "begone." The dog put his nose to the ground and started off. An hour later he was found lying on his partner's grave, occasionally giving forth a howl of irreconcilable grief. People are beginning to think he deserves a reward for his devotion and reversal of the most kind-hearted are talking of adopting him.—[New York Mail and Express.]

A Tricky Goat.

A GENTLEMAN who is strongly of the opinion that a goat has a sense of humor told the following incident yesterday in illustration of his belief:

"A crowd of children were playing on a vacant lot at Tate and St. Paul streets some time ago. Among the spectators was a large white goat that was looking on as though he were watching his opportunity for getting some fun out of the game himself.

"The children, who were very much scattered at first, finally came together in a very complete ring, the largest boy in the crowd being closest to the goat. The goat did not argue with himself long, but smiling his peculiar smile, made a bee line for the boy, and, striking with full force, knocked him winding, thereby sending the other children tumbling in every direction.

"I don't believe," said the man who related the incident, "that any animal but a goat would have struck just at that time and in the manner in which he did unless he had been prompted by a sense of humor, even if it were only a goat humor."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

A Fiction About Panthers.

ONE of the time-honored attributes of the panther is his scream. One could not take \$4,000,000 and there-with disabuse the American public of its fond belief in the womanlike wail of the panther. Yet many scientists today affirm that the panther is a mute animal, and does not scream at all. This latter I believe to be accurate, for my friend, "Old Bill" Hamilton, one of the few reliable and genuine old-timers of the Rocky Mountains, tells me the note of the panther is a sort of hoarse, roaring noise, and he compares it rather to the roaring howl of the gray wolf than the voice of any other wild animal. He laughs at the "woman-like-wail" notion. Once when in camp in the Jicarilla Mountains of New Mexico I heard at night the cry of what I supposed to be a mountain lion or panther. It was answered from beyond our camp, and the first animal passed within a few hundred yards. It might have been a wild cat, but the teamster who was with me said he thought it was a mountain lion.—[Chicago Record.]

A Lucky Dog.

GERMANTOWN boasts of a lucky dog, which made a narrow escape from beneath the very wheels of a speeding train yesterday afternoon in a most marvelous manner.

The dog, a pet collie, was romping about the bluff overlooking the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Pelham, when a local express came thundering down the tracks. Standing on the edge of the bank, the dog set up a barking at the approaching train, and held his ground in spite of the crumbling of the bluff beneath him.

Just as the engine whizzed by, a large section of the bank caved in, and, with the dauntless canine on it, fell directly on the cowcatcher.

The engine driver and fireman expected to see the dog ground to pieces, but in some extraordinary manner it managed to hold on to the pilot, and when the train was stopped, about a mile farther up the road, the collie, none the worse for its experience, with a yelp of satisfaction, jumped off the cowcatcher and ran down the road.—[Philadelphia North American.]

Last of the Hippopotami.

THEIR appetite and the protests of farmers who were laid under tribute nightly by that appetite have caused the destruction of the last hippopotamus family in the Natal country. There were seven of them—parents and five dear young things of several tons weight. They were living in Seacow Lake, a coast lagoon near Durban, and they were protected by the government till the protests of the planters became too great.

Formerly the great animals used to come out of the lagoon and tumble into the sugar plantations, where they held revelry till morning, leaving a path of destruction behind them. So the government declared their lives forfeited, and there was a swift and short hunt. The huge father of the family, who was nearly 50 years old, was the last to fall, and is being mounted for the Durban Museum.

Not so long ago the hippopotamus haunted the rivers of Cape Colony and Natal, and "lake cow bacon," as the salted layer of fat underlying the hide is called, was a favorite dish. It is a wasteful feeder, trampling down and tearing up much more than it consumes, and it prefers cultivated plants to wild vegetables. That has proved its doom in Natal.

The flesh, especially that of the young calf, is excellent. The feet of the calf make a fine stew, and the skin makes a good substitute for turtle soup. The thick hide is useful for many purposes, and makes formidable whips. Hippopotamus ivory at one time was much used for artificial teeth. The hippopotamus lived on the lower Nile in the days of the Pharaohs. A fresco in the old temple of Edfu shows that it was harpooned by the natives as it is now by the Soudanese. Herodotus describes it, and Roman crowds stared at it in the days of the empire.—[Chicago News.]

[Chicago News:] Almost every nation, with the exception of Great Britain and the United States, is over-taxed to meet the expenses of maintaining its army and navy. France runs behind to the amount of \$100,000,000. Austria has an annual deficit of \$80,000,000, Russia of \$50,000,000, and Italy of \$30,000,000.

DELFINA.

By Isabel M. Austin.

[Continued.]

THE night came slowly. Delfina went about in a fevered dream of apprehension, but the hours wore away at last, and it was nearly 8 o'clock. She had opened an unusually large bottle of aguardiente at supper, and Theodore had drunk it nearly all; so that when he lay down for the evening on the couch before the cosy sitting-room fire, he went into an unusually profound dose. She waited till there was no doubt that he was unconscious; then lighting a lantern, she slipped noiselessly out into the black night, and picked her way down the steep rocky path that led to the spring in the arroyo near the house. As she proceeded, the darkness began to grow terrible to her. A frightened raven flew from its nest above her on the cliff, with a loud "caw, caw." She shuddered, and nearly lost her footing. What was she going to? Her heart beat recklessly.

Reaching the bottom at last, a slight noise fell on her strained hearing; a whisper, and another:

"Delfina, sefiorita, is it you?" She followed blindly a little further, holding out her arms as if to save herself from rude contact with anything. Her staring eyes were fastened ahead where she knew the tree and the spring to be. In another moment she walked full into the arms of Anselmo Gonzales. She gave a wild little scream, but smothered it instantly.

He held her trembling, panting, almost fainting, neither knew how long. At last she drew back suddenly. "Señor Gonzales, you forget yourself! What brings you here!" Her voice sounded strained and unnatural.

"Delfina, thou hast broken my heart. It is a dead thing for sorrow and love of thee, but I could not stay behind, querida, and know, you suffered. The nights have been full of horror, Delfina, and the days of anguish, at the thought of you in this wilderness, and at that fiend's mercy;" and his whisper grew thick with passion.

She interrupted him fiercely. "What have you brought me here to listen to? What is it to you if I am wed to an angel or a demon? If this is all, I go back to my husband."

"Husband—husband," he said slowly and bitterly, "tyrant—brute!"

"Señor Gonzales, hold your wicked tongue," she cried. "I hear no more!" and she turned and rushed madly for the bank.

He caught her and held her, struggling.

"Delfina, forgive me; forgive my impetuosity, but my heart is bursting."

"Señor, I repeat that in a moment I go. Say what you have to say."

"Señorita—"

"Señora!" she interrupted coldly.

"Oh, you are cruel! but let me go on. Last week José Pendola came to Los Angeles from here to engage shears. I saw him and asked him of you. He told me you were white and thin, and dying of loneliness, and worst of all, he said that man was cruel to you. Oh, carita, my blood leaps like a flame in my veins, and my hand is on the knife day and night. Delfina, I have come to kill him and take you away." He almost hissed the last words, and his hot breath fanned her cheek.

She stood transfixed; she could not, dared not cry out; her feet were rooted to the earth. The darkness seemed to smother her. She reeled and nearly fell.

"Oh, Mother of God, be merciful!" she groaned, then with a mighty effort she recovered herself. "Go! go! for the great God's sake, go and leave me. You are mad, Anselmo Gonzales."

"I go when Theodore Hayden lies under the rocky mould of this island, and when you are mine."

She stumbled blindly up the bank, and he did not try to stop her. As she neared the house, her heart beat with a new fear. What if Theodore had awakened and missed her? Oh, how long had she been gone? Bounding lightly over the fence she hurried to the back door and listened, all was still. She went tip-toeing in and through to the little parlor. The light burned, but Theodore was gone.

She found him in bed. "Where have you been all this time?" he said, impatiently.

"One of the foxes got away as I went to shut them up, and I have been watching for him to come out from under the house. They will never be tame. I'm nearly frozen staying out there."

"Blas! the foxes! hurry up! I want to get to sleep," and he did, but Delfina's eyes did not close all the long night.

The sun shone gorgeously the next morning, and the click of the sheep-shearers could early be heard at the barn. The day was too lovely to stay in, and Delfina put on her hat and went to the beach. The breakers rolled wildly, and she, too, was reckless this morning. She splashed through the water, and let the foam dash about her feet. If she could only lie down and let the big waves pound her she thought she would like it. The shore was always Delfina's retreat in her desperate moods. She loved the ceaseless thundering of the surf, and its restlessness seemed like a living sympathy.

Presently she saw a small boat lowered from the Santa Rosa, which lay off the wharf, and the captain coming ashore. Then she heard footsteps on the wharf above her, and Theodore came down to meet the boat, and he and the captain walked back together. Theodore saw her, and called to her. She met them at the bank. The burly old sailor pulled off his hat, respectfully.

"Nice day, miss," he said, turning his one eye admiringly upon her.

"Yes," she assented.

"I ain't set eyes on ye sence I brought ye over here in December. Pretty wet duckin' ye got that trip. Yer weddin' tower, too, wa'n't it?" and he laughed boisterously. "Better get aboard and come to mainland some time fer a little. Must be plaguey lonesome over here fer young people, ain't it, eh?"

Delfina blushed deeply. Her husband's eye was upon

her. "Oh, the sheep and the foxes and the ravens are good company," she said with a harsh, quick laugh.

"A purty young girl like you wants more'n dumb critters to look at her."

A black look came into Theodore's face.

"My wife wants nothing!" he said shortly.

The garrulous old man saw his mistake, and turning to Theodore he asked, "Sheep's purty fat this year, ain't they?"

"Fairly so."

"How many ye shearin', about?"

"Oh, forty or fifty thousand."

"Whew! ye don't say!"

They came to the top of the hill, and Delfina turned to go home.

"You may as well come to the barn now, if you haven't got anything else to do," said Theodore indifferently. She would see the shearing at last.

"What ye runnin' the enjyne fer?" asked the captain, as they neared one of the buildings.

"Oh, they are dipping today."

"Blas! if I wouldn't like to take a look at that performance," he said.

"Well, now's as good a time as any," returned Theodore, swinging the big door.

A suffocating smell of sulphur greeted them. Through a long, very narrow tank of hot liquid, containing sulphur, caustic soda and lime, the unfortunate sheep were struggling and swimming, having been hurled down from a chute above and plunged over their depth. Two men with long crooks prodded and helped them, as they cried and gasped through the twenty feet of seething "dip" to daylight and freedom at the other end. They came out steaming and shivering from the shock and dyed a curious yellowish green.

"Well, if that there don't beat me!" exclaimed the marveling captain. "If I was them sheep I'd die to spite ye fer treatin' me so durned mean. What on 'arth's the meanin' of this here, anyhow?"

"It's to cure and prevent a skin disease that makes the wool fall," Theodore explained, turning to go.

Delfina ran ahead eagerly. "I think it's the cruellest thing I ever saw," she cried. "The poor, dear little lambs, too, they are put in. I saw some dead ones in the corral; I know they got scalded. Mary! but it's frightful!" and she hurried out the door, glad to escape.

They entered the shearing barn. It was another surprising scene. Down the hundred-foot length of floor a confusion of dark, eager faces bent over the struggling sheep, as they were held low between the shearers' feet. Seventy pairs of shears gleamed and clicked. Some of the men sang in their mellow voices, and others called out their numbers for tally, as they finished a sheep and released it to skip and bound through the open spaces leading to the corral.

"Oh, look!" said Delfina in distress. "The men cut them so; they work too fast. Oh, see that one! it's cruel—make them stop!" and she turned away, sickened at the sight of a big red patch the clip of a careless shearer made in the pink skin.

"That is nothing," said Theodore carelessly. "The nerves in a sheep's skin lie deep." But she was not satisfied, and her eyes began to roam restlessly over the uncouth throng. He was not among the shearers. He must be out with the vaqueros.

They picked their way down the long floor, threading in and out among the sheep and men, to where the wool was being packed in the enormous sacks for shipment. They stopped to see the process. The packers were all Chinamen, but one, a Spaniard. He wore a red handkerchief tied tight about his head, and his eyes were covered by dark glasses. His face was grimy and shining, and he wore an unusually heavy beard for a Californian.

Delfina stood next to him, watching the gray and white fleeces tied deftly and tossed to the bags. As he used the twine she noticed his hands; they were slender and delicate, and a seal ring was on one. She had seen it before. She gave a little start, and he saw she recognized him. He glanced around. Theodore and the captain had gone to the next table. It was safe in the confusion to speak.

"Delfina, this is a blessed moment."

"Hush! You leave the island today, or I reveal your identity," she said under her breath.

"The schooner does not go today."

"When?"

"I know not. But listen! Till late this afternoon I weigh wool in the storage barn. On your way to the fish nets, stop. Come in at the west door. I will be alone. Promise me, sefiorita."

She started violently. Theodore touched her elbow. He must have heard the last; how much more? Her arm trembled as he took it roughly, and they walked on toward the further door.

All at once the shears stopped, and the men began gathering in groups, laughing and talking, smoking cigaritos and sharpening their shears. It was 10 o'clock, and Ah Ming came in, carrying two colossal pots of hot coffee, and returned for a big basket of tin cups, and another of sea biscuit. The men came up and helped themselves to this refreshment, and as they finished, returned to their work with new zeal.

"Are you satisfied now?" said Theodore, giving Delfina a searching look.

"Yes, if this is all there is to see."

"Then you'd better go home;" and he went to help drive a new band of sheep into the small shearing corral. Passing José Pendola, he told him to come to the office at noon, while the men were at dinner. This man was a sort of a leader among the others. He was tall, and powerfully built, and endowed with unusual cleverness and good looks.

He obeyed Theodore's order, secretly quaking in his boots, for he was not stout-hearted, even if he was strong of limb.

"How did you come to bring this man called Tito Domingo? Where did you find him?" said Theodore sternly. He stopped me on the street in Los Angeles, señor, and wanted to come to work."

"Hum! has changed in his looks since then—no?"

"Si, señor," said José, non-committally.

"You knew better than to bring a dude here. As you have brought him, you can help get rid of him. Now mind

what I say. As you get up from the supper night, you are to come out with him and walk the arroyo. Have with you a stout rope and you will meet you half way down. Make no blather, you blab to no one, or it will be bad for you." He came out with him and locked the office door. "Go to dinner," he said, and turned and went home.

Early that evening, the fog settled down in a white shroud, over the islands and sea; and as he thronged out of the dining-room, José Pendola Anselmo familiarly on the back.

"Caramba! this is cold—no?" he said; then he gave voice to a whisper. "What do you say to a bit of warm up Ming's mutton chops?" and he began rubbing his stomach.

"How in the name of the Holy Saints did you get here," said Anselmo. "You know you'd get caught were caught. They are shrew on that law."

José shrugged his broad shoulders mysteriously. It was in a rock. Come to the arroyo and have a look—no?"

Anselmo followed willingly. It was a walk he had burned his throat. The two men disappeared in the fog down the steep hill. They had gone on rods when Anselmo was sprung upon and gagged, tied, and then marched helplessly to the shore. The very low. The two men led him silently around a promontory after another, till they brought him to the bluff. The dim light showed a firm white sand, and the walls were dark and high. He was by a chain, far back in the black depths of the cave.

Then Theodore motioned José to go, and stood with eyes fixed on his prisoner's ghastly face. "Anselmo, sales," he said, "you have crossed my path the last. Now let the water poison you as the oak did me, and let the sharks eat your damned carcass."

The darkness came like the darkness of the last tide crept slowly, hungrily toward its victim, hissed and roaring as if angry at its own success. The wind sucked and howled through the narrow cave, clamoring for its share in the tragedy.

Anselmo Gonzales stood bound, awaiting his fate, that he might take his faithful knife and cut his throat. But no! Death must come by inches. He watched it, hear it, feel it for an eternity before he granted oblivion. Nearer and nearer it came, the merciless water. First it played daintily about his feet, then stole warily a little further and passed him.

An hour dragged by, and it had grown bold; and it was mauling in its pranks with him, his foamy breath in his face, pushing him off his feet to gle and dangle hopelessly by the chain. Another hour it belted and shrieked and writhed about his neck, at once he thought the gates of purgatory had been opened. An explosion like the boom of a mighty cannon sounded above and behind him. Another wave came, and again the thundering crash; and still he lived. Water seemed to have ceased its torment of him, and instead had gone to join the diabolical fusillade beyond even forgot to rise.

At first he paid no attention; but gradually, when it had come, it went; dashing, plunging, swirling, he went. He was too near dead with cold and fright to much, but by and by it dawned upon him that he had turned, and he was saved.

By the time the first faint ray of dawn shone across the water, the surf was rolling in peacefully to his feet from the cave. Anselmo lay limp and unconscious half covered with sand, on the cold, white beach of cavern. His wig and false beard had been carried off, and his own black hair had turned white.

Theodore Hayden came and found him thus. He stood gazing at his work. Something like remorse came to him. He stooped and listened to see if he heard a beat. Then he untied the ropes from the cold, his wrists, and removed the ugly gag. Last he unfastened the chain and dragged the helpless form out to the light and left it. The tide was still going out. He went back and hailed the schooner. A man came on deck, lowered a boat. When it reached the wharf, Theodore called to the sailor:

"There is a man washed ashore, over by Point. Row out and get him and take him aboard. He isn't dead give him some whisky. He'd better get a land for his funeral at any rate; we don't have the conveniences for that sort of thing here;" and Theodore laughed his short, hard laugh. "Tell the captain to sail at 8, and to come ashore first for orders."

The man pulled off toward the west, over the shimmering water, and Theodore went home to his breakfast.

[To be continued.]

[Copyright applied for.]

GEOGRAPHY AT THE HUB.

[New York Tribune:] Maj. W. H. H. Llewellyn, of the Rough Riders, originally entered that organization as captain, receiving his majority through the general's upward that followed Col. Leonard Wood's being named a brigadier-general. Maj. Llewellyn, who came from New Mexico, saw active service previous to Spanish war in the Apache Indian campaign of 1886. He has lately been in the East advocating the admission of New Mexico to Statehood, and when seen recently commented jocosely on the paucity of knowledge of his Territory in the Eastern States.

"But few people realize," said Maj. Llewellyn, "the enormous size of New Mexico, which is actually as large as the New England States, New York and New Jersey combined. It is really true that an old lady from Boston, passing through New Mexico, once asked if she could purchase United States postage stamps there, and I told her experience in the 'Hub' recently that goes to prove she is not the only inhabitant of that center of culture. I believe New Mexico to be a foreign country. Indeed, I had stuck revenue stamps on some letters, and, on my way to the postoffice in Boston to purchase the regular stamps, the clerk selling them wanted me to buy 5-cent stamps, and mail my letters in the foreign box. 'But,' I remarked, 'New Mexico is a part of the United States.' He was flatly to believe me, and I had to induce him to get a stamp before he acknowledged that it actually was a part of the Union. In New Mexico we are all anxious to be admitted to the Union as a State, feeling that we are entitled to the prerogatives of Statehood. Our people are as fond of gold as against silver."

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Could Not Miss His Picture.

ONE of the high-school teachers of Brooklyn is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. While he was spending the summer on a Maine lake, a year or so ago, his heart was cruelly divided between paternal solicitude and devotion to his art. He was out snapping picturesque shore views from his canoe, with his little son, when he heard a splash behind him, and, turning, saw a stream of bubbles on the water. His son was nowhere in sight. The frenzied parent gazed around him.

Suddenly there was a gurgling sound, and little Willie bobbed into view, with a purple face and protruding eyes. "Help, papa!" he spluttered. The devoted father reached for a bathhook, when his eye fell on his camera, and he became at once the stern devotee of the lens, to whom no sacrifice was impossible. "One moment, Willie," he shouted, seizing the camera. Just as the youngster went down the second time his father snapped the shutter. He got an excellent likeness of a scared boy with saucer eyes and a wisp of wet hair clawing the liquid element with despairing fingers.

When his son came up the third time the father promptly retrieved him with a bathhook. The snap shot is now a prized family possession, but it is already a family conviction that when little Willie gets big enough he will either punch his papa's head or smash his camera.—[New York Mail and Express.]

A Story on Sothern.

IN HIS recently published volume, "That Reminds Me," Sir Edward Russell, who knew intimately the actor, E. A. Sothern, of "Dundreary" fame, tells many stories of him.

He was dining at Portsmouth, or somewhere, at a regimental mess to which the officers had asked him, with every show of the highest admiration and with no appearance of social superiority. After dinner, as the party sat at wine, one of the officers asked Sothern to give them a recitation. Now, Sothern abominated that kind of thing. He wouldn't tolerate being treated as an entertainer when he was by way of being treated as a gentleman. He coldly declined. They pressed him. He hotly declined. Still they pressed him. He expressed his feelings. Perhaps the officers were a little affected with wine. At all events, they persisted. They would take no denial. At last he said, in a manner which showed that he was nettled, but yet yielding, "Well, if you won't let me off I must. I'll give you the dinner scene from 'David Garrick.'" He did. He had never acted it better. They were delighted until, springing to his feet, he made his wild tipy exit, just as he did on the stage, and dragged the cloth off the table, and with it all the regiment's prized dessert china and decanters and glasses, etc. Great was the smash. The actor did not wait to be applauded or to improve the occasion. The lesson was, indeed, a rough one, and probably only a man with some roughness in his daring humor would have given it, but it was quite deserved.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Governor and His Pictures.

GEN. GROSVENOR was walking through the corridors of the Capitol recently when a lady approached him, says the Washington Post. "I beg your pardon," said she, pleasantly enough, "but isn't this Congressman Governor of Ohio?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply. "I thought so," she continued. "You see, I recognize you from your pictures in the papers." Then she paused a moment while Gen. Grosvenor also waited.

"Gen. Grosvenor," said the lady, with a touch of timidity in her voice, "couldn't you give me a ticket of admission to the galleries?"

Quite gallantly, the Ohio Congressman procured a card, filled it out, and signed his name. The lady went on her way rejoicing. Gen. Grosvenor stood for a moment, thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "that is the first time I ever knew I really looked as bad as my pictures."

A Mixture of Turf and Literature.

IN WASHINGTON a story is being told about Senator Blackburn of Kentucky and Col. Pepper, of whisky-making fame. The Senator and his valued constituent were discussing horses, when Representative Crain of Texas entered.

"What are you talking about?" asked Crain.

"Horses," said Blackburn.

"Oh," remarked Crain, "why don't you talk about something worth while? Why don't you discuss literature or something to improve your minds?"

"Literature?" said Blackburn. "What kind of literature do you recommend?"

"I like poets," answered Crain. "I am particularly fond of Tennyson and Longfellow."

"Longfellow?" interrupted Col. Pepper, suddenly taking an interest in the conversation. "Oh, yes; I know Longfellow. He was the greatest horse ever bred in Kentucky."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

A Kipling Snake Story.

HERE is a Kipling snake story that is true—which is more than can be said of most snake or Kipling stories that are floating about on the journalistic sea. Odd figures sometimes give a better idea of the extent of the British empire than even a map of the world would. So here, before really beginning the Kipling snake story, be it told that last year more than twenty-five thousand of our fellow-subjects in India lost their lives by being killed by wild animals. Snake bites account for a large proportion of that 25,000. As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with Anglo-

Indians spend their whole life in thinking of their lives and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting-room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fire place "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face.

"I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake! flashed across my sleepy brain; I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck the mirror I realized that I was in London, and not in India."—[London Correspondence Saturday Evening Post.]

Picked Too Soon.

A DEVOTED Cleveland uncle took his very small nephew out in the country one bright day not long ago, and his friend, the farmer, suggested he should go out and hunt for eggs. Of course, the small nephew went along. The uncle knew where to go, and, though he is fat and scant of breath, managed to gather a number from all sorts of hiding places. Presently he stooped and picked up a bantam's egg. The small nephew saw it.

"Put it back, unk," he shrieked, "don't oo see zat one isn't ripe yet!"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Recognized the Voice.

A DEAR old lady who lived up on Marshall street died suddenly the other day. Her death was completely unexpected—in fact, the evening before she died she had been persuaded to speak into the receiver of a phonograph owned by her son-in-law. It turned out to be a remarkably good record, for the old lady had a peculiarly shrill voice, and as she sang her favorite hymn into the phonograph the reproduction was perfect.

Now, there is a colored girl in the family who possesses all the superstitions of her race. A couple of days after the funeral she was dusting the furniture in the sitting-room when she inadvertently turned the switch that started the phonograph. As luck would have it, the cylinder was the one containing the old lady's hymn, and it rang out with startling distinctness. The colored girl stood rooted to the spot, gasping for breath. It was fully a minute before she quite recovered her faculties, and then, with a yell of "Foh de good Lawd's sake! Missy 'Liza's come back!" she ran downstairs. No amount of explaining could convince her that there was nothing supernatural about it, so she took her clothes and went.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Changed His Tune.

FELIX HANEY, who plays the part of Hi Holler, in "Way Down East," had a funny experience while on his way to the Academy of Music the other night. He was a passenger on a Fourteenth-street car. A number of ladies boarded the car at Sixth avenue. Haney gave up his seat to a lady and stood up on the rear platform. He was joined a few moments later by a son of Erin, who showed traces of dalliance with the cup that cheers and inebriates. He was not, however, to be outdone in politeness, having surrendered his seat to a woman passenger.

He eyed Haney for a few seconds, and then remarked: "Yer needn't put on airs. Yer not the only man that gave his seat up."

"That's right," said Haney, good humoredly. "One gentleman always recognizes another."

"I'd like to get me hands on the man what said the likes of ye was a gentleman."

Just then the conductor, who knew Haney, said "Judge, what are you going to do with that boy you had before you this morning?"

The comedian took his cue at once, and replied: "I have had a talk with the boy's mother and have about decided to discharge him."

"Are yer a Tammany man?" interposed the Hibernian, in awe-stricken tones.

"I am on my way to Tammany Hall now," replied Haney.

"I'm proud of ye. I knowed yer was a gentleman the moment I saw ye, and I'm glad to be in yer company. I hope yer got no hard feelings for the few words I let drop when I saw yer first, as I always was a Tammany man."

The comedian bade him a dignified farewell, and as he entered the stage entrance of the Academy every one on the black platform shouted, "Good night, judge."—[New York Telegram.]

Each Had One Call.

"YES," said the old, before-the-war dandy, "dey didn't feragit me in de Christmas. I tell you I got seven second-hand longtail coats, seven pair er britches, seven ol' beaver hats, en Lawd knows jes' how many collars!"

"And what did you do with 'em all?"

"Well, suh, my o'es boy jumped into one er dem, en no sooner did he jump den he felt a call ter be a missionary. Den, de next ter him hopped into n'er one en felt a call ter be a professor in a schoolhouse. En den n'er one rigged himself out, en felt a call ter be a lawyer, en he's a hang-in' roun' de justice courts. N'er boy put on a suit en feel a call ter be a Congressman—do' he never took a drink in his lifetime."

"And how do you feel about it?"

"Well, suh, ter tell de plain truth, en no lie, I all mix up 'bout it. Fer de life er me I dunno w'ether Ise a preacher, a politician er jes' de same fool nigger I been ever sence freedom broke out!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]

How the Pope Returned an Insult.

"OUR Pope," said a well-known Catholic, "reads character at a glance, and is rarely deceived. One evening, when nuncio at Brussels, he was entering his carriage to go to dinner at the house of Count de Baillet, when, just as his foot was on the carriage step, a workman, wretchedly dressed, rushed forward, insulted him, and attacked him

personally. His servants, ready in his defense, seized the aggressor and proceeded to make things hot for him; but the Pope—then simple Mgr. Pecci—stopped them, and, calmly and kindly addressing the man, said:

"My friend, I bear you no malice for what you have done; are you in need? Come to see me some other time," and let a f.5 piece slip into his hand. Needless to say the workman, after much encouragement, went to see him, and went so often that the nuncio eventually took him into his service as a domestic, and even now Leo XIII retains a benevolent recollection of him, and recounts that he never had a servant more respectful and more to be trusted.—[Rome Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.]

A Lesson in Ethics.

BOSWELL LEE, a little boy about 8 years of age, was in trouble about his teeth, as his second row were coming up behind the first set. His mother desired to take him to the dentist, and, knowing the experience would be a painful one, offered her little son a tempting money bribe. Boswell said he would think about it. Presently he asked her if it were quite right to have those teeth out, and if he ought to do so.

"Certainly," replied his mother.

"Then I ought to have them out without any bribe," said he, "and it was exceedingly wrong of you to offer me one. Now I don't think I shall have them out at all."

He reconsidered this decision, however, went to the dentist, and behaved splendidly.

But no bribe passed between him and his mother, nor is it likely one will ever be offered again.

Mr. Foster's Joke.

AFTER his introduction (to Speaker Henderson) Mr. Foster, who received only one committee appointment and that a very obscure one, said:

"I am on a fine committee, Mr. Speaker."

Mr. Henderson beamed. "I am very glad, Mr. Foster, you like your committee appointment," he said. "I always like to please the gentlemen of the House."

"Oh," said Mr. Foster, solemnly, "I refer to the committee of the whole. You know, I am a member of that."

And while the Speaker was gasping for breath the new member from Chicago added: "At the same time, if you are very anxious to please, I would not object to being in your debt for some other good committee."

And the Speaker passed his box of Philippine cigars.—[Washington Times.]

Why Called "Croquette."

A LITTLE Memphis girl who is constantly surprising her elders with her sage remarks was invited out to luncheon one day, and while she was at table she was helped to a croquette.

"What is this you gave me?" she queried, with the frank inquisitiveness of childhood.

She was told that it was a croquette.

"Well, what is it made of?" she insisted.

"Of chicken," her amused hostess replied.

"Oh, I suppose that is the reason it is called croquette," she naively remarked.—[Memphis Scimitar.]

Sure He Was Stricken.

HE HAD been in the city but a few days. He was from the South, and this was his first visit. His girl cousin, at whose home he was staying, and inveigled him into accompanying her shopping. While she was looking at some goods he stood beside her, but directly over the hot-air register.

A flush crept over his face, and his hands twitched nervously. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, while his eyes nearly burst from their sockets.

At last he could stand it no longer. Bending toward her he said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Maria! In heaven's name, let's go home! There's suthin' wrong. There's suthin' wrong with me, sure! I feel suthin' kinder hot a-creepin' up my legs like!"—[Salt Lake Herald.]

American Wheelbarrows Were Cheap.

VICTOR M. CLEMENT, the South African engineer, who was a member of the Johannesburg Reform Committee at the time of the Jameson raid, and was arrested, together with the fifty-seven other members of the committee, and tried for his life, sailed yesterday for England on the White Star steamship Oceanic. C. A. Williams of Johannesburg, the representative of the Standard Oil Company in South Africa, sailed on the same vessel, bound for the Transvaal. The two are friends, and Mr. Clement the other day told the following story about Mr. Williams:

"When I was manager of the Smimer and Jack mine," said Mr. Clement, "I went one day to Williams and asked him why he did not bring out some American wheelbarrows, as all the Rand mines wanted them. Williams said he would if he could get sufficient orders, and promised to look into the matter. He went to the various mines, and as they all wanted American wheelbarrows he received orders from each and every one of them. This, however, did not seem wholly to satisfy Williams, who then went to the local traders, and told them that he had heard that there was a large demand for American wheelbarrows in the mines there, and asked them why they didn't import some. The traders investigated, found that the demand was great, and forthwith authorized Williams to bring them out a supply. The wheelbarrows Williams imported under these combined orders came to nearly a shipload. Upon their arrival he made his first deliveries to the mines, and then turned over to the retail dealers their supply. The latter at once sent notices to the various mines that they had imported a supply of American wheelbarrows, and solicited orders. In every instance the reply was that that particular mine had a supply of the article mentioned sufficient to last for some years. The investigation which followed of course showed them how they had been 'done.' They had been there before, however, and beyond a few groans and remarks about another of those d— Yankee tricks they took their medicine quietly and with chastened spirits. American wheelbarrows, though, were the cheapest things you could buy in the Transvaal for some years after that."—[New York Tribune.]

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

MARQUIS ITO VISITED.

CHAT WITH THE JAPANESE EMPEROR'S ADVISER ABOUT MATTERS IN THE FAR EAST.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TOKIO, Jan. 3, 1900.—I had a long chat this afternoon with Marquis Ito, the confidential adviser of the Japanese Emperor, and the statesman who, more than all others, directs the game of politics in the far East. For a generation and more Marquis Ito has been at the head of every great movement in Japan. He has held every great position in the gift of his government. He was Premier at the time of the war with China, and it was his master mind which aided largely in the direction of that struggle to a successful issue and in the settlement of the terms of peace with Li Hung Chang. Before and since then Marquis Ito has been the chief power behind the throne, and it is he who today is largely directing the foreign policy of Japan. He is, in fact, the Gladstone and Bismarck of this part of the world, standing higher than Li Hung Chang has ever stood, and having the confidence not only of the leading men of Japan, but the implicit confidence of the Emperor.

The relations of Marquis Ito and the Emperor have been



THE MARCHIONESS ITO.

[Photo presented to Mr. Carpenter by the Marquis.]

palace in Kyoto and by the party to which Ito belonged placed on the throne at Tokio and made the real ruler of Japan. It was Ito who acted most as tutor and adviser to His Majesty in his dealings with foreign nations, and in the reconstruction of his empire along the lines which have produced the new Japan and made the Japanese people the greatest of the Asiatic nations.

A Romantic Career.

Marquis Ito was, in fact, the first of the great men of Japan to realize that his country could not remain shut out from the rest of the world, and that it could not successfully fight the great nations of Europe without modern ships and without a knowledge of our science of war. The story has been told, but never as Marquis Ito himself could tell it. He got his first glimpse of the western civilization as a boy. Then, as now, he was an intense patriot, and he, like the other young nobles of the time, was opposed to having foreigners land in Japan. He was of the soldier class, and at one time belonged to a band of young men who ran away from their homes with the idea of clearing the foreign ships and men from the harbor of Yokohama. Their boyish expedition was discovered and stopped by the soldiers of the shogun. A little later on Ito saw the warships of the foreigners, and noticed how well they were armed and managed, and he concluded that the only way his country could ever successfully fight the European would be by its people learning their methods. For this purpose he and Count Inouye decided to go to England and bring back the desired information.

The two boys proposed their plan to their military commander, the Prince of Chosiu, who gave them \$8000 for their expenses. It was contrary to law for them to leave Japan, but the Prince instructed them to slip away and take ship for England, where they were to learn how the English made their guns and ammunition, and to study the secrets of European naval supremacy. They attempted to do this, but by a mistake were shipped as common sailors. Their money was stolen, and they had many adventures in working their way before the mast to England. There Ito saw with wonder the wealth and power of the western world, and realized that Japan could never hope to withstand its combined strength. He and Inouye talked the matter over, and decided to go back home and advise their people to adopt the new civilization. They did so, and as their first reward Inouye was nearly killed

for many years of the closest possible nature. They began with the downfall of the shogun, when His Majesty was dragged forth from the puppet-like seclusion of his by a mob of fanatic patriots, and Ito had for a time to keep in hiding. It was soon seen, however, that the boys were right. The statesmen of one party, with them, organized the new movement, and from that time on both have been in the front ranks of everything which has aided in making Japan the great country it is today.

May Write a Book.

As I chatted with Marquis Ito this afternoon, I referred to his wonderful career, and asked him if he had kept a diary, and whether he would not some time write a book of reminiscences, saying that such a volume might pay him \$500,000, as that of Gen. Grant did his family. The Marquis laughed, as he replied:

"Such sums from bookmaking are only possible in a rich country like the United States. Our people are comparatively poor, and our authors as a rule make but little. A profit of \$10,000 from such a book would be considered enormous here. Besides, I have no written notes of my early life. I had a diary, but this was lost during the revolution. I should have to rely upon my memory for that period of my career. Besides, I am now too much occupied with the present to have time to write about the past. I may do something of the kind in the future, but not now."

As Marquis Ito said this we were sitting in the library of his Tokio house, situated on the hill just above the American Legation. A Japanese servant, dressed in the costume of the country, had just brought in some delicious tea, which was served in cups of the most delicate porcelain, and which we sipped as we talked. The Marquis himself was dressed in European clothes, wearing a frock coat of black and dark pantaloons. He has a strong face, bright black eyes and an energetic manner. He is now about 60 years of age, but is still in his intellectual and physical prime. He speaks English well, and our conversation was carried on in that tongue.

Japan and Russia.

One of the first questions I asked was as to the present situation of Japan as regards Russia. Said I: "Your Excellency has doubtless noticed that the air here is full of war and the rumors of war. Both the Japanese papers and the foreign journals published in Japan are predicting that Japan will fight sooner or later. What do you think of these reports? Is there really any danger of a war between your people and the Russians?"

"No," replied the Marquis. "The relations of the Russian and Japanese governments are friendly. The reports you refer to are unfounded. There is some feeling among the Japanese against the Russians, but this comes chiefly from the ignorant people. The better classes are for peace."

"How about the encroachments of the Russians on Manchuria and Korea. Is Japan satisfied to see the Leatung peninsula in the hands of the Russians?"

"The Japanese people felt that they should have had that as a result of their war with China, but it was not to be. The Russians have acquired the right to run their railroad down to the Yellow Sea. The right was acquired in a way that we could not well object to, and if the ports there are kept open the concession may not be a bad thing for the world. It gives the Russians a hold on Manchuria, and I suppose that province will eventually become Russian. As to Korea, that is a different matter. It has been agreed that it shall maintain its independence, and, so far, I see no reason why it will not continue to do so."

"Is Japan doing much in Korea?" I asked.

"Yes, quite a good deal in a commercial way," replied Marquis Ito. "The chief trade of Korea is with Japan. Our merchants are establishing houses there, and you will find Japanese settlements in all the ports and chief cities. We are shipping a great deal of our cotton goods to Korea, and the Koreans export a large amount of rice and other things to Japan."

China as the Sick Man of Asia.

"How about the relations of Japan and China, Your Excellency? The possibility of an alliance defensive and offensive is frequently spoken of, is it not?"

"Yes, it has been suggested by outsiders, but I can assure you no such thing is in contemplation among the Japanese. What would be the sense of a well man forming an alliance with a sick man for defense? It would be very foolish on the part of the well man, would it not? That is the situation of Japan and China, and I need not say that Japan has the place of the well man."

"Such an alliance," said I, "would be like a man in perfect health voluntarily handcuffing himself to a corpse?"

The Marquis laughed, and I could see that he thought that my statement expressed his idea of the situation, although he did not directly reply.

"How about the Chinese government, Your Excellency?" I asked. "Do you think it can last?"

"I don't see how it can continue to exist long in its present state. It is not fitted to the times and the new conditions which are about to take place in China. It is a government which does not govern. It has but little control of the people, and it would seem to me that it must give way to the spirit of the times."

China and the Powers.

"If so, our Excellency," said I, "what will take its place? What is to be the future of China?"

"I cannot answer that," was Marquis Ito's reply. "I should myself like very much to know. You have seen what has been proposed and partially accomplished. I refer to the division of the Chinese empire as far as trade relations and fields of commerce are concerned, among the great powers. Russia wants the north, Germany aspires to a slice a little farther down, France hopes to control the trade of the extreme

south, and England would like to claim as her share the valley of the Yang-tse Kiang."

"But where does the United States come in?" I asked.

"That remains to be seen," was the reply of the Japanese statesman. "She should, I think, claim, do, that the whole country should be open to all for trade, commerce and manufacturing. China is an enormous field, with vast coal deposits and valuable minerals. It has rich resources which are undeveloped, has a population which, as it grows richer, is opening up of the country, will be one of the most consuming populations of the globe. There is an outlet for your and our manufactures. It seems to me that the present crisis is an important one for the United States, and that your people should give the matter China serious consideration. Personally I should like to see the United States do all that is possible to bring about the consummation of the open-door policy for China."

"How does Japan regard the coming of the United States into Pacific waters?" I asked.

"We are indeed glad to welcome the United States," replied Marquis Ito, emphatically. "We very much regret that the taking of the Philippines by your country is not the result of a war of conquest. We know you have no idea of acquiring territory here when you declare war upon Spain. You are not an aggressive people, and the Philippines came to you only as one of the results of



MARQUIS ITO IN 1900.

[From photo presented by him to Mr. Carpenter.]

war. We deem it a matter of good fortune for the islands are yours."

What Marquis Ito Thinks of the Philippines.

"Do you think the Philippine Islands will be a possession for the United States?"

"Yes, I do," said Marquis Ito. "I have never visited the Philippines, but I have had opportunities to learn about them. They are rich islands, and have great resources. They will be of value to you directly also in attracting the attention of your people to this great field of Asiatic commerce and trade, and will give you a foothold from where you will probably get your share of the commerce of the islands, and that from now on your people will take your place among the great working and developing powers of the world. You have so far tried to live on yourselves, but this war has forced you into your position among the greatest of the world's powers, and it seems to me you cannot but accept the situation. I believe the time will soon come, if it is not already here, when you will need this Asiatic market. You are growing so fast in wealth and population. You have enormous supplies of raw materials most favorably situated for manufacturing, and your skill in manufacturing and commerce is such that you must have a world market. A large part of that market in the future will be here on this side of the globe."

The Japanese in the Chinese Markets.

"I suppose Japan expects to have its share of the commerce of China?"

"Yes, of course," replied Marquis Ito. "We hope to our share of the work and trade of this side of the globe. We are, however, but a small country, and in number of people are comparatively few. We have now a population of about forty-three millions. We need more capital, and our people are now thinking that they could make profitable combinations with your people in manufacturing and commerce. We are of the ground. We understand the field and the natives of the different countries, and by our combinations we could both do better than either could alone."

"What is the present situation in Japan as affected by your war with China? Was the war a benefit to the Japanese?"

"In some respects it was, and in some respects it was not," replied Marquis Ito. "As far as stimulating new enterprises was concerned it gave everything a push. We have more factories, and are doing more business than we have ever done. The times are fairly good, and our people are making money. The war very materially helped the opening of Japan among the great powers of the world, and

It has on the whole been a good thing for Japan." "Do you say on the whole, Your Excellency? Are any aspects in which it was not a good thing?" "No," said Marquis Ito. "But even in these things it eventually turn out for good. We have considerable to make the people see and do the right thing. I am in Parliament. We are a young nation in western lands, and nations grow slowly. They are, like men, sometimes apt to do indiscreet and rash things in their youth. We are largely controlled by public opinion, and changes with the times, and in some cases it seems not always for the best."

New Japan and the Treaties.

"Your Excellency," said I, "you have been with new Japan from its beginning, can you look back and be satisfied with your wonderful progress?" "I am satisfied with many things, and there are many I think might be bettered. Our people have not learned to govern themselves; at least we have not by means yet reached the perfection of government. I do not see how we shall improve by experience, but I should like to see the march of improvement more rapid than now about the new treaties which went into effect last year. Do they really give Americans better opportunities to travel and do business in Japan than they had before?" "Yes, indeed," was Marquis Ito's reply. "Our whole country is now open to foreign trade and residence. Foreigners can travel everywhere without passports. They can establish factories and other industries, and as far as business is concerned they have all the opportunities possessed by our own people. They are subject to Japanese laws, and have in every respect almost the same rights and privileges possessed by the Japanese. They cannot own property in fee simple, but they can secure it on leases, which accomplish practically the same ends. We trust the new treaties will bring the United States and Japan into closer commercial relations. Your people have always been friendly to us, and we hope that both business and in all respects our relations will be more and more close as time goes on."

War in the Philippines.

"How do you regard our war with the Filipinos, Marquis I asked. "I think it is a great mistake on the part of the United States to fight with the United States," was the reply. "I think their inclination to make war even before the peace treaty was signed and the country was formally given over by Spain. I felt then that I should like to do all my power to have prevented the war, and shown Aguinaldo and his party that they were working diametrically against their own interests. They should realize that the question of the Philippines by the United States is the thing that could have happened to the islands and to ourselves as individuals. If this money which you are spending in fighting could have been used in developing the resources of the islands it would have benefited the people of all the people. I have no doubt, however, that you will soon be able to put down the insurrection and that the Filipinos will see that your occupation of the country is the best thing that could have happened."

Message From Marquis Ito to Uncle Sam.

At this point the private secretary of the Marquis brought in two glasses of wine, and I drank with the Japanese statesman to the continued friendship of Japan and the United States. As I did so I asked his Excellency if he would not through me send a message to the people of the United States. Marquis Ito thought a moment, and then replied: "You may say for me to your people that Japan has the warmest feeling toward her good and great friend, the United States. We have been associated together for years in the family of nations, and have never had a quarrel nor a disagreement. The United States has always shown herself to be Japan's friend, and the Japanese appreciate that fact, and wish to reciprocate for it in every way we can. You may say that we are therefore especially glad that you have become one of the countries of the Western Pacific, and we sincerely hope that you will find here a profitable field of commerce and investment."

As far as I am personally concerned," Marquis Ito went on with considerable feeling, "I wish to express my kind regards for the people and government of the United States. I have been especially good to me, and I owe them much. I spent a number of months in your country years ago, studying your financial system in your Treasury Department at Washington. This was when Gen. Grant was President, when Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State, and George S. Boutwell Secretary of the Treasury. All were very kind to me, and gave me every assistance possible. It was through those studies that I was able to understand the financial system which Japan now has, and to acquire much other knowledge which has been of great value to me, and, I hope, of value to my country. Yes, I may truly say that I am, and shall always be, a friend of the United States."

What About the Marchioness Ito.

After these words the Marquis Ito cordially shook my hand as he said good-by. At my request he wrote his photograph on the photograph which is published herewith, and at the same time a photograph of Mme. Ito, the Marchioness. Both are excellent likenesses, having been made by a Japanese photographer only a few days ago. The Marchioness, so Marquis Ito tells me, is in excellent health. She spends the most of her time at Marquis Ito's villa by the seashore, which is about two hours' ride from Tokyo. His Excellency goes there every Sunday, in order that he may spend Sunday with her. The Marchioness dresses in European clothes, as do many of the noble ladies of Japan. Marquis Ito, in reply to my question as to whether his wife was interested in politics, said: "No, she has not progressed so far as that yet. Our country is not yet clamoring for political rights, though they may do so by and by."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

[Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

IN THE WRONG BOX.

A ST. VALENTINE'S DAY STORY WITH ITS SCENE AMONG SOLDIERS.

By a Special Contributor.

I AM well aware that I endanger my future peace of mind and comfort by telling this story; and yet the officers in that distant garrison will smile as they rave, knowing full well that the writer never found truer hearts, more unselfish devotion to her sex, or a greater degree of chivalry and kindness than in Fort Kingman, which she has rechristened in order to spare them the mortification of being "written up."

The reading public enjoys true stories and such a noble band of exiles can well afford to share some of their experiences with the more fortunate residents of eastern cities and towns.

Things were getting a little dull at the fort. All summer the bright days had been made brighter by the presence of two young girls, who were guests of the major's wife, and when they left in September, one to return to her home in Boston, and the other to join her father in New York, the skies seemed colder and the social barometer ran down at a fearful rate.

Jack Rathmore, who never ceased joking, even at chapel, mocked all his friends in turn, but in the silence of his own quarters he was heard to say, "Thundering stupid anyway! I wish they had never come out, and then it wouldn't seem so slow and poky now. The major's wife is a gem, but that baby takes up all her time, and the cold weather is sure to keep her shut up. I shall have to scare up something for a sensation. Arnold is hard hit with Peachie Ware, and Drummond has lost his heart to the other one, so all the life of this dried up, doubled up, frozen up, old garrison must emanate from yours truly."

Jack brushed a little dust from his fatigue jacket, looked once more at his handsome face in the small mirror over his home-made bureau and sat down to write a letter home.

He had not penned a line when Lieut. Arnold entered. "Hello," was Jack's greeting, as he sprang up to offer a chair. "Sit down."

"No, I have not time, I have just been in to see the baby and Mrs. Randall wished me to tell you that her boxes would go down early in the morning; the major will send them by express, as they are anxious to have the one for Boston reach there before February 14."

"Why the 14th?" asked Jack. "Oh, I see, St. Valentine's day, and I remember it is also the birthday of Miss Peachie Ware."

Arnold frowned. This familiar pet name had been given the young lady by Jack, from the girl's clear pink and white complexion. The officers had gradually taken it up and when speaking of her invariably called her by Jack's pet name, all save Arnold. When a man is in love with a woman he resents any familiarity whatever in other men.

"Miss Ware," said the lieutenant, with a decided emphasis on the miss, "is to be surprised. She has no idea of a gift from the garrison and we are all invited to send her either a letter of thanks for some trifling memento of her visit here as a valentine."

"Good," said Jack, "that is just like Mrs. Randall, she thinks of every one; what shall I send?"

"Choose for yourself."

"Well," said the imperturbable Jack, "I'll send my latest photo and put an inscription on the back, which will remind her of our desperate ride up the cañon."

"I think good taste would suggest some pleasant reminder," said Arnold, with dignity.

"All right; send your picture then, with this quotation from old John Gay:

"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er.

The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."

"I have executed my commission," said Arnold stiffly; "of course any man is at liberty to hold opinions of his own; and if you choose to pay personal compliments to the lady, she, of course, can receive them as she pleases. Good-by, I am off for a ride with Tommy Blake." Jack Rathmore threw back his head and laughed softly, then he began to talk to himself, as was his custom when alone.

"I declare," said he, "I should hate Arnold for his infernal stiff West Point cut, if I didn't know that he was the best fellow in the world and as brave as a lion. I wish he could get the girl if he wants her, and I know he does, but some of his high-toned nonsense will keep him from asking her; he said the other day, 'that a man must have unlimited nerve to ask a petted and accomplished woman to come out here to live, but somehow they come; and this garrison would be a hole, indeed, without Lady Randall and those youngsters.'"

Jack mused awhile and then remembered that he, having only one hour before inspection, several things must be attended to, he wrote rapidly:

"Dearest: The old fort is gloomy enough since dear Miss Ware left us. Arnold has lost his heart to her, and is too proud to say so, but if I know the lady, she would go to Kamschatka for the sake of the man she loves; and Arnold is a man worth going a long way for. A little high and mighty as you know, but solid and true; hello, they are calling me. This is for the special box, so it will reach you sooner than a regular letter."

"I send a little 'tenner from your loving Valentine, "JACK."

The second letter was written that night after taps, and read as follows:

"Dear Miss Ware: They are good enough to let us send a line to greet you on your birthday, and I shall avail myself of the privilege. We miss you tremendously; Blake has no one to sing with now and Arnold, poor old man, is all broken up; I have hardly seen him smile since you left. He is a superb man, plucky, full of gentlemanly instincts and would make himself famous anywhere but in the service. We vegetate in these outposts save when you ladies come; and then we are roused to action. The redskins have kept us pretty busy this fall, however, and

the eastern people never know how many dangers we encounter, but that is part of the play.

"Do come back, Miss Ware, and keep us from growing into cabbage heads. Yours sincerely,

"JACK RATHMORE."

The next morning everything was bustle and confusion about the fort. The old stage wagon with four mules attached, stood in the driveway before the major's quarters; two privates, who had been granted a brief furlough, were already seated in the stage with their much-worn grips piled on behind.

Officers were running in and out, and an orderly stood in the doorway waiting to put in the last nail, after each officer had deposited his letter or gift.

The New York box and the Boston box stood side by side, and Mrs. Randall remarked in a suggestive manner, that hers must go on the very top, if some one would take the baby Maude, one moment.

A dozen hands were stretched out to the beautiful child, but her own dimpled ones were extended to Lieut. Arnold, for some reason he was her favorite; and in an instant the little thing was tugging away at his mustache, which his friends declared was the pride of his heart.

"Come, Jack, bring your letters," said Mrs. Randall, "you are always last."

"Well, the last shall be first, you know," said Jack as he tucked a letter in each box.

"What a lovely birthday it will be," said Mrs. Randall. "I can see the dear girl opening it and I am sure you have all written something nice to her."

"I have, of course," said Jack; "I shall never forget her. Can't you get her out next year, Mrs. Randall?"

"Why, my boy, we have not the least idea where we shall be ourselves next year. There that will do now; drive the nails in good and strong; the stage has waited long enough. Come, baby daughter, you must not tire out the patience of Mr. Arnold."

Arnold was intently engaged in showing a watch charm and baby was loath to leave her pleasant seat on his lap.

"Oh, let her rest in peace, dear Mrs. Randall," said Jack, who by virtue of being the youngest officer in garrison, and the happiest, was allowed certain liberties of speech accorded to no one else.

Jack always went to Mrs. Randall for a little "mothering," and although he never knew it, his own charming mother had entreated Mrs. Randall to "watch over her boy."

The mules went off with a grand flourish, and cheers from the little group, and Jack with great gravity escorted Mrs. Randall to the piano.

"Lady Maude cannot have you now," he said. "I must try that sonata. Writing home always gives a fellow the blues, and Arnold can call the nurse if he gets tired."

Mrs. Randall was never known to refuse a kindness, and under all the brave seeming of the "boys," as she fondly called them, she knew that homesick longings came upon them, whenever any of the garrison left, or the home mail was made up.

The truth was she "mothered" the entire command, and was accused by her husband of spoiling them.

She sat down to the piano and struck the key while Jack tuned his violin. Soon delightful music filled the little room and made one or two officers who were lingering upon the piazza come back to listen. Jack's music was his safety valve, and it is a grand one for man or woman.

Twelve days later the boxes were in their destinations and Mrs. Randall received the strangest letter she had ever read and from her boy. Knowing as she did all the happenings of the garrison, she recognized the fact that the valentine which Jack intended for her had probably gone to Boston.

Meantime, Miss Ware, who was dressing for a party to be given in her honor, was surprised by the arrival of a compact box from Fort Kingman. It was brought at once to her room and on the very top she found the dainty missive of her beloved Mrs. Randall, informing her that every one at the fort had sent her a valentine.

She opened the second envelope and out dropped a \$10 bill, then she began to read, "Dearest—" and as she read she blushed and looked puzzled.

To her maid, who was assisting her, she said lightly, "Some of the officers have probably accepted my offer of shopping for them; but later on, when all the box was emptied, it was observed that a letter signed 'your loving valentine, Jack,' had been securely locked in her dressing-case."

The party over, it was taken out and once more examined, and although a telegram had been forwarded by her father thanking the friends at the fort for their kindness, Miss Ware resolved to remain silent about the \$10 note and the letter addressed "Dearest" until she might wonder upon it.

While so engaged on the following day, she received a special letter, which read as follows:

"My Dear Miss Ware: Our letters from Fort Kingman have been exchanged, I think, or put into the wrong box. My careless boy has evidently sent mine to you, and I take pleasure in forwarding by special delivery one which certainly belongs to you, adding to it my kindest wishes to those of the garrison. MARY RATHMORE."

The next mail carried the note and \$10 bill to Mrs. Rathmore, with a message that filled the mother's heart with joy.

"It is a pleasure to know your bright gifted son, and I owe him many thanks for his kindness to me at the fort. His greatest attraction and noblest trait to me, is the loving adoration he shows for his mother. If you ever come to Boston to visit us, and let me tell you more of the surroundings of Mr. Rathmore, and his great assistance in the garrison. His violin playing is one of the principal attractions. Yours with sincere esteem,

"MAUDE WARE."

Although Miss Ware sent back the letter, she remembered the words concerning Lieut. Arnold, and when he comes East next Valentine's day there is to be a fine wedding in a charming Boston home, owing to the letter in the wrong box.

Did Jack make a mistake?

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

[Copyrighted, 1900, by the author.]

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke

FICTION.

A New Dress for the Works of Charlotte Brontë.

IT IS a very rare thing in this world that men return unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. And especially in matters of literary honors. Therefore this new Haworth edition is a tribute, exceedingly pleasant amidst so many literary crimes and the loud blowings of trumpets before what is said to be a star, a goddess, or worse still, a god who is in truth nothing more than a tadpole which has not as yet shed its tail.

The biographical edition of Thackeray—and now, the Haworth edition—after all it would seem our generation is not quite beyond salvation. The works of E. P. Roe are sold by the thousands and "In His Steps," they say, by the millions—I know that, and also that Andrew Lang is disgusted with the thing; indeed, it is enough to turn the stomach, literary, I mean, of any decent man. But of course the heathens do and perhaps will rage and the Philistines dream vain things till the end of men.

"Jane Eyre"—then two years later came "Shirley." And "Shirley" makes the volume second of the present series of seven. All the world ought to know this story well by this time, but it doesn't; for the same reason, perhaps, that it ought to know well a good thing—for example, the love of good God or the sweet purity of woman's love—and it doesn't.

The introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward—which is certainly a feature—is a good one. Only some portion of it ought to have been placed at the end of the volume; ought to have been an appendix. For the impression of a book should fall upon a white and blank mind; you should not print on the paper already crawled upon. From it you may learn some things which you might not have known before and which would help you to see why it was that there are so many dark shadows in the book; and what a heroic spirit Charlotte Brontë was who, in spite of "moments so dark as these I have never known" (as she wrote on the morning of her sister, Emily's, death) scattered so many genial spots, which are quaintly cheery and bright, throughout the book.

"She talks in March, 1840," writes Mrs. Ward, "three months after Emily's death, two months before Ann's—of the 'intense attachment' with which 'our hearts clung to Emily' and then she adds: 'She was scarce buried when Ann's health failed—her decline is gradual and fluctuating, but its nature is not doubtful.' Yet in these spring days, between the two deaths, she has taken up her pen again."

Sorrow is not a bad thing for some of the mortals. It is one of the choicest gifts of the gods—so say some, and they who say that are wise. And especially true is this with the sensitive race called the artist. The writer, the painter, the musician, or the sculptor, turns his soul into a garden. And the flower that would bloom there must be fed with dews and rains, too, which anguish distills and which are something more than mere tears. Without her experiences, I am not so certain that Miss Brontë could have written that famous chapter which she calls, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" and opens:

"The future sometimes seems to sob a low warning of the events it is bringing us, like some gathering, though yet remote, storm, which, in tones of the wind, in flushings of the firmament, in clouds strangely torn, announces a blast strong to strew the sea with wrecks; or commissioned to bring in fog the yellow taint of pestilence, covering white western isles with the poisoned exhalations of the East, dimming the lattices of English homes with the breath of Indian plague."

For, after all, imagination has no more excellent material to build with than experiences, and no better food to wax strong upon than memory.

Mrs. Ward, and with her a number of others, does not think it the masterpiece of Miss Brontë, at the same time, the least thing you can say of "Shirley" is that it is a large work. Mrs. Ward does not like some chapters in it—XIV, XVI, and XVII, for example—wherein (that is to say, as Mrs. Ward sees them), "that angel of imagination, to which she pays so many a glowing tribute in the course of her work, seems to droop its wing beside her," and which "are really scene-shifting chapters while the new act is preparing." Mrs. Ward finds also in it "common-places writ large; a tendency to produce pages of 'copy,' pages that any 'descriptive reporter' could do as well; an Extravagance" (the capital E is not mine) "which is not power, but rather a kind of womanish violence, etc." All of which shows that Mrs. Ward is much wiser than her novels show herself to be—a very happy thing, therefore.

Wrote Andrew Lang—a man of experiences on this line: "Often in writing 'introductions' more or less critical, to the novels of Scott and Dickens, especially Dickens, I have felt as if it were 'seeing the kid in the mother's milk.' What business had I, what business has anybody, to come with objections and criticisms between the author and his public?" But of course the garden must be cultivated; so also the taste of the reading public. The natural tendency of the soil and man is to choke themselves with weeds. And so Mrs. Ward may not break her heart because of a remark or two on her introduction which are not altogether complimentary.

When all is said, however, the hand that sketched Mr. Yorke in the opening paragraph of chapter IV is a master hand and makes you think of Rembrandt. And I do not know what to think of a man who would not like to be thrilled once more with that shudder that is ecstasy which certain bits of descriptive paragraphs of Miss Brontë seem to know so well to give you—for example, this:

"One mild May evening, Caroline passing near about moonrise, and feeling, though weary, yet unwilling to go home . . . sat down on the mossy ground near the gate, and gazed through toward cedar and mansion. It was a still night—calm, dewy, cloudless; the gables turned to the west, reflected the clear amber of the horizon they faced; the oaks behind were black; the cedar was blacker; under its dense, raven boughs, a glimpse of sky opened

gravely blue; it was full of the moon, which looked solemnly and mildly down on Caroline from beneath that somber canopy."

And that depth of love which woman feels, and men do not—so women say—and therefore a woman alone can depict—that, of course, is the special realm—the queenland of Miss Brontë. But what a superfluous thing I am saying.

[The Haworth Edition. Vol. II. Shirley. By Charlotte Brontë. With an introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harpers: New York. Price \$1.75.]

R. H. Savage's New Yarn.

Rome and the Mediterranean—happy stage to lay a story on—happy from the artistic standpoint. But Richard Henry Savage is not the writer of literature (as the thing of art); he is preëminently a good story-teller. And that is doubtless the reason why Rome and the Mediterranean do not seem as congenial to him as, say, Russia.

Hardly anything is lacking in Mr. Savage to make him an exceedingly popular writer. It does not take a cultivated taste to appreciate him; he does not write over the heads of a sophomore at the highest. Some of the speeches of Landon in this book would be perfectly at home in a freshman oration. This for example:

"A fairy island, floating on an enchanted sea," he murmured. "No wonder the world-sated Tiberius dreamed away ten years in this delightful maze. With his twelve villas dedicated to the Gods—his great palace, 'Villa Jovis'—the proud Roman thought little as he governed the world from his island speck, that the pale face of the Martyr of Calvary would drive his gods away into eternal oblivion."

You like to see a good melodrama on the stage, do you not? and do not regret the time spent seeing it. And so you did not regret the time you devoted to "My Official Wife." This is not nearly as good as that St. Petersburg story, still you can recognize without any trouble the same hand in this also. When you are too mad, too bored,



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

too sad to do anything worth the doing, then betake yourself to the romances of Mr. Savage. They may do you a deal of good.

But the story? It is the story of a few Americans in Rome and of many adventures—a charming, beautiful heiress, a villain of a millionaire, a hero of a captain, true love, and its rough road, narrow escapes, and the rescue by the hero (and the author, doubtless wishing to impress upon his public the heroic quality of his captain, makes him rescue his beloved twice in the book, from bandits first and then from the waters), all these are there. More than this, however, one must not say about the story; he will spoil the zest of it.

[Capt. Landon. By Richard Henry Savage. Rand, McNally Co.: Chicago. Price \$1.25.]

Love Amid the Flood.

It is a picture of the plantation life at San Isidro; and as such it has much merit. There is a good story in it, too, and a strong situation at the close of the book. The author should, however, have told the story, as a story pure and simple, in twenty pages instead of 300. Even as a picture of a life, one feels very strongly that it has entirely too many words—at least through the first 200 pages. The character of Agueda is faithfully painted; the one real somebody in the book. The others are mere puppets. She is a simple girl of Spanish descent, but her mother was an octoroon. She is a touching character. She falls in love with Don Beltran and is loved by him—that is for a time (how manlike this does sound!) But because she was not a new woman, she trusted man, and something more fickle than he—Future. And in the evil course of time, there dropped into the life of her lover an American butterfly—I mean, a night moth—Felisa by name. And once again man proves—as if some idiotic angel is still in doubt on this point—what a fool he is and the old story repeats itself in the breaking of the simple girl's heart.

There are some vivid touches in the description of the flood:

"There were no stars; there was no moon. Yet it must rise soon."

"Suddenly the lantern was overturned and its light ex-

tinguished, making more ominous the night. It leaped and leaped and leaped. It eddied round the corners of the case. It eddied round the weak places. One could hear it ripping at unstable portions of the house, through the interior. Grinding noises were heard from the roots and trunks of trees were borne and a flood against the walls. They piled the furniture against the southern end, remaining thus for a short time, and then, overpowered by the rush and force of the parted company, some to hasten along on the case, and some on the other."

It is one of the tragedies of the West Indies, storied more than once, but the theme is new.

[San Isidro. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowinshield. Stone: Chicago.]

HISTORY.

Rome and Her Ruins.

There are many people who would love to see the thing of the art treasures of Rome, how the palaces, circuses, amphitheaters, theaters, arches, columns, obelisks, temples, domes, have been and how it came to pass that they lay the face of the earth, some of them without the faintest trace behind them.

A volume that comes to us bears the name of Rodolfo Lanciani. And that means that we have an authoritative voice on this subject; and we are made glad. It is a brief summing up of many a year's work of painstaking research, a runner and promise of a much more pretentious the author. It deals mainly with the transformations of the city of Rome and her ruins. It tells you that the time-honored certain school of historians on the ruins placed upon the barbarians is not a very good thing of their own republican emperors, and later on the robbers, and holy whims and avarices of the popes, the floods were very much more responsible than you tell you how Alaric and his friends paid the price in 410; what the sack by the Vandals, how even unto this day is remembered the sack of the Bourbon in one of the familiar lullabies sung over a restless cradle: "Fatti la nanna, Barboni!—Go to sleep, Barboni is gone!"

"The sacred precincts of St. Peter's far from the hands of the Catholic Spaniards and Lombards had at the hands of the Saracens in 844," says Lanciani, describing the cruel pillage of 1587. "They searched every tomb. They stripped the bones of its pontifical vestments; they gambled with booty, and rested themselves by lying down on the venerable altars; . . . they stabled the aises of the sanctuary, preparing the precious manuscripts collected by Pius II. and his predecessors."

A valuable historical contribution; valuable for the artists and architects of the present time, it points for them to the high water mark of the efforts of men once attained. It may not be too, to the vanity of the gamy today, but it is a "colossal enterprise" world without end, to think of the Circus Maximus, which could hold 250,000 spectators and of which "when Trajan gave it to his own imperial balcony, the available space increased by 5000 seats."

[The Destruction of Ancient Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani, Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome. Macmillan Company: New York.]

A Story of the Boers.

"A plain, unvarnished tale," says the author, "word. That is the statement of his ambition for the book. The author has studied, it is carefully, and from good authorities, too, the singularly interesting people—the people who have caught the world by the ear nearly as the New England farmers about Concord. It is a historical epitome of the people; and it is written for the author aimed, in a plain, straightforward way for himself and happily for his readers, he is in refraining from entering into the fashionable worded opinions. Of course he, and not as a book; his views naturally color the presentation to some extent. That is as it should be. You can get a congregation of data, geographical, industrial, and political, gathered here, so that you may form your own opinion in regard to the people dislike to hear many opinions of the Boers are right, or the English, in this conflict, one or the other ought to come out victorious. Other entertaining discussions; but at the same time are many men and women who can afford to be war much better than Mr. Hoek." There may be a very few things in the book other people—for example, the writers of the which he gathered the material—did not know. But a dictionary is not an original composition. The Times is now offering this book as a part of each subscription prepaid for six months, and it to Times' subscribers only at 50 cents a copy. [The Afrianders. By Le Roy Hooker. Macmillan Co.: Chicago.]

POETRY.

From a California Poet.

Another volume of verses comes down from the cisco way. A number of the poems are on subjects; and others are on love, of course, and you are apt to see in a model home—a half-

uke.

the sound of

the veranda

and hear it

were heard

and were

themselves

and force at

ing on one

winshield

love to know

ers, basilisks

they have

without

the name of

that we are

and the

ing up, the

searches and

pretensions

the destruc-

her and an-

mored blame

the declin-

very just

ter on the

of Pope

able for the

Vandals

the visit of

ples which

a nina, a

fared well

Lombardi

," says

"The

the corpor-

gambled

ing stretch-

ed this

their

II. and

valuable

of tele-

mark unit

not do

Uncle Jaber come to see my folks an' me out here, the California's summers keep lingerin' through the year, and I took one look around, an' then he says, 'Amen—' papyrus shene like fields of gold—he whispered it again;

when I asked him why, he says: 'Sech glory, every-where! know, my boy, it seems tew me jest like old natur's prayer; when he kind o' sighed, an' says: 'I wish yew'd tell, I vum, how yew folks what's living here can tell when winter's come.'

and him where mountains glow like fields by angels' feet.

how the rose keeps smilin' back unto the smile o' God, how the rivers sparkle on without no ice to chill, how the birds with their songs keep nature all a-thrill;

he, he just stood there and breathed as though the air was dear.

says: 'Ef this is heaven—well, say, how did I git here? don't have things like this back East; it ain't the same tew hum.

inarnation dew yew tell when winter time hes come?'

and here is another bit:

'O'er the sea of dreams to the sweet Dreamland—Oh, little my love, come hither, I pray, And place in my own your wee white hand

And we will go sailing away, away, Down the path of gold by the Isles of Rest, O'er the slumberous depths of the Sundown Sea.'

have quoted some lines; I do not mean to say anything of them. I am sure you can judge these things much better than I can.

Some Homely Little Songs. By Alfred James Waterhouse. The Whitaker & Ray Co.: San Francisco.]

LITERARY NOTES.

The Late and Lays, by Charles Stuart Welles (Macmillan Company, New York.) is a slender volume of about 100 pages, filled with rather gracefully commonplace poems mostly on sentimental themes.

Stanley Waterloo's new book, "The Seekers," has been noted because of the care which he has expended upon revision. The investigation of the material for it occupied a great deal of time and was done with the thoroughness which always characterizes Mr. Waterloo's work. He was not content with a superficial knowledge of the Christian Science movement and the faith healers who have grown out of it. He preferred to go to the root of the matter and discover the motives which inspire these healers and the methods which they employ to gain their ends.

The leading article in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for February is entitled "South Sea Bubbles in Science," and sounds a much-needed warning against the delusion of the general public toward anything labeled science, and their readiness to put money into enterprises depending on processes about which they know nothing. It is written by Prof. Trowbridge of Harvard University. The mechanism of the trolley car is clearly described and explained by William Baxter, Jr., C.E. Prof. Charles A. Briggs, who was recently expelled from the Presbyterian church and immediately admitted to the Episcopal ranks, contributes an interesting and very timely article under the title, "Is the Christian Religion Declining?" He believes not.

The special features of the American Monthly Review Reviewers are an illustrated character sketch of the late Wright L. Moody, by George P. Morris; "A French View of the German Empire," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin; a sketch of the services of the late Gen. Lawton, by his old commander, Gen. O. O. Howard; a sketch of the career of Lord Marshal Lord Roberts; a paper on "The Perilous Position of England," by W. T. Stead; and a brief article "The Treasury and the Money Market," by Charles A. Briggs.

"Have and To Hold," the stirring novel of the James-son settlement, by Mary Johnston, whose "Prisoners of War" was such unstinted praise from the critics, and such a sensation from the reading public, will be published in the middle of February by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The story has appeared serially in the Atlantic Monthly, and in the last three months its publication greatly increased the sales of the magazine. Nothing since "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," has had so marked an effect on the circulation of the Atlantic.

"Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins at home," in Harper's Bazar for January 27, is an exhaustive paper on the home life and personality of America's popular woman author. In the same number Mrs. Calvé, Emma Eames, Schumann-Berke, Sembrich, Nordica, and Suzanne Adams give practical advice to young singers.

A forthcoming volume which will be welcomed by every inclined general readers, as well as by philanthropic workers, is Riis's "Ten Years' War." It is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. No one among those who have battled with the slum has won greater respect for his sincerity, or greater regard for his knowledge of the subject, than Mr. Riis.

In Collier's weekly for January 27, Julian Ralph, special correspondent with the British army, has a graphic account of how the Modder River battle was fought. Mr. Ralph witnessed the battle. He says the battle was really won by the British. In the same number Capt. Carter of the United States Army, tells the story of how Lawton captured the Boers. Edgar Fawcett presents a new view of the South African conflict in his article, "England in Time of War." The fiction is a short story by S. R. Crockett.

With its February number the Critic inaugurates a new department made up of reports from the public libraries, and subscription, in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Each library sends a list, prepared by the librarians, of the ten most called-for books other than fiction (though one novel is admitted) during the month.

In Scribner's Magazine for February is a brilliant essay on Chopin as a psychologist and poet, by James Huneker,

and also an article on "The Master of Edgewood," by Arthur Reed Kimball, who writes on that gracious and personal side of Mr. Mitchell's long literary career which is associated with his farm and his friends.

The London Academy offered a premium of 100 guineas for the most important contribution to the literature of 1897. This the judges awarded to Stephen Phillips for his book of poems—a volume containing "Christ in Hades," "Marpessa" and other now well-known verse. The volume is, at present, in its fifth edition. But more popular still is Mr. Phillips's latest book—a drama in four acts, entitled "Paolo and Francesca," which, though first issued only in December, has just reached its seventh thousand. It is published in London and New York by John Lane.

THE STORY OF FUNG HEE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN she left China and crossed the great ocean to live in San Francisco, Fung Hee was a proud bride.

No care, no sorrow had been hers; never, in her golden life of seventeen years, had there been occasion to even theorize concerning unhappiness. Hers was the Sign of The Crab, polarized in a particularly lucky planet; therefore was Fung Hee the extremely beautiful daughter of a wealthy father, the bride of a rich and scholarly merchant. Envious among all women were those born under her star. Every day of her young girlhood had been passed in refined idleness and elegant seclusion and, until her wedding day, her eyes had seen no men but two, her father and her father's son.

And Fung Hee, so exquisite was the type of her beauty, was exactly like a goddess on an ancient print. Her skin was smooth and clear and yellow; her slanting classic eyebrows were like the dainty leaf of the willow; her shoulders drooped gracefully; her bust was delicately flat. Then, being from the Amoy district, of course she had the golden-lily feet. Certainly, a girl of her refinement and extraordinary beauty might easily have married the rich old mandarin, had he only been properly approached by the go-between.

The trousseau had cost Fung Hee's father just one year's income, but then he actually loved his daughter—almost as much as his son; he was said to be very eccentric. The frocks and the trousers and the under tunics were all of the richest silks—silks so honestly, so skillfully woven that they could be worn by three generations. There were hampers full of them; though she lived to be a great-grandmother, Fung Hee would never, never have need to ask her man to buy her one frock. Three large red lacquer boxes contained her fans, her tiny, embroidered shoes and her hair, wrist, ear and ankle ornaments. Another big box of persimmon-colored lacquer, cleverly carved and bound with heavy metal, held her five smoking sets—solid silver, with amber, jade and turquoise settings.

Her new home in Chinatown, San Francisco, was strangely unlike her father's house, yet was it very pleasing to her fastidious little bridehood; it was really splendid in a Chinese-American fashion. Ponderous teakwood tables and chairs, handsomely carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, were set at regular intervals against the walls; there were rich crimson and gilt carvings overhead; there was a splendid shrine with the family tablets of her man; not even in the big joss-house were there picture-writings so exquisitely done as those which hung in the rooms of Fung Hee. Her tea things were all of the thinnest porcelain and, when struck, they vibrated like little silver and golden bells. And then there were American mirrors everywhere and a wonderful onyx clock that struck every hour, and a splendid red Brussels carpet. Of course, such elegance had cost her man a very great deal of money.

Fung Hee never went abroad, not even to the joss-house or the theater; yet her life seemed crowded with pleasures. There were several big-footed women to wait upon her, to bring her tea, to light her pipe, to gossip with her; and the big-footed wives of her man's relatives, arrayed in several of their best frocks, called frequently to privately inspect and criticize—to openly admire. Indeed, there were few opportunities for loneliness or the terrible, terrible homesickness. Then, every day, her man brought her a new bracelet or a fan, or a strange American book with pictures, or a basket of American sweets. He was such a refined and elegant gentleman—and he was so rich and generous. Ah! what luck to get such a husband! Fung Hee was really immoderately happy during those idyllic days of her honeymoon.

One of the chief joys of Fung Hee's new life was a little balcony, with quaint wooden frills and grills, high above the cobblestones of the narrow, busy street and opening from her bed chamber. Painted silken lanterns, with bead pendants, swung lazily in the sea breeze, blue and jade-colored flowerpots were on the broad railing and in them bloomed lilies, marigolds and mignonette. To the gentle little lady from the Flowery Kingdom, these were a deep and a constant delight. They were exactly like her mother's flowers in the high-walled garden back in China.

It was on this balcony that the dainty, calm-souled Fung Hee dreamed away many delicious hours. Sometimes, when the mornings were a bit long and Fung Hee would be sitting with her fan and wondering and wondering about the big, busy city beneath her balcony, a servant from the very grandest eating-house in Chinatown would suddenly appear, bearing upon his head a great square wooden tray, splendidly lacquered in crimson and gold. Under the scarlet napkin, in covered blue and green bowls, were sure to be steaming rice and dried-duck broth, pig's liver crisped in oil, leavened biscuit and candied limes; perhaps, a diminutive teapot of Chinese brandy. In the afternoons she would sit there with her favorite side-woman, Ah Goy (a slant-eyed girl of 15, with full red lips), who would sing classic love songs to her or play dominoes with her. Then, in the evenings, her man would come. Many and many a time he stayed away from the

elegant suppers of his distinguished friends, just to be with her, to sip tea and eat sweetmeats with his pretty, little toy wife, whom he really admired very much. He would sit very near her on the balcony, smoking his long pipe and chatting tenderly, while the big-footed girl, with her queer guitar, sat in the shadowy distance singing softly to them, in high, clear head tones most marvelous. Ah! life was so sweet and golden!

But, after the first year of Fung Hee's bridehood, the honeymoon waned suddenly.

It was then that Fung Hee's man seldom spent an evening with his principal-wife; when he did come, he was silent and unspeaking; frequently he would go away without giving her one admiring glance. Of course, having been gently bred, Fung Hee humbled herself properly, yet unavailingly; her man looked upon her with aversion. Without avail, did she spend weary, weary hours praying before the joss and burning great bunches of the most expensive incense; she prayed and prayed and prayed for a million sons, yet was no son born to Fung Hee. All the coarse, big-footed wives of her man's relations openly sneered at her and her side-woman became impertinent and inattentive. Even the joss despised her. In the night time, when silence and horrible blackness made up the big universe, Fung Hee would sometimes beat her head upon the floor—and her little pillow of lacquered wood would be blurred with hot, bitter tears. But, with the morning, alluring hopes would come to her childlike heart.

Yet, as the lonely days dragged by, Fung Hee became miserable—miserable beyond expression. She was really unaware of any need of sympathy; she merely comprehended that she was a disgrace to the mother who bore her and a thorn in the side of the man who had wedded her. Very properly, she loathed herself.

With only her wretched thoughts for company, she would hobble about on her poor little feet from the shrine to her balcony, from her balcony to her bed, unconsciously, unceasingly. No one saw the tear-dimmed eyes; no one stroked tenderly the delicate little hand. Perhaps the lilies on the balcony rail best knew the depth of her suffering and they breathed a sweet and direct sympathy, as Fung Hee swayed about on her little feet, from one fragrant jar of bloom to another, caressing each with her pointed, childlike fingers. But the joss continued indifferent; on her face before him, she frequently wept—loudly and hysterically; but he never heard her. Life was no longer sweet and golden; it was bitter, it was worthless. In a strange land and in a solitary way, did the gentle Fung Hee learn the meaning of Sorrow, the joylessness of living without Love.

Her man spent his evenings with Ah Goy.

One night, as Fung Hee sat with her shining little head resting on the balcony railing, she recognized the hurried step of her man in the passageway. Her head grew giddy immediately and her heart beat with a great joy—a foolish joy and as intense as pain. Then the voice of a spirit whispered: "Hi yahl! your man comes; he again loves you!" But it was the voice of a delusive spirit.

Fung Hee rose to her feet, trembling like a slender flower in the night breeze, but her man stopped at the window of her balcony. Coldly and with averted eyes, he said: "Ah Goy has borne a son." That was all and, as he haughtily left the room, Fung Hee could hear the cry of a young child in the apartments of the side-woman! With wholly unapparent emotion, she resumed her seat on the teakwood stool and again rested her head on the railing, breathing the enervating perfume of her beloved lilies.

For a while, she was unaware of her own existence—she thought of nothing whatever, not even of a lotus leaf in Paradise. Her heart was undergoing a certain disastrous process, but she sat quietly and calmly; tears were no longer possible with Fung Hee. Yet, it must have been two or three hours later, when she entered her bedchamber, she really looked strangely old and unbecomingly; her delicate cheeks were sunken—her eyes shone much too brightly. Perhaps the evil spirits of her ancestors were with her.

It was in a silent, but a nevertheless terrible despair that she suddenly seized her incense sticks and the dish of peanut oil and hurled them into the street below. She never once glanced at the big joss, before whom she had clasped her hands and prayed loudly for so many, many moons. Then, in a really frightful haste, Fung Hee pulled down her long black hair (that only two days before had been so carefully perfumed and pomaded) and tore the rich embroidery from the sleeves of her frock with her sharp little teeth. All this was exceedingly strange in a delicately-bred, flower-like lady.

On one of the high, narrow tables, were her favorite tea-bowl and her fan with the carved sticks. Was it not a pity to shiver such a dainty porcelain thing on the floor? It was certainly amazing to see the fan broken as easily as a rice-straw in the hands of Fung Hee, the childlike hands that never before had known strength—little hands (so her man had once told her) made only for caresses and to pluck tender flowers. But Fung Hee was no longer sweetly placid, a child and a toy; she was a heart-broken woman—she was hopeless and defiant.

It was an evil sight to see such a bit of womankind struggling wildly with those great hampers of her wedding garments, to see such childlike fingers tear the beautiful silks into tatters; silently, too, without one sob or tear-drop. Certainly the evil spirits of all her ancestors were with Fung Hee.

Fung Hee's man had drunk many cups of heated wine the night a son was born in his house; therefore it was well to walk in the chill air of the early gray morning. He was like one in a trance, as he left his doorway, seeing nothing but a proud future; his head was high, his queue swung in a manner unwontedly important. But, had not a son been born to perpetuate his line forever, a son to bow to his tablet, to remember his needs when his soul should have passed into the great world of spirits? Would not a son—but what in the name of The Five Causes of Trouble was that small bundle of rumpled silks over which he stumbled and fell? Ah; it must have fallen from the balcony overhead. Hi yahl! What—

There was a suppressed outcry and a dreadful oriental oath, as her man turned over the little bundle with his foot and recognized the bruised, the dead face of Fung Hee.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Sent a Living New Year's Card.

THE mails are extremely irregular just now in South Africa and the railroads are mostly in the hands of the warring forces. Consequently friends living in different parts of the country are forced to use the native Kaffirs as a means of communication. Notes and letters entrusted to their hands are not always sure of delivery, for, though as a rule faithful, the Kaffirs sometimes lose the packages with which they are entrusted. One man, who wished to send the compliments of the holiday season to some friends living beyond the enemy's lines, adopted a plan by which, if the messenger got through all right, there would be no danger about the delivery of the message. He simply painted his good wishes in white paint on the black chest of the boy and sent him out as a living New Year's card to call at the residence of his friend. The journey was safely accomplished, and the messenger was proud of the impression which he had made.—[London Letter.]

Vandals Destroying Dewey Arch.

IT BEGINS to look as if the Dewey memorial arch, at Madison Square, will not stand a year, in spite of the declaration of the citizens' committee for perpetuating the arch that it will remain where it is for that length of time. Vandals and relic hunters have a clear field for their depredations now. Great pieces of plaster have been cut away all around the structure, and ornamentation has been ruthlessly removed by people who cannot keep their hands off a public monument unless they are closely watched. As one of the storekeepers in the neighborhood remarked this morning, the arch is rapidly becoming an eyesore. Not only is it badly hacked, but the ubiquitous pencil fool has written his autograph and dozens of silly screeds all over the arch and its attendant columns, wherever he could reach. A detail of police was assigned to stand guard over the arch for a month after Dewey day. Then the guard was cut down to one patrolman, and now even this solitary watcher has been removed. Either police protection must be given to the arch or it will have to be torn down in deference to the demands of estheticism.—[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Latest Style in Baby Buggies.

THE New York infant born to a fortune takes his airing nowadays in the newest thing in English baby carriages. It is called the "Princess Victoria," and in price it ranges from \$60 to \$75. It is sold at a swagger English place uptown, and is warranted to be the kind of thing used in the British royal family. It is built in carriage style, with "C" springs, and is either white, gray or black. The vehicle is the perfection of comfort for the precious baby, and is as aristocratic-looking as it is comfortable. One may see these baby carriages in charge of disdainful nurses in Frenchy black and white costumes in Fifth avenue and Central Park any fine afternoon, and when you see them you know you are gazing on the very latest and most luxurious thing in perambulators.—[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Cultivating Sponges.

IN FLORIDA attempts have been made to cultivate sponges, and the industry is successful. The United States Fisheries Commission, on finding that the sponge fisheries were becoming extinct, supplied those who wished them with the spores of the animals for their propagation. There are now many sponge beds, or farms, along the coast.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Women as Criminals.

PROF. MANTEGAZZA, having recently searched criminal statistics, produces figures to show that men convicted of crimes far outnumber women. Some of his most interesting data are as follows: Man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's 17. Man for forgery and counterfeit coining was convicted 100 times to woman's 11. In France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. In France in 1880 women delinquents were 14 to 100 men. In Italy in the same year they were only 9 per cent. In Algeria we have 66 male delinquents and only 4 women. In England and Wales, between 1834 and 1842, there were 24 women to 300 men, all for the more serious offences. In 1871 Dr. Nicholson found in the prisons in England 8218 men and 1217 women. In Bavaria, from 1862 to 1866, in a population consisting solely of peasants, the women who were condemned were in proportion 29 to 100 men. In the prisons of Turin, from 1871 to 1884, the women in respect to men are represented by a figure of 13 to 67 per cent.—[New York Tribune.]

Cars Cooled by Electricity.

A PARTY of New York electricians and newspaper men have arrived here from New Orleans on a special train composed of the private car Olivet and a refrigerator car. They have completed a successful test of a new system of freight car refrigeration operated by electricity generated by friction from the axle of the car. At New Orleans, the outside atmosphere was about 35 deg. The inside car temperature was about 40, as the result of the experiment of the previous day. At Mobile the temperature of the car was 31, and at Montgomery 30 deg.

Experts on the train declare the test means the abandonment of ice for cooling cars carrying perishable products. Refrigeration by expansion is an American system. When the car stops refrigeration is maintained by a storage battery system of electricity cells supplied by the surplus power generated by the axle while the car is in motion.

Both the refrigerating car and the private car, which is equipped with the axle electric lighting system, were inspected by many railroad men and shippers during the week's trip through the South. The lighting system was merely an exhibition, the method being already in suc-

cessful operation on several roads.—[Montgomery (Ala.) Correspondence New York Mail and Express.]

An Empress Who Wrestles.

THE Empress Dowager of China is described by an English lady, who has spent the greater part of her life in the Celestial Empire, as a much more remarkable woman than most Europeans suppose. She is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable specimens of Chinese art. Strange as it may seem, Her Majesty is also said to be fond of wrestling.—[New York Herald.]

Senator Chandler's Golden Covered Woodbox.

THERE is a woodbox in the room of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, that is worth more than the notice it receives. It is the receptacle in which Senator Chandler keeps the supply of oak knots for the cheerful grate fire that gives the committee-room an inviting appearance. The correspondents, intent upon getting news about the Quay case from the committee clerk, sit upon it, for it is covered with cloth of a golden hue and appears to be upholstered. The appearance is not deceptive. It is upholstered, and that, too, with about as expensive material as can be found. The covering for the box cost the people of the United States \$3000. It is the finest kind of silk, woven in a pattern made exclusively for the Senate. There are two thicknesses of the silk, so the seat is a comfortable one.

Several years ago the silk was draped around a window. It was in two pieces, and each cost \$1500. In those days \$3000 was not considered a very extravagant price to pay for a pair of curtains. Nowadays it is commented upon if the Senate pays half that much.

For a few months the Senators liked the curtains. For some unrecorded reason they ceased to please the Senatorial eye and they were taken down. Three thousand dollars' worth of silk was too much, however, to be thrown into the trumpery room at once, so the curtains were cut down to suit the length of a door and they became portieres. Their stay there was measured by comparatively few months, and then they were thought fit only for storage in the official tinker's workshop.

One day Senator Chandler's eyes were offended by the nakedness of his woodbox, so off it was packed to the dark places under the Capitol terrace, where bread was baked by the millions of loaves for the Federal volunteers during the civil war. The inquisitive Chandler, who comes as near being a human interrogation point as any man in the Senate, noted the fine texture of the covering and made inquiries about it, with the result that he learned the end of at least one pair of \$3000 curtains.—[Washington Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

The German Gretna Green.

THE German "Gretna Green" came to an end on the same day as the German nineteenth century. On January 1, 1900, the marriages without previous banns or public askings, so long in practice on the island of Heligoland, were declared from thenceforth illegal. During the last week of the old year, according to a Hamburg correspondent, the Heligoland steamer Silvana carried to the island quite a shoal of young couples who were determined to avail themselves of its privileges of "sudden marriages" before it was too late.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Armored Glass.

A RECENT German invention is armored glass, or glass cast with wire gauze inclosed in its substance, so as to increase the resistance to pressure, shock and the effects of heat. Tests of the new material have been made at the Chemnitz Technical Institute and the Vienna Technological Museum, which show that the armored glass is much stronger, and where the ordinary glass broke under sudden application of pressure the strengthened material only cracked.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

The Natives Have No Money.

IN HIS new volume of New Guinea Dr. B. Hagen describes twenty-three species of parrots and thirty-nine of pigeons that are observed there. Among the flowers he found many that occur in Europe. The Owen Stanley Mountains rise to a height of 14,000 feet. The natives have no money, but live by barter.—[New York Post.]

An Interesting Discovery.

A THRACIAN triumphal car has been dug up on the slope of Mount Rhodopus, near Philippopolis, in Bulgaria. All the metallic fittings of the chariot, including bronze decorative figures and the harness for one horse, were found together with human remains. The car belongs to the fourth century after Christ.—[New York Sun.]

Death of Girl With Double Heart.

A POSTMORTEM examination has just revealed that Miss Ella Gates, who died last Friday at her home, near Ontario, N. Y., had two perfectly developed hearts. Miss Gates was in her twenty-fifth year. She never enjoyed robust health and since her early teens had been an invalid. The slightest over-exertion brought on complete prostration. She died while writing a note to her brother, leaving a sentence unfinished.

Her most singular symptom, which was noticeable during all her life, had been a heart beat that at times was so fast and confused that it could not be counted, while again it would be regular and of normal rapidity, but heavy.

The knife revealed a small but perfectly formed heart an inch and a half higher in the chest than that organ usually is found. When it was removed the surgeons were amazed to find another heart just below and back of the first.

The office of the second seemed to be to feed the first,

as its ventricles were comparatively large blood vessels communicated with the lungs, but with the other heart.—[New York Herald.]

Had Fun With the Policemen.

A STRANGE and diverting scene was witnessed at Trafalgar Square, which caused the arrest of the principal actor. A water surmounting the eastern fountain gave an exhibition of comic swimming, to the amusement of the onlookers, who rapidly gathered about the indignation of the policeman. The officer informed the man that he had come out, whereupon the swimmer, while floating "put his thumb into his fingers out." The crowd roared with laughter, and the policeman, who was now reinforced by his colleagues, was very angry. On being ordered to leave the water the man, still floating, accompanied by the equally dripping policeman to the Old Scotland Yard Police Station. News.

"Bebe" the New Slang Word.

A NEW phrase is passing current with the of the season. It has reference to a woman's special delight. She uses it as the name of a bonnet, a dancing frock, an unbecoming niere, or a projected entertainment, but if she is a coquette she will unhesitatingly pronounce "bebe" (baby) but do not fall into the trap of using it otherwise than does your fair neighbor. It has been adapted from the French, and is a "bebe," a dissyllabic word. Just as a valet to call a valet "valet" to be thoroughly understood the word "bebe" been Anglicized. Young men who were called "cotillon" every one knows it the French turn. But the cotillon is the "cotillon" in broad English. It is a "valet" and "bebe."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Their Savings Built a \$275 Mouse Nest.

THE officials of the redemption division of the Department recently received from a man a cigar box full of what appeared to be money on the stage to represent snow. Instead of white, however, the hundreds of pieces of paper with green. A letter in the same mail box explained the mystery. The bits of paper that remained of the fortune of an old couple, an Illinois farm. The man was a veteran of the war and by dint of great economy had managed to save a few hundred dollars. The money was in a trunk, and the letter stated there was a treasure. The next time the couple were in the midst of the whole was a nest of money pieces were gathered up and sent to the man, where they were turned over to a woman expert. She placed them together and after several days' work found that the farmer was correct, and that all of the money was in the fragments. New bills to this amount the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the couple were promptly furnished with the money.—[Washington Times.]

A Cleveland Sherlock Holmes.

DETECTIVE JAMES DORAN has been among his colleagues as "Sherlock Holmes." The explanation thereof is that by a system worthy of the hero of Conan Doyle's story, Doran succeeded in regaining a watch which was stolen from a member of his Monday evening James Doran, Jr., a man went to the Cleveland Theater. James Doran overcoat on the back of his chair, and he went in the play that a thief calmly took the coat from the chair and put in its place and frayed appearance.

Detective Doran determined to recover it took a lifetime. Accordingly he examined the collar was found a tag bearing the maker. However, the coat was so frayed that it could not be deciphered. The detective went to the Western Reserve Medical College, and tag to be subjected to a chemical analysis. The name of the tailor who made the coat was on the tag was then plainly visible.

The name of the tailor who made the coat was on the tag, and the detective called upon him. He said that in September, 1896, he had made a coat to a prominent physician, whose name he gave Doran next paid a visit to the physician. He no hesitancy in recognizing the coat, and changed appearance.

He said that he had given the coat to a man who formerly worked for him as hostler, but a porter in a barber shop. Detective Doran with all the necessary information, started for the shop. On the way he encountered the man who was wearing the stolen coat. The man was to return the overcoat, and was then given [Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any question and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of this magazine; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

MRS. J. M. C. of Redlands: "Mine is a cottage of six rooms, fronting the south, the parlor opening directly onto the front veranda. It is a room 12x14. I wish to get a new carpet for this room; I wish also to paper it, the walls are white now. I must have new curtains, too; there are three windows in this room, two facing the south (double) and one to the east. I do not like lace curtains, so please advise something in good taste, but not expensive. My house is in the country, so I do not wish anything elaborate, but would like everything of good quality. I have several upholstered chairs in this room, one walnut, with green plush; one oak, with old rose, and an oak with pressed-leather bottom. The rest are plain oak. A simple, little bamboo stand and a lovely-grand piano complete the furnishing. Have corner shelves, which I must drape, as the brackets are wooden and rather too heavy for beauty. On the north side of this room, and joined to it by large double doors, is my sitting-room, or back parlor. Would you carpet and paper this room like the front parlor, or in something different? Considering the location of the two rooms, what color scheme would you adopt? I must have new curtains, carpet and paper for this room, too, the ceilings are very high in both rooms. My back parlor has a solid oak center-table, several oak chairs, and a sofa upholstered with red plush. This latter I can make use of elsewhere, if it in any way conflicts with the colors you would advise. I have a window and glass door in this room, facing the east. Would you use portieres between these rooms? I have a gray, muslin mantle in this room; would you drape it, and how? The woodwork is all in redwood, natural finish, which I would like to change, as it is hard to keep clean, and mars easily."

We will take up these two rooms before proceeding to the dining-room. You have given me an exceedingly fair idea of how they stand at present, and, knowing what their faults have been, I think I can realize what would render them more satisfactory to you in future. Do you not think it would be a good idea to have carpet, paper and walls to correspond in the two rooms, and in furnishing make the distinction between parlor and sitting-room by using plain colors in the front room and flowered chintz in the back; carrying out a scheme in golden brown and yellow for these rooms, running into yellow flowers on a white ground for the back room. By picking this out here and there with cushions of plain, yellow silk, cash curtains of yellow silk at the windows, etc., you could get a beautiful effect, but, as you have two handsome rocking-chairs, of old rose and green respectively, I think you would do better to use a scheme which would include them. Suppose you paint your woodwork a dark, rich green, put brass knobs and hinges on your doors, and have a soft, glass finish. Paper your walls and ceiling with a pretty, fresh-looking paper, in green and white, snowball pattern or something of that kind; have white muslin, ruffled curtains at your windows in the front room and flowered, cotton ones of green figures on a white ground in the back room. These latter curtains should be made with valances. Understand that I do not mean a mixture of green and cream, but of a pure, clear white ground for the green figures. Your old rose chair, as well as your green one, will look well in here. A fine white matting, with black figures on it and a few small carpet rugs of green and white, with perhaps a black fur one for the fireplace, would look well. Or, use small rugs for the front room and one large central mixed one for the sitting-room. You could lower the effect of your high ceilings by papering the wall with a plain green, in some light shade, and putting the flowered paper above the picture mold and over the ceiling. Lowering your picture mold also makes a difference, but, personally, I do not object to high ceilings. Your picture mold should be painted to match your woodwork. I have an unconquerable distaste for picture molding which has gilding in it, or is painted in two colors. Though, strangely enough, the latter decoration is continually recommended by one of our first-class decorative magazines. Cover your red plush sofa with the flowered cotton, and put one or two cushions of the flowered on it and one of plain green plush or India silk. Make a cover and valance for your granite mantel, as I suggested for a sitting-room some time ago. You will find that this treatment imparts an air of refinement and coziness to your hearthstone. In buying your flowered cottons, try a sample, and the best quality will wash. I have finally persuaded some of the large dry-goods stores in Los Angeles to carry these goods. Ask for art denims or ticking, or washed chintz, and I think you will find them fast colors.

For your bracketed shelf I would advise a bit of real Turkish stuff—a small kiskilleem or a piece of royal Nakaz. You can often pick these up at rug sales for very little money, and they give a touch of elegance wherever you put them. If you cannot afford kiskilleem hanging in your double doors, use jute velours.

A Small North Dining-room.

Your dining-room is small and pale and ugly. You wish to make it cheerful in some decided, pretty way, and you do not wish to spend much money on it. Could you not enlarge the east window and make a small bay of it? If you would do this, paint your green wainscoting black, paper with a strong, though soft, yellow cartridge paper above the woodwork (ceiling the same), curtain your windows with white, dotted muslin or sheer white organza, and put some flowering plants on a window-sill shelf. I could insure you a charming room. Could you not use your linoleum in the kitchen and paint your floor dark

brown around the edge? You could then have made a large rug of blue and white carpet rags. This would look beautiful in your yellow room. Any display that you can make of blue and white china, and one or two door curtains (over the objectionable doors) of old-fashioned blue and white bedspreads would metamorphose your homely little room completely.

For a Bedroom.

Mrs. W. R. S., Alhambra: As your bedroom contains a good deal of orange in its decoration, and the room which opens out of it has also some touches of yellow, I would curtain the front windows of both rooms alike. This always makes a good effect from the outside, and should be done whenever it is feasible. Hang curtains against the panes of the white Brussels net, having two-inch ruffles, and inside the room drape others of yellow India silk. If you wish them thick, interline them with thin cotton flannel, but if you like the straight scarf drapery, hang simple breadths of the unlined silk.

In my doorway I would hang a single curtain of plain or figured yellow denim, matching the shade of my other yellows.

Two Pretty Los Angeles Rooms.

H. B. W. says: "Having two rooms, parlor and library, in which I wish to make some alterations at moderate expense, I would like your advice concerning them. I will first describe the rooms to you. They are 13x14 feet each. The paper on the walls is cream color, with an all-over light, scroll pattern in white and a darker shade of cream, with a slender line of gold. The floors are stained a mahogany color, and polished. The floor has a Brussels carpet rug in center—of Persian pattern, light and dark tan, green, black, white and dull red. I have a number of good oil paintings, some of them quite large. My piano is mahogany, the chairs mahogany and wicker. I have a couch in here, with Bagdad cover, in dull red, green, dull blue and cream. A mahogany tabourette and a Flemish oak jardiniere stand. The woodwork in both rooms is of rather dark, yellow pine, and the parlor has a wood and tile mantel and grate, with over-mantel mirror. There is one very large window in the room, nine feet wide. This is divided into three parts. The whole has lace curtains, and is draped across the top and down the sides with soft grayish-green saten, having a vine pattern in darker shade. The portiere in opening between the two rooms is of brocade, in darker shade of green. The library has also a Brussels carpet rug in center, olive-green ground, with small pattern in darker shade of green, black, tan, and a touch of white. I have a fine mahogany bookcase and writing-desk combined, with glass door, a mahogany table, and I have had bookshelves built around one corner of the room, reaching about four feet from the corner each way. They are four feet high, with a flat top one foot wide. They are painted a soft, dead black, and are curtained with plain yellow saten. On the top I have some photos, bric-a-brac, and a fine bronze statue of Michael Angelo's 'Fighting Gladiator.' I have also a good copy of Barge's 'Walking Lion' in the room. There is a comfortable couch here, but it must have some sort of cover. This room has not much light, as the window (a large double one) opens into the hall and receives its light through a large skylight in the hall. I have a rice portiere in the opening between the library and parlor, which hangs about two and one-half feet back of the brocade curtain. In this space I have suspended an old bronze Moorish lamp. Now, what I would like to know is, what to discard in these rooms and how to replace the same; what to get for a couch cover for library, and how to curtain the library window, which now has only shades; what to get in the way of sofa pillows for back parlor and library, and what you would advise for two new chairs for the library. In fact, I would greatly appreciate any suggestions you will make to improve the harmony of the rooms."

Your rooms evince such a refinement of taste and such feeling for harmony of color that it would be difficult to discover anything to discard in them. I can tell you, however, what they call aloud for, in addition to what you already have, and that is Turkish things. Your setting is all prepared for throwing oriental stuffs into high relief, and they would look most beautiful in these rooms. As your library is so arranged that no amount of thought in furnishing would make a light room of it, I would make it rather rich in effect. To do this, remove your Brussels rug to some pretty, green bed-chamber, and put a Turkish rug in the center of your mahogany floor, throw a kiskilleem over your couch, and curtain your window with a brilliant, yellow silk hanging. If you could in some corner introduce one of those fascinating little jeweled lanterns over an electric light, you would find this room a charming place in which to serve tea, by turning on this light in the daytime. Have most of your sofa cushions in soft, dull tones, lighted by one or two brilliant ones, with some Turkish embroidery in gold threads. Under, or near your jeweled light, place a palm in a Chinese jar or a teakwood stool. For my two chairs I would have a cushioned one in dark-green leather, and an East Indian armchair. A pair of genuine Turkish saddle-bags would make you a beautiful hassock here.

THE LAND OF THE GUITAR.

[Philadelphia Record:] In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players, and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools, and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than the anvil.

When the Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil he does not hide him to a wine shop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke, nor whistle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him, he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterward he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumming accompaniment, tilted back in a chair against his own house wall or on the doorstep of a neighbor.

MEN OF NOTE.

A. C. Swinburne, the poet, is leading a very retired life. His health has suffered severely of late, and he is rarely seen on the streets.

Gen. Longstreet has recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. He is now almost the only survivor in the first rank of southern generals of 1861-65.

William Waldorf Astor has been dropped from the directory of all the national American banks in which he is interested, because of the law which prohibits aliens from occupying such positions.

Robert J. Burdette, Jr., is said to inherit much of his father's ability. He is at present a student at Haverford College, and has recently contributed several bits of humorous verse to New York papers.

England's Postmaster-General, the Duke of Norfolk, is 52 years of age, and has borne his title for forty years, longer than any other Duke outside of the royal family. His only son is blind, and a hopeless imbecile.

Senator Hoar's necktie is gaining a reputation. It is always a narrow black one of the "string" variety, and it is said that its wearer cannot get half way through a speech without it coming untied at least twice.

Prof. Ernest Haeckel, the winner of the Turin Royal Academy 10,000 lire prize for the greatest scientific achievement in four years, though a man 76 years old, is athletic enough to ride several miles on a bicycle every day.

Abraham E. Elmer of Utica, said to be the oldest inhabitant of New York State, has just celebrated his one hundred and thirteenth birthday. He was born in Warren, Herkimer county, and lost his eyesight fourteen years ago, but otherwise is well preserved.

Mr. Moody knew his Bible so well that his eyes and fingers could find any passage that he wanted from Genesis to Revelation in the hurry of rapid speech as easily as the fingers of a master musician can find the notes of a familiar sonata on the keyboard of a piano.

President C. F. Thwing has gone on a tour of the colleges in Virginia and North Carolina. It is made with the purpose of getting a better acquaintance with the condition of the higher education in the Southern States. He will visit over a dozen of the best-known colleges.

Rev. Beniah Langley Whitman will retire from the presidency of the Columbian University in Washington at the end of the current school year, to become pastor of a Baptist church in Philadelphia. Mr. Langley went to Washington in 1895 from Colby University, of which institution he had been president.

Senator Simons of Oregon is the shortest man in the Senate. For a long time it has been a matter of dispute whether he or Senator Vest of Missouri was the shorter. The other day, to settle it, they stood "backs up" in the cloakroom, and Simons found that Vest was an inch taller than he.

The resemblance between Senator Kenny of Delaware and Senator McComas of Maryland is so close that when the one has risen for recognition in the Senate the presiding officer has mistaken him for the other. Each now sends up his card before speaking, unless he rises hurriedly, when he avoids mistakes by announcing his name. John Ruskin, at 75, had as keen a sense of taste as most men have at 20, and greatly enjoyed new flavors. "My palate," he once said, "serves me now so well, because when I was a child I was given only the plainest food. When I was a boy, too, I had but one or two toys and no amusements. Hence the keen delight which I take now in every little pleasure."

Lieut. Ward Cheney of Connecticut, who has just died of wounds received in a skirmish in the Philippines, was a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1896, and was on the staff of the Hartford Courant when he enlisted, in 1898. When he left he remarked laughingly to his associates in the office that he supposed he ought to write his own obituary before he should go away. The suggestion was taken seriously, and at the request of one of the editors he wrote a paragraph covering his life, which has just been published.

ENVIRONMENT.

A lily grew in a garden far
From the dust of the city street.
It had no dream that the universe
Held aught less pure and sweet
Than its virgin self; so chaste was it,
So perfect its retreat.

When night came down the lily looked
In the face of the stars and smiled;
Then went to sleep—to the sleep of death—
As the soul of a little child
Goes back to the clasp of the Father-soul,
Untouched and undefiled.

A lily bloomed on the highway close
To the tread of the sweeping throng;
It bore the gaze of a hundred eyes
Where burned the flame of wrong;
And one came by who tore its heart
With a ruthless hand and strong.

It caught no glimpse of a garden fair,
It knew no other name
For a world that used and bruised it so
Than a world of sin and shame;
And hopeless, crushed, its spirit passed
As the evening shadows came.

And who can say but the sheltered one
A sullied flower had been
Had its home been out on the highway close
To the path of shame and sin?
And the other forever angel-white
Had it blossomed safe within?
—Elizabeth Gallup Perkins in Boston Transcript.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

THE NEW WATTEAU SKIRT.

THE GIRL FROM CALIFORNIA CONDEMNS IT AND REFUSES TO BE BULLIED BY FASHION.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1900.—The girl from California, with her feet on the fender, a frown on her brow and a sort of declaration of independence note in her otherwise smooth and agreeable voice, was condemning the new Watteau skirt with winged words.

"Say what you please, my dear hostess, I think it a tyrannical imposition; it is not becoming, it is heavy, awkward and difficult to manage and besides the fashions shall not bully me."

"My dear girl," placidly interposed the handsome dispenser of advice and cheering liquid, "where is your philosophy? Beside, it is too early in the season to become emphatic over the future and when the spring sewing does get round to us there will be an abundance of time to wrangle over a pleat or pucker more or less in our waist band."

"Time! time! who speaks so lightly of time? Why I am already deep in conference with my tailor, stirring my dressmaker with a sharp stick, and generally taking time by the forelock in preparation for my spring campaign." Mrs. Van Knickerbocker bustled in and dropped contentedly among the cushions. "Give me a drop of something hot with lemon and one lump in it, like an angel, and then I'll tell you all I know about chiffons."

Mrs. Van Knickerbocker Speaks.

"Well, begin at skirts, we want to know which way the sword of the fashion, Damocles, is going to fall," asked the hostess rattling her fine china like a chime of little bells.

"It is on the side alternately of the pleated or gathered back, of course, pleats for wool goods, gathers for silk, cotton, etc., and in my judgment the bolero jacket is going to descend upon us like a swarm of seven-year locust. Of course this is the appointed time for early spring tailor modes and it sends a cold shiver through my pocketbook to see that light-toned clothes trimmed with white are going to be in the very forefront of smartness. The only refuge for the economically inclined woman is Khaki brown cloth and you know that is not always becoming."

"The sweetest harbinger of spring I saw this very afternoon and made for a Washington woman to wear at the Pauncetote wedding. It was a cloth having a high surface finish and of the tone known as flax blue. The pattern was princess with very narrow box pleats laid far apart and running from the bust down well over the hips in front. Heaviest cream-tinted buttonhole twist was used to stitch flat the edges of the pleats and in the rear these folds extended from shoulder blades well upon the skirt. A yoke fitted in the top of the waist, a yoke of blue overlaid with

the heaviest cream Russian lace and back from it rolled upon bust and shoulders one round continuous kerchief rever, its border stitched like the pleats. A little to the left side this delectable garment fastened with a bow made of a fringed cream Liberty satin scarf, assisted by a trio of white buttons enameled in blue.

For a Lenten Luncheon.

"But now, supposing you were going to have a really ceremonious tailor thing made, something of an investment, you know, for the smart lenten luncheons, etc., what would you have?" inquired Miss California, with interest and due deference to the new comer's experience.

"Well, I did see a design today of the mode modish. Maisie, who was with me, quite broke her heart with envy over it when we saw it lapped and swathed in sheets of snowy tissue paper and boxed for shipment to Mrs. Chatfield Tailor of Chicago. Copied in the most expensive panne or in one of the pretty economical cashmeres that are so greatly the vogue, it would be equally enchanting and its simplicity renders it possible for any but the very stout woman. Sage green French suiting was the material of the original, the skirt quite plain in front, but from the hips round to the rear caught in a series of close set cord tucks run with gray silk. In the back these were welded in gracefully with a triple Watteau pleat that had its stitched lines carried out prettily on the train."

"Really the dressmakers are quite daft over the pleating of skirts and will actually run the tucking round and round from the waist to well below the hips, while the lower half of the skirt is completely tucked on perpendicular lines. I've seen some wonders done with the cork-screw tuck and others with tucked panels. However, this is allowing our mutton to grow cold and I must hasten to say that the waist of this frock was tucked closely up and down and showed three overlapping revers upon the shoulders. The first two were of cream panne, the top one of green panne and a strip of the shining green velvet ran down the front of the waist, to set off to advantage three cabochon buttons of moonstone, set in green."

"Creamiest clumsy lace over green made the yokelet and collar and the sleeves were tucked prettily from wrist up toward the elbow, in order to give a snug fit and a suggestion of trimming. What the saleswoman packed in with this duck of a gown added to our envy of its owner's good fortune. A tapering hip long boa of green areoplane, hemmed with the narrowest band of chinchilla that looked for all the world like pussy willows clinging to a green bough, is what I refer to, and a muff, all of buff, with the cloudlike areoplane and chinchilla, completed my noble discontent with my own wardrobe."

The Craze for Boleros.

"A moment ago you said something of boleros that excited my interest," said the hostess, trying to read a fortune in the leaves at her tea cup's bottom.

"So I did," admitted the orator of the afternoon. "Be-

fore very long the leaves in Vallombrosa were numerous than the Figaros. Etons or short-skirted individual woman chooses to name her gown short-waisted jacket. This blessed day shadowed for two blocks a woman who was in the shop windows and gossiping in French and betraying by her style and her costume the name of some eminent Parisian sartorial artist."

"Her skirt was powder-blue cloth, rather with four black lines at the bottom, but a very overdress effect was given by darker blue lace and stitched on about the hips. She wore one of the darkest blue goods strapped with the material and this opened with broad revers to show the sweetest little shirt of coarsest lace draped over taffeta. The skirt was the front by a row of pearl bullet buttons and the base of the high lace collar was drawn a white satin concluding in a butterfly bow not an inch below the bust and the shoulders came as far as the belt in swallow forks and then showed revers that jutted straight out body, edged with fluffy quillings of lace or silk."

"That was one bolero I met, but on the crowd of well-frocked women, invited by the opening of the very earliest spring styles, I dozens more of the sauciest little jackets of silk and lace that had in some instances not an inch below the bust and the shoulders came as far as the belt in swallow forks and then showed revers that jutted straight out body, edged with fluffy quillings of lace or silk."

THE GLORIES OF GEORGIAN

MRS. GEORGE GOULD'S PRINCELY LAKWOOD IS A MIRACLE OF LUXURY.

By a Special Contributor.

For end-of-the-century magnificence that is as superb and almost royal in its lavishness, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Lakewood, is a shining example.

It is crimson, couleur de rose, and white as to the furnishings of guests' chambers, of the fortunate ones who was a member of Christmas house party. And then there is the bridal chamber, all in pink, with a fringe of white would put any French palace of the most exquisite in the shade.

All the guest rooms intended for women are white with a slight touch of gold. The bed is white satin, voluminous, heavy and without a trace of color. The pillowshams are of lace that is out a shadow of doubt. In the center, white thread, is Mrs. Gould's monogram. The furnishings with narrow gold stripings. Gold toilet sets are numberless and it has to be a very hardy does not go off with a few little bris-a-bras. Green furniture, green satin and more gold are



Bewitching Ornaments.

Women of fashion pile their hair upon the very top of their heads, thereby adding height and distinction to the figure. To still further attain this desired effect all manner of bewitching little ornaments are used. The jeweled hummingbird, with a knot of tulle and white osprey,

is photographed, demonstrating the special charm of combination for evening wear.

Butterfly For the Hair.

The gauze butterfly and velvet bow is used effectually as an evening decoration for the hair when it is combed high.

A Novelty Covering Wrap.

A novelty covering wrap from Redfern's Fashion of black satin, veiled by silk net, heavily embroidered with moonlight and silver paillettes. Row after row of mousseline de soie frills line the inside of the mantau.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

THOMAS A. EDISON, JR., has announced that he expects soon to demonstrate the feasibility of telephonic communication between Europe and the United States. The special transmitters and receivers to be used in this long-distance telephony are to be ready for trial in about five weeks, and he is negotiating for the use of a cable for the tests. The elder Edison earlier devised means of such submarine communication, but did not attempt to do anything with it, as it was too expensive and impractical in its mechanical details. It would have required stations every hundred miles. In the system of the younger Edison, however, one station is expected to suffice, and this may be made a land station by running the line far up our coast. "It is quite within the realm of the possible," said the inventor to a New York reporter, "that a person in New York will be able some day to talk with his friend in Manila."

What the possibility of such communication might mean to the friend in New York—and to the man at the other end of the line, also,—those who passed through the anxieties of our late war, with friends in army and navy, and those who have friends now in the Philippines, will be able to appreciate. The Times of about a month ago contained a pretty little story of a family who were made happy, at Christmas time, by a telephonic message from a sick and absent mother. If we are not able actually to lay our hands upon those who are dear to us, the sound of their voices seems to bring them nearer than anything else.

And, aside from sentiment, the invention, if practical, is sure to prove one of the most important of the century. Telephonic communication is nearly always far more satisfactory than telegraphic, even in business matters, and if it is to become cheaper for long distances, as well as for short ones, as Edison appears to promise, it is likely to supersede the telegraphic form to a very large extent—binding in closer relationship the different parts of the earth, giving us more extensive knowledge of the distant members of our family of nations, and making the civilization of each still more the property of all.

One is inclined, sometimes, in the face of such remarkable innovations, to stop to wonder what would be the sensations and observations of our great grandfathers, if they could arise from their graves and take a stroll about our cities in their olden guise, with their olden ideas. A few years ago, a German was relating to a party of travelers his first knowledge of the telephone. He was in Hamburg, when the invention came out, and heard two Americans talking about it. He smiled incredulously. They insisted. He smiled still more skeptically, and remarked that he had been in America himself and knew how well the Americans liked to stuff the guileless foreigner with the local mythology. He said he might possibly believe them if they told him that a machine had been invented by which you could talk with a friend five or six miles away; but when they said fifty or a hundred miles he hoped he had sense enough to recognize that they were guying him.

We have almost annihilated space, in those latter years, as far as our own planet is concerned. We have almost reached the point where the form of matter is indifferent to us, for we can make solids flow as if they were liquids, look through many of them as if they were transparent vapor, and turn gases into marvel-working liquids that contradict all our previous experience. Yet the solution of those deeper questions that was so bravely promised us by aid of these mechanical advances appears but little nearer than it was before.

We have almost annihilated space, I said. But we even have an inventor who proposes practically to annihilate time for us as well—to enable us to live in an everlasting Now. For it is chiefly the passage of our own life from youth to age by which we are aware of differences of time, and Dr. Metschnikoff of the Pasteur Institute proposes to do away with any growing old. At least he expects to be able to prevent the decay, physical and mental, that comes with age, which seems to amount to about the same thing.

Dr. Metschnikoff has fixed his attention on the "macrophagists" among our white blood corpuscles—i.e., according to his definition, those provided with but one nucleus and cannibalistic in their inclinations; preying upon weakened cells in all parts of our body. He proposes to stop the destruction of these cells by means of a serum that will destroy the macrophagists themselves. He has already discovered one such serum, but, unfortunately, it was unsatisfactory, because it destroyed, with the macrophagists, also the valuable microphagists, the white blood corpuscles of several nuclei which serve to protect the body against the invasion of disease germs from outside, devouring these. However, he still hopes to find a serum that will destroy the macrophagists without injuring the microphagists; and he believes that then the wrinkles that furrow our cheeks and the deterioration of brain tissue that comes with advancing years because of the destruction of weakened cells will be done away with, and men will no longer die of diseases of the kidneys, of diseases of the liver, or of other "atrophies," as he calls them. Thus all will be well with the aged as with the young—according to his theory.

But will it? Can he be sure that these macrophagists do not act as scavengers, and that the preservation of the weakened cells which they devour might not be far more injurious to the system than their destruction? The great mistake that we often make in dealing with living things consists in forgetting that the relation of their parts is not a mere mechanical connection, but an intricate organic interdependence. Thus the surgeons of the past traced all disease to the blood, drained off the vital fluid, with it perhaps the disease, but necessarily also the life, and so killed the father of his country, and doubtless many more good men who might have benefited society much longer if they had been left enough blood to get well

with. So, too, many patent medicines of our day refer all, or nearly all, diseases to some one organ of the body, and propose to restore perfect health by their effect upon that one organ. The probabilities are that the weakening of cells and their annihilation by other cells, in age, are only the particular symptoms of a general process of decay that can be treated only by general means in the interest of vitality, not through the arresting of any one particular manifestation of the process. However, it can never be prophesied absolutely that a thing cannot be done until it has been tried.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

At a bank meeting at Portland, Ct., the other day, Mrs. Myra D. Pickering was regularly elected director of the national bank.

Mrs. Mary Bryan Cobb, great-grandmother of William Jennings Bryan, is living near Kokomo, Ind., at the age of 98. Her first husband, Louis H. Bryan, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war.

Mrs. Agassiz has resigned the presidency of Radcliffe College, sometimes called the Harvard annex—an office which she has held since the beginning of the institution. Her health no longer permits her to perform its duties.

The last addition of note to the forces of the Comédie Française is Mlle. Henriette Fouquier, the young daughter of Henri Fouquier, who since the death of Sarcey has taken the place of dean of the Paris dramatic critics.

Miss Virginia Frame, a young artist of New York City, accompanied by her mother and a friend, will sail from Philadelphia for a trip around the Horn to San Francisco. From there she will go to Alaska and pursue her work there.

Wilhelmina, the Queen of Holland, is spending much of her time in skating on the ice covering the ornamental water in the gardens of the palace known as "The House in the Woods," where the Peace Conference was held last year.

At the amateur theatricals which will take place at Covent Garden Theater on Thursday, February 22, in aid of the Marchioness of Lansdowne's officers' wives and families' fund, Mme. Adeline Patti (Baroness Cederstrom) has consented to sing.

At the urgent request of Lord Salisbury, Queen Victoria will in person open Parliament on February 14, the first time she has done so since January 22, 1896, when she opened the Parliament to which Gladstone presented his Irish Home-rule Bill.

One of the first letters of sympathy received by Gen. Roberts after the death of his son in South Africa was from the ex-Empress Eugenie, recalling how the general had given her a sprig of flowers from the spot where the Prince Imperial fell in the Zulu war.

Ann Ruth Seneca, an Indian Princess, is studying medicine at the Medical Chirurgical Hospital in Philadelphia. She took a classic course in the Carlisle Indian School, where she developed her love for nursing the sick. Two of her brothers were on the Carlisle football team.

Florence Nightingale, the "angel of the Crises," recently completed her seventy-ninth year. She is an invalid, but is still keenly interested in field nursing and general hospital work, and has taken much interest in the preparations made in England to send nurses to South Africa.

Mrs. Theodore Birney, national president of the Mothers' Congress, is urging the members of that body to do all in their power to investigate and remedy the evil of overstudy among children. It is her opinion that children study too hard, and that overwork has often made pupils hysterical.

Princess Sada, who is to marry the Crown Prince of Japan, is to have a trousseau that will cost \$1,500,000, and it will be furnished by the Emperor, her future father-in-law. The future Crown Princess is only 15 years old. She is a daughter of Prince Eugo, and a member of the very noble house of Pugiwar.

When Queen Victoria returns from Bordighera through Germany in the spring and meets the imperial family she will confer the Order of the Garter on the young Crown Prince, her great-grandson. The Prince attains his legal majority May 6, and the Emperor William was of the same age when the Queen created him a Knight of the Garter in 1877.

ANTHONY HOPE'S PLAIN WORKSHOP.

[London Echo:] If you are walking down the Strand, and should happen to turn down Buckingham street, you will see a plate with this inscription: "Second Floor, Mr. A. H. Hawkins." Possibly you will pass it by, not knowing that this is the workshop of Anthony Hope Hawkins, better known to the English public as Anthony Hope, the novelist. Anthony Hope is still, at 36 years of age, a bachelor, and lives with his father. But this is his study, and here at 10 o'clock every morning he comes with unerring regularity, and, if the fates are propitious, commences his work. It cannot be said that the air of romance pervades the room. There are no curios, no pictures, no carpets. The mantelpiece is simply a receptacle for the ordinary stock in trade of a smoker, for Anthony Hope is very partial to the weed. Supposing he is in a working mood, he keeps at his desk till 1 o'clock, when he usually goes to his club and partakes of a light lunch, or if the spirit of inspiration is upon him, he has his meal sent in from a neighboring restaurant. After lunch he allows himself a somewhat lazy interval, but usually contrives to put in an hour or two's work before leaving for the day.

Centralia, Mo., has a flourishing organization known as the Backbone Club. It has no sign, grip or password, a local paper says, but every member must sign a pledge that he will not use tobacco during 1900. The rules provide that if any member shall break his pledge he must wear on the lapel of his coat a badge bearing in large letters the words, "I Have No Backbone."

the rooms occupied by the masculine guests. Mrs. Gould's bedroom and boudoir are in pink. Mr. Gould's room also those occupied by his three sons, are in green. A choice particular ornament of Mr. Gould's dressing room is a solid gold collar box, with an ivory miniature of Mrs. Gould set in the cover. This portrait—Duchess of Cambridge style—is surrounded with diamonds and was a birthday present from the mistress of the man-

The dining-room of Georgian Court might be the banqueting hall of some baronial mansion. It is somber and stately as becomes such an apartment. Its particular glory is the candelabra—two of them—they are cut from solid block of silver in fern-leaf fashion, and hold thirty lights each. The person by whom they were originally intended was not able to meet the bill for their workman-

and Mr. Gould became the purchaser. While speaking of the dining-room, it may be mentioned that the servants of this household, about twenty in all, take their meals in a dining-room where mahogany, silver, with good glass and china, abound. Three French chefs and one woman cook, cater to the Gould household. No. 1 is for the Gould family and guests exclusively. No. 2 travels with the family when they move, either to Fifth avenue, New York, or to the Lodge, Catskill. No. 3, the woman, cooks for the servants and servants. The governesses, three in number, English, French and German, have their own dining-room, and often, if one is not on duty, her meals are served in her room, which is furnished in a style that includes brocade tapestries and the like.

The library is one of the choice rooms of the house, if it is possible to pick and choose among so much splendor. The ceiling was painted by a French artist, who received something like \$40 a day for his services. Names of famous writers and poets, both ancient and modern, are painted on there on the ceiling, in a manner that is novel and artistic.

The ballroom is like most apartments of the kind, with its grand piano, small gold chairs, panels of Marie Antoinette tapestries and electric lights galore. A charming feature of the conservatory is the beautiful collection of plants, not stuffed, but alive, many of most gorgeous hue; two parrots are included, both have extra brilliant coloring, as befits birds who dwell in golden halls, and have tempers with which it is not wise to trifle.

In the drawing-room one might spend hours, days even, studying the contents of one curio table; there are four of them, each nearly as large as a good-sized dining table. The ornaments are protected by glass, and include a vast number of richly-jeweled crucifixes. If you enter first the drawing-room of Georgian Court, you fancy yourself in a museum, and look about for the catalogue which is not wanting. One having a complete inventory of all the treasures in the house, has recently been prepared. It is only with this catalogue in hand that Mr. and Mrs. Gould can tell the extent of their treasures.

TO BEAUTIFY THE HAND.

To increase the strength, symmetry and incidentally the beauty of the hand, devote ten minutes before you go to bed to muscle bending and stretching. These exercises can be taken by my lady at her ease, seated in her most luxurious chair before her fire of blazing logs.

Extend both arms at right angles to the body, the backs of the hands turned upward. In this position, the hand is to be bent upward, downward and sideways. With fingers first together and then extended and without moving the arm, bend the hands upward, from the wrist, as far as possible, in the direction of the backs of the hands, then in the original position, then downward as far as possible. For the sideways movement bend alternately toward the thumb side and the little finger side. Continue this twirling of the hands upward, downward and sideways for some minutes.

Hand rotation next follows. In this, the arms are held as for the bending and stretching exercises. With even and constant movement, the hand performs all the previous motions, that is, from the bending position upward into the bending position sideways, downward, sideways in the opposite direction and so on; first the fingers are held together and then extended.

Finger bending and stretching comes next. With arms extended the fingers are slowly but vigorously bent enough to form a fist, and are then again opened forcibly.

Finger spreading, hold the tips of the fingers apart, with arms extended as before, and perfectly straight. After the spread, the extended fingers are brought together again, or are tightly clenched, this latter action increasing the effect of the exercise. Both the muscles of the hand and of the forearm are exercised by these movements, and after due time if there is not a noticeable gain in suppleness of wrist, contour of arm and shapeliness of the hand, there is only one reason for it, you are looking for results a little too soon; persevere and still persevere, pondering upon such wise saws as "Rome was not built in a day."

AT THE SOLDIER SHRINE.

For the last fifty years Highland Tommy has been the idol of the female Londoner's heart. Always when he stood guard before one of Her Majesty's town palaces there was an unfading petticoat worshiper somewhere in the offing, but since Sandy has suffered so desperately in the South African war this female devotion has reached the proportion of a grand passion. Rosy-cheeked nurse maids; tall, mischievous girl girls, badly dressed middle-class maidens, gay ladies in silk attire, all linger lovingly about the spot where the Scotch soldier is on duty. He shows no sign of recognition on his high-cheeked Celtic countenance, yet, all the same, Sandy in London is enjoying some very acceptable emotional rewards for all Sandy has recently endured under the South African sun.

MR. KRUGER'S CARELESS TOILET.

[London Chronicle:] Mr. Hunt, a Pretorian barber, who has been writing about the Boers in a hairdressers' journal, looks at the Transvaalers, naturally enough, from the standpoint of his own profession. "Kruger," he says, "like the rest of the Boers, is very careless about his toilet. He has never yet visited a hairdresser; he sets his own razor, and shaves himself, and Mrs. Kruger cuts his hair. The truth in Pretoria was kept very busy for about ten days giving the burghers a commando hair cut—No. 1 clipper all over."

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XIV. HOW WE MAY DISTURB THE BALANCE OF THINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN the last two lessons I have told you how many kinds of plants and animals often came from one kind and how it is that all kinds of plants and animals happen to be so well suited to the particular region where we find them living, and to all other living things in that region.

And I mentioned some different kinds of animals and different kinds of plants that we know must in the beginning all have come from one kind. For instance, I spoke of the different kinds of pigeons that all undoubtedly came from a single kind of pigeon—probably the kind called the rock pigeon. I also told you that it is thought that peaches and almonds are related. And, indeed, we can see this relationship with very little difficulty, when we examine the different kinds of peaches and almonds, because there are so many kinds that closely resemble each other. For instance, there is in China a kind of peach that is very much, indeed, like an almond in its manner of growing and in its blossoms; and the fruit is quite long and flattish; that is, very much like an almond in its shape. It can be eaten, but is not very good. There is another Chinese kind, called the honey peach, which is quite almond-shaped. The peaches are small, too, and stay green and bitter like an almond until late in the fall. Then there are some kinds of almonds, on the other hand, that are quite thick and more peach-shaped than this last peach that I mentioned, and a French kind that is of this shape has an outside covering to its stone that can be eaten when it is quite ripe. The flesh of the cling-stones sticks to the shell of the stone, just as does the outside covering of the almond, and the flesh of some peaches is very hard and like that of the fruits we call nuts until quite late in the fall.

In the same manner we can trace the relationship of a good many different flowers and fruits, and so of the plants on which they grow, and in like manner we can trace the relationship of a good many different kinds of animals, when we study them closely enough. There are our dogs, for instance. Although there are so many different kinds of them, we know pretty well that they must all have started from one or at least one or two kinds which were themselves related. We know, too, that they are related to the wolves and foxes. Away back in the past, human beings tamed some animals of the wolf kind, and from these all our different kinds of dogs must have come. This is not so hard to understand or believe for the reason that we ourselves, not so long ago but we know all about it, started one or two quite new kinds of dogs, which are favorites still. I once saw a tame wolf at a dog show that was gentler in disposition than a great many of the dogs there, and looked so like some of the kinds that one could easily understand that it was related to them.

And people who study these things have been able to find out that a great many animals that do not look so much alike as these are yet related. But it is generally much more difficult to hunt out the relationship of animals than that of plants.

There is one thing which is very important for us human beings to observe in regard to the plants and animals of any region. When we find different plants and animals living together in one country or part of the country, we know, as I have said, that they must be, in one way or another capable of getting along together, else they would not both be there. But if we or anything else bring some quite new plant or animal into a place, this may not fit in at all with the other creatures there, and a great many new things, desirable or undesirable, may happen. For instance, a student of nature tells us that in Paraguay there is a fly able to kill young horses and cattle; consequently, no horses or cattle can very well be raised in Paraguay. But, now suppose, some one were to find a kind of bird or other animal that would eat that fly that kills the young horses and cattle; then it might be possible to raise horses and cattle there. And these plant-eating animals would make a difference, too, in the plant life of the country—just what difference we cannot say without trying. Quite a good many years ago, some Englishmen who went to Australia to live took over to that country a pair of rabbits. There had never been any rabbits in Australia before; but that the climate just suited them they proved by increasing until there were so many rabbits that the people did not know what to do with them. In England there had been wild animals that killed them for food, so that they never got to be too many for the country; but here there were not enough flesh-eating animals that could catch them, and so the number of them just grew and grew until they ate all the crops of the farmers, and people were quite desperate on account of them. In the same way it might be very easy to bring some pest into California that there would be no way of getting rid of without the greatest trouble. In fact, we have had and still have some such pests.

We can destroy the nice balance of things in a place, moreover, by killing off something in it, as well as by bringing something new into it. For instance, if Englishmen should set out to kill off all those animals in England that feed upon the rabbits and keep down their numbers there, they would soon have just the same plague of rabbits in that country as there has been in Australia. So, too, by killing off the birds that eat and for ornaments in hat trimmings, Southern Europe has allowed certain insects to increase until we have just received word from there that the destruction these insects are causing is terrible, and people are waking up to the need of stopping the slaughter of the birds. In some parts of California, the killing of owls and hawks has brought about a great

increase in the number of gophers that eat the farmer's crops; and in the same way, the killing of birds has left many kinds of insects to increase until they have become dangerous to many different kinds of growing things—grain and vegetables and fruits. A very large number of things that we find living in any country help us in very desirable ways, even while they may do a little harm in others. It may be absolutely necessary to protect ourselves by killing, sometimes; but not only for reasons of human kindness, but also for very good ones of regard for our own best interests, we should be extremely careful what we kill.

THE BOY WHO REQUIRED WINDING.

HAD A KEYHOLE IN THE BACK OF HIS NECK AND WAS WOUND UP WITH A SILVER KEY.

By a Special Contributor.

You boys who are wound up to run through a whole lifetime and whose machinery so seldom gets out of order—that is if you are out of doors a good deal and don't spend your time reading improbable tales—ought to be able to appreciate the sad case of Jimmy Whortleberry of Winchester, Mass.

Jimmy looked and acted and felt like other boys with one exception. He had to be wound up like a clock every day. Just at the back of his neck there was a little keyhole and he was wound up with a silver key that fitted into it.

It's no use for you to ask me to explain why, or how or anything else. Some things have to be taken on trust. If you don't believe this story the first thing I'll hear is that you haven't believed the others, and then what would become of my confidence in myself?

Jimmy had a very remarkable mother. She was always thinking of Jimmy's comfort and Jimmy's pleasure, and she was so kind to him that he actually loved her.

Now a great many mothers have to do a good deal for their boys. They have to remember where the cap was thrown when the boy came home from his play, they have to know where he left his skates and what became of his top, but I never knew of any other mother who had to remember to wind her son up every morning before breakfast. You see, the keyhole being in the back of his neck, Jimmy couldn't reach it himself. But his mother was only too glad to keep the boy going, for he was such a cheery little lad, up to mischief and dreadfully naughty sometimes, but well worth winding up for all that.

It was the funniest performance, his winding up. I was there on a visit once and I saw Mrs. Whortleberry wind him. She put the pretty silver key into his neck and began to turn it and the blood ran through his veins with a sweet crinkling noise that sounded like music boxes miles and miles away. Jimmy always liked to be wound up. It was like taking a tonic. He would run and jump and sing gaily and act for all the world as if he had been charged with electricity.

Not half the boys in Winchester, who played with Jimmy, knew that he had to be wound up, for he was just as natural as any boy and could climb and skate and wrestle with the best of them.

One day the boys got up a foot race. In this they were aided and abetted by old Mr. Dixon. They were to walk from Winchester to Arlington Center and back again for a silver medal that Mr. Dixon had promised to the winner. Old Mr. Dixon is a silver-haired gentleman whom all the boys like because he is still a good deal of a boy himself in spite of his 70 years.

"I think that Jimmy will win if he doesn't run down," said Mr. Whortleberry.

"Run down, indeed," said Mr. Dixon, hotly. "Jimmy won't run down when he knows it is a walking match. He'll win fair, you may depend upon it." From which it will be seen that Jimmy was a favorite with the old man.

The race was to be run on a Saturday. It so happened that the night before Mrs. Whortleberry was taken ill with an attack of grip and in the morning she was too sick to rise.

She told the maid to wind Jimmy, but the maid was a rather featherbrained creature and forgot all about it and as for Jimmy, he was so full of the race that he never noticed that he had not been wound. Of course, just as it is with clocks, so he could run several hours overtime, so he was able to go down to breakfast and then run in and kiss his mother good-by and tell her that he was sorry that she was too sick to come and see the start.

Just as he was leaving the room she called out, "Are you wound up, Jimmy?" but he was half way down stairs by that time and didn't hear her. He put on his cap and started off at a dog trot for Mr. Dixon's house, for that was to be the meeting place for the contestants.

There were Chelsea Concord and Dorchester Medford and Elgin Waltham and Somerville Newton and his brother Center Newton.

Old Mr. Dixon was in tip top spirits and gave each of the boys an orange. The start was to be made from the Winchester library and was to go over the line of the trolley road to Arlington, turning at the railroad station and coming back over the same route.

Jimmy felt unusually buoyant. He bounded around until Mr. Dixon said: "Boy, if you'll save some of that energy for the race I haven't a doubt but you'll win the medal."

Elgin Waltham knew that Jimmy had to be wound up and he said, "Did they wind you extra tight, Jimmy?"

Jimmy's face went white as it struck him that he had not been wound at all, but boylike, he thought he'd probably get through all right, so he said nothing. But he stopped jumping and said, "Let's hurry up and get to the library."

There was quite a crowd of Winchester people at the library, for the local paper had contained a notice of the coming race and, as it was Saturday, nobody in town had anything to do. That is nobody who counts for anything.

I believe some of the grown-ups did have a tendency to, but after all what are grown-ups who have outlived their usefulness. You're not when you grow up and some of you want to be no longer children, but I tell you that is a boy everything is fresh and new and he does it all, even if he sometimes thinks he grows up he doesn't know it all either, he does know that he was awfully lucky to be in the hood and the more he keeps his memory of time he will have right up to the end of the world.

At 10 o'clock old Mr. Dixon started them. He was a square heel and toe walk and for a pretty close together. Then Jimmy and the rest of the boys were to walk away from the others and it began to rain. They were going to lie between them. But it's a long way to Arlington, and some of the boys were running for the end of the contest, so there was a plodding Dorchester Medford, who, at the mile, was two blocks in the rear of the boys.

Mr. Dixon had hired a wagon and he rode with the boys and urging them to do their best.

"Say, this is going to be dead easy," said Elgin between me and you, and I bet I'll win. Elgin were neck and neck.

"You'll have to take an electric to do it," said Jimmy with spirit. "Anyhow a boy that's wound up faster than a plain every-day boy. I don't care to let you in."

Again Jimmy's heart sank. What if he should stop all at once and without any warning. "Don't talk, walk," said he shortly, and his little legs swinging back and forth with regularity of piston rods.

When they reached Arlington, Medford was fourth place and Somerville Newton was fifth with Elgin, but Jimmy had gained the lead steadily increasing it.

Across the tracks they went and around the back across the tracks, old Mr. Dixon cheering, growing almost apoplectic with his exertions.

"It's Jimmy's race," he shouted, and Jimmy that he was glad. Well, Jimmy was a good one and next to winning it himself, I guess he rather have seen Jimmy win it than any other boy.

The pace began to tell on them all on the way they were game lads and while the old man along as pacemaker, they would not have given way had been ten times as long. They were chusetta boys and there are no boys to beat it is the boys of the rest of the United States.

They were within a quarter of a mile of stretch when Jimmy began to slacken his pace. He encouraged Medford, who had been gradually way up in the procession and he passed him. He had long ago distanced Elgin, and steadily he was he was within a rod of Jimmy. It had been a close race and no one had dropped out.

You should have seen Mr. Dixon's face when his favorite losing ground. As for Elgin, he was encouraged that he broke into a run and of course chance of winning.

For one brief moment Jimmy thought that he was down, but when he realized that he couldn't stop after the machinery had stopped, he gave a gasp and creased his lead by three feet. There was no eighth of a mile left and the race looked to be in Medford was walking his prettiest and coming in inch on the leader.

The beautiful building of the Winchester library in sight. A crowd of Winchester's best citizens were waving flags and cheering. Jimmy was among the number. Jimmy sees him and his mother might be there, too.

Five hundred feet more and Jimmy will be down. But the mechanism had reached its limit of endurance and had lost the race for him, because she had to wind him. Down in the road he dropped, moved spasmodically once or twice, his legs kicking and he lay an inert mass on the macadam.

And then Medford did a very noble thing. He fact that it was now his race, he dropped out to pick up Jimmy, and Somerville Newton won the line and won the medal amid the applause of the Winchesterians.

A doctor ran up to Jimmy, but Elgin was "You're not what he wants, he wants the key."

The doctor thought he was insane, but Elgin went to Jimmy's house to get the key and ran past Whortleberry.

"The key, the key," he gasped. Jimmy's father had seen his son fall, and he was another member of the Whortleberry family, he was that would fit the lad's neck.

He ran to the boy and said to the doctor: "My father. He only needs winding."

That doctor was the most astonished physician in Massachusetts, but he said nothing. The boy's blood coursing through his veins, and his boy's legs began to work back and forth and the pump and he rose to his feet and went on with the "Jimmy boy," said his father, sadly. "The boy it would have been yours if only you had been a boy, even if he did have mechanism inside of him instead of vitals, he burst into tears."

And then occurred a pretty scene. Somerville Newton went up to Mr. Dixon, who was tending to shake hands with Jimmy, and he said a voice, so that all could hear: "I don't think

call this a race. If I'd known Jimmy wasn't wound up I'd never have entered. S-y we have it again next Saturday." "Henry," shouted all the boys, including old Mr. Dixon. CHARLES BATTILL LOOMIS.

(Copyrighted, 1900, by Charles Battell Loomis.)

DEATH BY DROWNING.

A SWIMMER GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE AND SAYS THERE IS NO SWEET MUSIC.

By a Special Contributor.

It is a generally accepted idea that death by drowning is easy, that very little suffering accompanies death by submersion in the water.

While this may be true in some instances, I hold that drowning is by no means easy, and that the "sweet music playing in the ears," which is said to be experienced by persons who meet death in this manner, is a pure fabrication. I have talked with hundreds of persons who have been rescued from drowning, who have been at the very portals of death, and I never found one who had heard "sweet music" ringing in his or her ears or had enjoyed "entrancing visions" while drowning.

I cannot understand where such absurd ideas originated from, or how thoughtful persons can accept them. To drown means to suffocate, and surely death by suffocation cannot reasonably be regarded as easy.

I have had several drowning experiences and have been, so to speak, on the brink of eternity, and I have learned that death by drowning is painfully horrible. Once I was in the water so long that it required over an hour of hard work to revive me, and my stay under water was not made cheerful by a band concert or a panoramic exhibition of selected views.

My toughest experience was at Hittenger's wharf, Charlestown, Mass., some years ago. While diving I got caught between two spiles which were joined together like an inverted V, and was wedged in, back upward, and firmly held by the strong current of the Charles. I struggled hard to free myself, but my efforts seemed futile. I held my breath as long as possible, and tried in every way to extricate myself from my trying position.

I tried to swim downward, upward and straightforward, but my position remained unchanged.

The pressure upon my head and chest grew painfully heavy; the shadows under the wharf deepened and the terrible thought that I was about to die came upon me. The pressure increased and I was forced to expel the air from my lungs. Then I began to smother, and I realized that my only hope lay in a violent effort, and at once.

I made the effort; I struggled with desperation, employing all the strength I could command. The pressure upon my head became intense and it seemed to be splitting into a thousand pieces, with a loud crackling noise which developed into a horrible din. Horrible shooting pains darted through my head, and my throat felt as if in the clutch of some ferocious stranger.

The future or the past did not trouble me, but I did think of my mother.

The pains increased and a black film seemed to spread over my sight and I became unconscious.

When I recovered I was lying on the wharf with several companions working over me. I had been but three feet below the surface during my trying experience and they had rescued me.

But there are many peculiar superstitions and fancies concerning the recovery of the bodies of persons who have met death by drowning, which are entertained by the people of every country on the globe.

The enlightened people of the United States have great faith in odd numbers and it is a generally-accepted theory that the body of a drowned person will rise to the surface upon the expiration of nine days, unless it be held fast beneath the water by weight or other means. They believe this just as firmly as they do that a person will sink three times when drowning before life becomes extinct, which is a perfectly absurd idea.

But while they have faith in these absurd fancies they usually resort to practical methods in recovering bodies, such as the submarine diver, the grappling hooks, etc. It is true that guns, even cannons, are fired over the water where the body went down, in order to cause it to rise to the surface, but the results have warranted this course. Whether it is the report or the vibration that has its effect upon the body of the drowned, I am not prepared to state, but it is true that this method seldom fails to bring a body to the surface if in the near vicinity of the gun or cannon discharged.

The Mandan Indians use two different articles for this purpose, buffalo "chips" or some article of clothing belonging to the deceased. The half-civilized tribes of the Southwest nearly all use little wickerwork baskets called "hoet pans," and they believe that they will not become sufficiently water soaked to sink until they arrive at the spot exactly over the body of the drowned.

In all European countries, and even in some parts of the United States, the favorite talisman appears to be a loaf of bread. In England, the loaf is weighted with quicksilver, and in France, it is staped on its journey in quest of the dead with a lighted taper affixed in the top crust.

Objects used for this purpose differ widely in the different countries or even in widely separated communities. In Japan they use a bundle of straw; in Java a live sheep; in South Africa the dried tail of a bullock, and in Australia, a snake skin.

PETER S. McNALLY.

TOY SOLDIERS TO THE FRONT.

EVERY BRITISH NURSERY HAS BECOME A BATTLEFIELD WHERE SOLDIERS WAGE WARFARE.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1900.—Most English toy shopkeepers have recently become absolutely neglectful of what are ordinarily the best-paying branches of their business in order to devote themselves entirely to meeting the wonderful demand for toy soldiers that has sprung up since the beginning of the present war. Never before, they say, has juvenile England been so martial or the English papa so intent a purchaser of "munitions of war" as since the guns went to South Africa.

Every nursery has become a battlefield, and there can-

ons roar and thin, red lines of Britishers march upon Boer "laagers" or storm "kopjes" hastily improvised out of hassocks; flank movements are executed, attacks repelled, and bayonet charges carried on, until finally the Union Jack is flying over the enemy's "works" and a miniature military band realistically going through the motions of playing the national anthem.

Where these armies and their equipments come from is easily imagined after a walk along Regent street or Cheapside, for every window is one solid mass of "military men." Dolls, Indian clubs and rocking horses have dropped to the rear and Tommy Atkins and his "brother Boer" hold the center of the stage. My shopkeeper told me that the Christmas attack which his patrons made on his hastily-mobilised camp simply left him without a color sergeant or rifed gun to bless himself with. "They regularly picked me clean, sir," he said. "I never saw a Christmas like it before in the soldier way. I could have sold three times as many if I could a got 'em, but I couldn't, there wasn't one to be had."

This deponent is a little newsdealer who sells things for "kiddies" merely as a side issue, and was not, therefore, quite competent to speak, but at Lowther's Arcade—the queer tunnel between the Strand and St. Martin's Lane, which is jammed full of toys and is a veritable children's paradise—they told me the same story.

"We had hardly a 'corporal's guard' as they say, left after Christmas," one of the women who look after the warlike branch of the business, said. "We sold a lot of soldiers last Christmas, when the Soudan expedition was on and some during the American war with Spain, but nothing like the number we're selling now."

"Look at them," she continued, rather proudly, "there are little soldiers representing every branch of the British service, cavalry, artillery, Highlanders, everything. Then here are the Boers."

There they were, to be sure, appropriately bewhiskered, and slouch-hatted, and all armed with rifles, some firing as if at a mark, others on one knee. There were marvelous cannons that fired a cap and made a delightful noise, British and Boer flags, whole rows of tents and wagons, men with red crosses on their arms, carrying Hitters and a little apart from all these a real armoured train.

"We sell more of the regiments that have distinguished themselves," the saleswoman said. "The Gordon Highlanders and the Devons, the cavalry and the artillerymen. But here are more soldiers left over from last year."

There were whole regiments of Dervishes in turbans and with spears, mounted on wild steeds of the desert, and English soldiers, dressed just like those who served under Kitchener. More interesting, however, to American eyes were the men in blue with gray hats, and in khaki with no hats at all, and the "jackies" in flowing trousers, made to represent the men who fought with Dewey, and with Shafter. Their late foes were in evidence, too, headed by floating ensigns of red and yellow, but the saleswoman said that the men who supported the Stars and Stripes had had the most popularity.

According to her account, not only soldiers and camp necessities are being bought up about as fast as they can be provided, but swords, guns and drums likewise, not to mention British flags. Strange to relate, there are only three firms in England who manufacture the soldiers, most

of them being made in Germany, and the greater part of them, at least, by hand. As the soldiers sell for 30 cents a box and there are two profits to be gained, the wage of the warrior-makers is apparently not large.

No one seems to be considering what it all will lead to, however, or if the strategist of 5 and 6 may be an Alexander at 18 or 20. At all events, England's youth is not even satisfied with playing at soldiers in their nurseries, for hardly a day passes without the piquant record of the police courts, describing how terrified Britons and Boers were brought before "His Lordship" and lectured roundly. And only day before yesterday the youngest and littliest boy in a church choir in Hampstead marched gravely down to the Horse Guards and offered himself as a recruit.

MARSHALL LORD.

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

IT IS CALLED THE HURRICANE TREE AND IS IN NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS.

By a Special Contributor.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is variously known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk, as the picture will show, throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands of people, may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

DAINTY THIMBLES.

[Tit-Bits:] Ladies of high class in China use the daintiest thimbles imaginable, some of them being carved from enormous pearls, ornamented with bands of fine gold, on which all manner of quaint and fantastic designs are engraved. A mother-of-pearl case is always made to keep the thimble in, and with it the Chinese lady has a pair of delicate scissors of finest steel, inclosed in a sheath of mother-of-pearl, with a needle case to match. The Queen of Siam owns a thimble which was a present from her royal husband. It is made in the shape of a lotus band, of the finest gold, and is studded with diamonds, which are so arranged that they form her name and the date of her marriage.

CALENDAR.

On the following dates the distribution will take place:

DATE.	TITLE.
FEBRUARY	Volume I.
7	Mine Own People.
8	Volume II. Plain Tales from the Hills. THIRTY-NINE STORIES.
9	Volume III. The Light That Failed.
10	Volume IV. Soldiers Three.
11	Volume V. The Phantom 'Rickshaw.
12	Volume VI. Story of the Gadsbys.
13	Volume VII. The Courting of Dinah Shadd.
14	Volume VIII. In Black and White.
15	Volume IX. Under the Deodars.
16	Volume X. Wee Willie Winkie.
17	Volume XI. American Notes. SIXTEEN CHAPTERS.
18	Volume XII. Letters of Marque.
19	Volume XIII. Letters from the East.
20	Volume XIV. Departmental Ditties.
21	Volume XV. Barrack Room Ballads.

Important Notice.

Rudyard Kipling's books have met with such unexpected favor among our readers that the first consignment of "Mine Own People" (Vol. I.), "Plain Tales from the Hills" (Vol. II.), "The Light That Failed" (Vol. III.), "Soldiers Three" (Vol. IV.), is entirely exhausted, but we still have a supply for local distribution from No. IV. up, in both the paper and cloth binding. It will be at least three weeks before a further consignment of the first four volumes can reach us, as it is necessary to ship them by freight from New York. Our readers can get these volumes much earlier, or within two weeks, by leaving their order at the Times Subscription Department and have them sent by mail direct from publishers to their address. Out-of-town subscribers can order in the same way, simply sending us the coupons, with remittance according to style of binding desired. See coupons in this issue for Vol. V., "The Phantom 'Rickshaw.'"

Coupon for Out-of-Town Readers.

The Los Angeles Times,
Kipling Book Department,
Los Angeles, Cal.
Please send me postpaid VOLUME 5,
in binding, for which I
enclose cents.
(Enclose 10c for paper)
(Enclose 20c for cloth)
Name.....
Postoffice Address.....
NOTE.—Patrons calling at office will
be supplied upon application, but we
cannot guarantee to fill mail orders
in less than two weeks.

Clip This Coupon Out Today.

The Times-Mirror Co.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Coupon for City Readers.

RUDYARD KIPLING
BOOK COUPON.

Good for VOLUME 5, when pre-
sented at our office with 10 cts. 4
in paper binding, or 20 cts. in
cloth bin ing.

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.
Clip This Coupon Out Today

*Under Direction of
Prof. Seymour Eaton*

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

Paris has two unique restaurants, "Death," and the "Café Inferno." In the waiters dressed in skeleton attire and in a silence that is sepulchral rather than as they pass on their way to cater to the "Café Inferno" all is gayety and wit. Everything is clothed in red fire and brilliant waiters, reckless and noisy, bring yellow or scarlet trays. Every colored liquid, exquisite palate of the French people, "Café Inferno," while waiters in red tights, including the tail and the cloven the place whirling tricolored glasses. Gaily-dressed and painted females of all from all parts of the world visit this courts. On a small stage at one end of ingenious devices constructed for the the guests how many different ways offended His Satanic Majesty can be shriekers and pain producers work both so unpleasantly horrible does the noise that some of the more sensitive seek tables at which the spectators sit are change color every minute. Monstrous wreathed and twined overhead; gaily standing on cloven hoofs, and with sharp and out of horribly big mouths, starry walls, while merry, dancing devils with tails ask your advice concerning your fate they bring you with all the reckless and suitable to the occasion.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

A Book on Consumption.

D. R. EMMET DENSMORE, the well-known physician and writer on hygienic subjects, from whom a communication was published in this department last week on the use of starch in food, has written a book entitled, "Consumption and Chronic Diseases," in which he gives some interesting and valuable information, based upon experience, regarding the hygienic treatment of consumption, as to the cure of which he takes a sanguine view. The chief features of this treatment, which does not involve the use of medicine, consist in free ventilation, porous airy clothing, staying in bed much of the time, and the drinking of large quantities of milk. This is a modification of the celebrated Nordrach treatment, which is also described in this work. The author recommends horseback riding as an excellent exercise for consumptives, giving valuable assistance to the muscles of the body and conducting to certainty of the mind. But above all things, Dr. Densmore emphasizes the necessity of breathing fresh air day and night, in sunshine and storm. There is certainly no section better adapted for such treatment than Southern California. The author also advises the use of a breathing tube to strengthen the lungs.

The second part of the book contains much valuable information on diet and hygiene, to which reference will be made next week. The book, which should have a wide circulation, is published by the Stillman Publishing Company of Brooklyn.

Physicians and Food.

MUCH attention is just now being given to the important question of food by physicians in Germany. A school of practical instruction in the art of cooking has been opened in Berlin for the special benefit of physicians. Six subjects are to be discussed during the course and an hour is to be devoted to each subject. The special object of the course is to explain to physicians the value of the various foods and to enable those who attend hospitals to prescribe the best possible food for their patients.

Beef Tea.

FOR some years past physicians have been gradually arriving at the opinion that beef tea, which was formerly so much extolled as a nourishment for invalids, has really no particular value and furthermore is unwholesome, being largely composed of excrementitious matter and for this reason specially injurious in fever cases, as being likely to increase the inflammation. A physician is quoted in *Modern Medical Science* as saying that, as a rule, beef tea is nothing better than a salt extract, but if properly made it would contain 6 per cent. of proteid matter and 3 or 4 per cent. of fat. Some of the beef extract, for example, contained 15-10 per cent. of proteid matter. It would take each day \$350 worth of such extract to give the requisite amount of heat.

The same publication, however, makes a specialty of advertising a preparation which is apparently nothing but blood from the arteries of a bullock, which is highly recommended to be used either as food or by means of an injection. This is certainly not much of an improvement over beef tea. What is the matter with good fresh milk?

A Danger in Dentistry.

IT IS the habit of some dentists nowadays to fill a hypodermic syringe with some anesthetic, or pain-deadener, usually a preparation of cocaine in some form, and plunge it into the gums near the roots of a tooth which is to be extracted. This produces but a momentary pain and almost totally destroys sensation when the tooth is pulled.

A physician writing in the *Healthy Home* calls attention to the fact that this operation is not wholly unattended with danger. He says:

"The newspapers tell of a nineteen-year-old girl who did not long since die of blood poisoning, after indescribable suffering. She was to have been a bride in midsummer. On account of toothache she went to a dentist to have her tooth extracted. Like some other dentists, this dentist was proud of his hypodermic syringe as a means of destroying pain. He used it faithfully. Blood-poisoning set in. Her head swelled immensely, and the upper part of the trunk, so much so that her friends would not have been able to recognize her.

"Now it is not likely that the analgesic—the deadener, or the cocaine in it, was the poison that produced such a terrible effect. There are two other sources of poison, which are often very dangerous, either of which might have been responsible.

"First, there is in all mouths a deposit on the gums which is often very poisonous, especially when the stomach is foul, or a toothache has prevailed for several days. Sometimes the pus from an ulcerated tooth, if conveyed into the circulation, proves to be a most virulent poison.

"The other source of infection might have been a foul wound. Every dentist and surgeon in these days should make a particular point of keeping needles and all instruments perfectly aseptic by the use of hot water and other means well known to professional men. Too great care cannot be exercised.

"Medical men are reaching the belief that it is unwise to use the hypodermic needle at all on the gums. They are not in a location favorable for such operations.

"Some people assert that the saliva itself is poisonous under certain conditions. A poison in the jaw having gained access behind some of the tissues and bones of the face is practically beyond reach. Its march into the trunk is certain and rapid, and medicine will be of very little use.

"As a matter of fact, the needle is not necessary as in dentistry, or deadener of pain. Outward applications rubbed thoroughly on the gum will produce practically the

same result, although possibly by the expenditure of a trifle more time. This is a safe way, and dentists should practice it and patients should demand it. The other way is unsafe and is responsible for more sore mouths and unhealed gums than people think."

Pure Water Not Poisonous.

THE theory that distilled water is poisonous, which was started by a Dr. Koppe in Germany, a refutation of which has been published in this department, continues to crop up occasionally. A writer in *Health Culture* takes the ground that this theory was first published in the interest of the Carlsbad Springs of Europe, and that since then certain mineral springs filtering companies have given it a wide circulation in this country. The writer in *Good Health* says:

"It has not been published in scientific or medical journals, except to contradict it, and the fact that it has appeared mostly in country papers leads us to accept the statement that it was sent out by the Associated Press under the guise of news and paid for as advertising matter. A reason for doing this is the fact that boards of health everywhere have condemned filters as worse than useless, and decided in favor of aerated distilled water, and the filter companies have been desperate. Their devices have been taken from restaurants, public buildings and private residences, and distilling machines substituted. Several high-class apartment buildings in Boston, recently erected, have their distilling plants for supplying the occupants with pure drinking water. Several more are in course of construction. The demand for distilled water was never greater than today. In the United States there are nearly two thousand companies that are supplying families with over a half million gallons of distilled water daily, and it is estimated that fully fifty thousand other families have their own stills for furnishing pure water. Now, with the demand for distilled water constantly and rapidly increasing and physicians recommending it in preference to the best filtered or spring water, those affected by this were interested in creating a sentiment in opposition to the use of distilled water.

"There seems to be a general impression, even among the more intelligent classes, that the mineral salts that ordinary water contains are necessary to maintain the bodily functions in perfect health and to supply the bony structure with nourishment. This is the theory which Dr. Koppe sets up in support of his argument. Any chemist will confirm the statement that the mineral salts in water are inorganic in structure, and that no inorganic substances can undergo the process of digestion and assimilation in the human system. The soil in which our grains and vegetables grow is also inorganic in form, but the wheat and potato which the soil produces are organized food materials. One might eat a peck of the richest loam three times a day and yet starve his bones, muscles and tissues for want of nourishment. The mineral salts in water are nothing more nor less than the disorganized soil. They not only fail to supply any part of the body with nourishment, but cause serious trouble."

The writer then goes on to quote a number of prominent physicians in refutation of the theory that distilled water is injurious to the human system. This question ought now to be considered settled.

Open Questions.

THERE are many questions in medicine which experienced physicians are yet unable to answer, notwithstanding the great advances that have been made by medical science. In an address delivered before the British Medical Association, Sir William Broadbent recently said: "Morphea suspends the activity of the nerve centers. But how? What chemical or molecular change takes place in the tissues? How is it that the slightest change in the composition of the morphia molecule radically alters its effects? The physician cannot tell. The salts of potassium and of sodium are almost exactly similar. Yet a minute quantity of the former injected into a vein will paralyze the heart and destroy life, while the latter may be turned into the circulation wholesale with no bad result. Why is so simple a substance as prussic acid so deadly a poison? A thousand of such questions may be asked. None of them can yet be answered. We know that these things do thus and so. How they do it we do not know; but until we do medicine will scarcely become an exact science. That we shall one day attain such knowledge is confidently to be expected. That must be the work of chemistry; and when we remember that the science of chemistry is scarcely more than a century old, and when we consider the bewildering scope and importance of its achievements in that century, it is surely not too much to hope great things from its future labors."

Physicians by the Year.

IN CHINA it is the custom to hire physicians by the year, that is to say they are paid to keep a person or a family well. There is much sense in this plan and, indeed, it is quite an improvement over the method pursued in this country, which to some extent holds out inducements to physicians to extend a reputable illness or to retard recovery. Not that any reputable physician would think of doing such a thing, but the system is not a logical one, all the same. It has been suggested that it would be a good idea for people to employ their physicians by the year in this country. A writer in *Health Culture* discussing this question says:

"Many physicians often dose their patients because they feel that they have to; in fact, they know if they give nothing but good advice another doctor will be called in as soon as they leave the house, and, of course, that would be the end of their practice in that family, and probably in the neighborhood, which would not only deprive them of an honest living, but turn over the practice to another who would be less scrupulous in the matter.

"Another reason why physicians should be employed by the year is, it would necessarily make them study prevention more than dosing, which would naturally put the profession upon a higher plane.

"Still another reason, it would save the people millions of dollars annually that is spent for patent medicine and other things that do more harm than good.

"Just as the people are educated to take good advice in-

stead of bad medicine, they will pay doctors for advice instead of drugs. All physicians should be able to examine the air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat, so as to teach the people all about these things, especially the air.

"Physicians could take an instrument any and everywhere, and show the people the foul, poisonous matter in the air. They would be able to tell what sort of sickness this, that or the other kind of poisonous matter would produce. If the medical profession could make more money by preventing than curing disease, the time would come when a majority of the people would live to be a hundred years old.

"Better be a professional adviser than a professional doser."

Undrawn Poultry.

A PACIFIC COAST exchange recently stated that the dealers in one of the northern cities are objecting to a rule of the municipality that all fowl offered for sale must first be drawn. The rule is certainly in the interest of good health. Commenting on this subject an eastern agricultural exchange recently had the following:

"The presence of undigested food and of the excrementitious substances in animals which have been killed, most certainly favors tainting of the flesh and general decomposition. The viscera are the first part to show putrescence, and allowing these to remain in the body cannot do otherwise than favor infection of the flesh with bacteria and ptomaines, even if osmosis does not actually carry putrid juices to contiguous tissues. Hunters know the value of drawing birds as soon as possible after they have been shot, in order to keep them sweet and fresh, and to prevent their having a strong intestinal flavor."

Liquid Air in Medicine.

IT IS claimed that one of the most important uses of liquid air will be as a cure for disease and as an anesthetic. Mrs. McIver-Brisbane, who is a personal friend of Prof. Charles Tripler, the discoverer of liquid air, recently gave a demonstration in Milwaukee, previous to which she was interviewed on the subject by the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, from which interview the following extract is made:

"It's that side—the relation of liquid air to medicine that most interests Mr. Tripler," she says. "He cares little for the commercial side, valuable as that is. In the first place he is already a rich man, so rich that it is not at all necessary for him to look to the money results of his work. Then being an enthusiastic scientist he is eager to put his discovery on a broad basis. In New York liquid air is being rapidly introduced in the hospitals and doctors are constantly coming to Mr. Tripler's laboratory to secure some for use in surgical cases. It is hoped, as perhaps you know, to have it supersede the use of anesthetics, while it is also a permanent cure in certain dreadful diseases. Just look at these pictures," and Mrs. Brisbane exhibited some unpleasant photographs showing Dr. White, the celebrated New York physician, applying the vapor in case of cancer, black erysipelas and ulcer. In every case except one, where the patient was a much frightened baby, there seemed to be not only no pain, but a look of positive relief on the countenances of the sufferers. "It will do wonderful things in medicine and surgery yet. Just wait until all the dentists begin to use it," said Mrs. Brisbane, hopefully.

Story of a Malaria Germ.

THEODORE WATERS, in Ainalce's, has edited the life story of a malaria germ. Here is the germ's description of a fight with the phagocytes:

"Just then a lot of our new-born brothers began crowding upon us from behind, and when we turned to remonstrate, we saw, away to the rear, a great commotion. A fight and a retreat were going on. It was slaughter of the most horrible kind. There at the head of a tide of blood were columns of phagocytes cutting into the rearward of malaria germs, killing them, swallowing them whole, and growing lustier as the process went on. It was an awful spectacle. I hung back, fascinated. A phagocyte would race down the current with a swift overhead stroke, reach out and grasp a microbe from behind. Then the arm of the phagocyte would shorten, and, as it seemed to me, retreat into the white monster's interior, dragging the germ with it. Sometimes a phagocyte would grow facetious, and would bump against a poor germ as though shouldering him out of the road. Away would go the poor germ, swimming fast in order to avoid the encounter, but his enemy would then swim faster, striking him fair in the middle, and, with a slow motion going inside out like a glove, and actually taking the germ in with him. Ugh! I should have remained there in a sheer spell if my companion had not pulled me along with him.

"Make for a red blood cell," he called as we went onward.

"What," said I, "a red cell? We have just come from one!"

"Never mind," he replied, "find a red cell and eat your way inside. It is our only chance. See, the others are doing it!"

"Sure enough, many of my brethren had selected good red blood cells and were penetrating the skin and climbing inside to escape the phagocytes. It seemed to me so unfortunate, just as we had gained our freedom, but it was better than death. So we looked for cells. Every cell we came to, however, was being occupied, and it seemed to me that the phagocytes were gaining on us when my companion suddenly pulled me to one side and cried:

"Look out! Look out! Keep away from that current near the center there. It is worse than death!"

"What is it?" I cried, for I could see nothing.

"Don't you see?" he said, hugging the wall of the tunnel, "there it is, that discolored streak, running near the center of the stream. It is caused by what men call quinine, and it is deadly if you swim in it."

"How does it affect you?" I asked.

"If you swallow it, it numbs you—makes you incapable of motion—stupefies and prevents your climbing into a red blood cell—it is living death, and the friend of the phagocytes!"

"I shuddered and swam on. At the end of a sewerlike opening, my friend darted to one side and seized a red blood cell which was unoccupied. He began work on it at once.

"Good-by, brother!" he said. "Here is where I stop. I've work to do. Hope you'll get out of the wet before our white friends catch you. Look out for the quinine streaks."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Oil Boring at Arroyo Grande.

SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY is having a renewal of oil boring and two new companies are about to commence work near that place. Machinery and lumber is on the way.

Moreno Water.

THE people of Moreno, in Riverside county, having suffered considerably from the effects of the drought during the past few years have been making an earnest effort to develop an underground supply of water. They have sunk a well to a depth of 500 feet and having exhausted their financial resources, asked the Supervisors of Riverside county to allow them \$500, in order to persecute the work. This the Supervisors have agreed to do and the well will now be pushed forward to a depth of 800 feet.

A Swimming Pool.

RIVERSIDE is fortunate in having all kinds of water these times. William Elliott, who has a bath-house in Riverside, recently sunk an artesian well and obtained a flow of hot water measuring fifteen inches, at a depth of 370 feet. The water will be piped to the center of the swimming pool and it is said that a lake covering four acres will be made in the rear of the pool.

San Diego County Roads.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY has been active in road improvements during the past year. The County Surveyor has prepared a table giving a list of surveys made in the county during 1899. There were sixteen roads surveyed, the most important one being one with a 7 per cent. grade up Smith Mountain. It is nearly fifteen miles long and will be finished during the coming summer.

A Great Copper Region.

IT IS predicted that the Verde section in Northern Arizona will soon be the leading copper producer of the country, if not of the world. The United Verde alone ships 5,000,000 pounds of copper every year, and additional machinery will increase the production 20 per cent. during the present year. It is estimated that new companies will soon produce at least 3,000,000 pounds more.

Trade With Guatemala.

A SAN DIEGO man, who has spent five years in Guatemala, tells a San Diego paper that there is likely to be a good trade between that Central American country and San Diego before long. Guatemala has a population of about eighty thousand, and is described as a modern, up-to-date city, with only about four hundred American residents. The principal articles of export are coffee, coconut and rubber.

More Sugar Beets.

THE Oxnard sugar people are figuring on extending the cultivation of sugar beets into the Goleta Valley of Santa Barbara county. An experimental beet field is about to be planted to test the territory. The acreage will be small this year, but it is hoped that next year much more will be planted.

Downey's Cooperative Creamery.

THE Downey Cooperative Creamery Company has recently installed new machinery in its butter-making plant so as to largely increase its capacity and is preparing to establish a cheese-making plant in connection, so that in case of a fall in the price of butter below the equivalent price of cheese a large part of the milk delivered by patrons may be made into cheese. The creamery, which is situated in Downey, is operated with an oil-burning steam engine. As the day's milk is delivered in the morning it is run through two De La Val separators which have an aggregate capacity of 5000 pounds of milk per hour. As the cream runs from the separators it is conducted along a wide tin trough fluted crosswise so that the flow will not be rapid. The bottom of the trough is hollow and a stream of refrigerated water is kept constantly passing through the hollow space. That cools the cream so that it needs little further chilling. It is run into a vat in the refrigerator-room, where it stays until the time of churning on the following morning. The churning and working of the butter are done virtually in one operation. The churn, which is a big cylindrical affair, contains paddles, the movement of which separates the butter fat. A slight change in the gearing causes the butter, as the churn is revolved, to be carried up and dropped onto rollers working in the center. After being squeezed through the rollers the butter drops to the bottom, only to be again carried to the top and fall through the rollers again, the operation being kept up as long as the churn is kept turning. The next process is the cutting of the butter into bricks and wrapping it with tissue sheets bearing the company's label. The refrigeration is accomplished by means of an ammonia gas machine. The entire output of the creamery is handled by one firm in Los Angeles.

The expenses of operation, including 1 per cent. interest on the stockholders' investment, are each month deducted from the gross proceeds of the sale of the butter. The re-

mainder is divided among the patrons according to the percentage of butter fat shown by tests of each one's milk and the number of pounds of milk he has delivered. The total receipts of the creamery for last year were 43,365. Of that sum \$36,060 was paid to patrons for milk delivered, and \$1639 was paid in salaries.

Prospecting on the Desert.

MUCH prospecting is going forward on the Mojave Desert just now. Gold croppings are being located and other minerals are being discovered. The Lancaster Gazette reports that a prospector came in from Big Rock Creek with some specimens of coal from that section. The deposits are said to be close to the snow line on a mountain plateau.

San Diego Copper.

WORK has commenced on a 300-foot shaft on a copper mine at Encinitas in San Diego county, and it is expected that a smelter will be erected later, should the developments warrant it. The San Diego Union says that considerable development work has already been done on the mines. There are 400 feet of shafts, crosscuts and tunnels and the results have been very encouraging. The copper ledge widens out considerably with depth and also grows richer. The width runs all the way from a trace to ten feet, and there is an unlimited quantity in sight. Assays show that the ore runs about 20 per cent. copper.

An Arizona Mountain Town.

FLAGSTAFF is a progressive little city on the line of the Santa Fe in Northern Arizona. It boasts of a fine bracing climate, the elevation being high and is surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the West. In a recent issue the Flagstaff Gem prints some facts in regard to this town and its attractions. The population is estimated at "from 1500 to 2500." This is rather a wide margin. The elevation of the town is 6800 feet above the sea, which enables it to make claims as a health resort. Flagstaff is located in the center of an immense timber belt and there is also a wide expanse of grazing land tributary to the town.

Angora Goats.

THE raising of Angora goats is said to be a successful industry in Santa Barbara county. Owens brothers have about three hundred Angoras on the Prietas ranch, and hope to double the number before another season. There is reported to be an active demand for the Angora goats by butchers and the meat is said to be superior to mutton, while the fleece, which is the most valuable part of the animal, sells readily for good prices in San José and San Francisco.

A New Tool.

A COMPANY known as the Los Angeles Automatic Tool Company has been formed in Los Angeles to manufacture a new implement known as "Smith's Automatic frame square," the invention of A. C. Smith, who is president of the company, which is said to have \$20,000 paid up on its capital stock of \$100,000. The implement is a combination tool, including a tri-square, bevel-square and miter-square. Many carpenters who have examined the tool claim that it is a time-saver as well as a safeguard against mistakes. Mr. Smith has published a chart for the use of carpenters, giving 1750 different problems.

A Big Power Plant.

WHAT is said to be the greatest private enterprise ever undertaken in New Mexico is now approaching completion at Madrid. This is the new power plant of the Cochiti Gold Mining Company of Bland. The cost of fuel at any point in the territory is a big item of expense, except, of course, at the coal camps themselves, and especially is this true of the Cochiti district, where the freight charge alone would soon eat the profits of a mine larger and richer than the one which the company now controls. To cut off this useless expenditure of freighting is the object of the new power plant at Madrid. A correspondent of the Albuquerque Democrat says:

"Here the latent energy of coal, as cheap as it is plentiful, will be turned into electricity, and in this form transmitted over wires to the big cyanide mill at the Albe-Marle. To do this will require an expenditure of a quarter of a million, so Mr. Posey told me several months since, and big as the figures are, they seem none too large when compared with the size of the plant and the shape it is now assuming.

"Upon entering the trim little camp, the first object that strikes the eye is the huge skeleton ironwork of the big shell that is to enclose tons and tons of costly machinery, the most ponderous, it is said, ever brought to the Territory.

"For example, the fly wheel, which now lies in a shapeless mass of eight sections, will be 20 feet in diameter when put together and will weigh 70,000 tons; the shaft, upon which it turns is nearly two feet in thickness and weighs about 40,000 pounds. This entire mass of steel of over 50 tons in weight will make 90 revolutions per minute, every minute the 24 hours of each day and every day of the year.

"The boilers will be six in number, each 18 feet long and 70 inches in diameter. The fuel will be brought from the mines over the coal company's tipples, which runs alongside the powerhouse, will be hoisted and distributed into elevated bins by the Jeffrey coal conveyor, and from there fed into the furnaces by automatic feeders, thus requiring the services of only one fireman for the six boilers.

"The engine is a direct connected three-phase generator, whatever that might mean, and will be of 800-horse power, and will rest on a foundation of solid masonry twelve feet in depth. The electrical appliances, such as dynamos, generators, etc., will be the most powerful ever brought to the Southwest.

"The building is of corrugated iron over steel trusses

and at present there are over half a hundred on it.

"The water for the plant will be taken from the Galisto at Cerrillos. Already a well has been sunk on the ground and is meeting with most successful results. A depth of 350 feet has been attained, and a flow of water encountered. As the pipe has not been laid, all that remains to be done is to install a pumping station and then the water question has been solved. Two iron tanks of 100,000 gallons each are placed in position at Madrid, to insure a steady supply of water.

A Copper Plant.

THE copper property of the Detroit Copper Company at Morenci in Arizona is very extensive, comprising 160 full-sized locations, or 3200 acres. The company, published at Clifton, has an interview with the superintendent of the mines, in which he gives some interesting information regarding the property. Mr. McLean says:

"There have been over twenty million dollars worth of work done on the company's property during the past year. There have been 500 miners engaged on the property, and have been 500 men at work at and around the reduction plant, and about two hundred men on the underground work alluded to does not include the sinking shafts, driving levels, cross-cutting, and various connections necessary for safety and expeditious hauling of the ore reserves.

"There is being built and is about completed the largest concentrating plant in the United States, with a capacity is 500 tons per day, and will treat ore at 60 cents per ton at a profit. That sounds like a lot, doesn't it?" said Mr. McLean. "I make that out because I have read so much about marvelous things in your local papers of mammoth ledges of copper run 50, 60 and 70 per cent.

"In addition to the above, there have been six 125-horse power gasoline engines. These are manufactured in England and are great labor-saving economizers. They furnish power to run the crushers and six furnaces of 600 tons' capacity. The water is converted by the pneumatic process and is twenty-eight tons of ingot copper per day at 90 1/2 fineness. The bulk of the ore comes from the company's old group of mines, known as the Yuma, Rynerson, Morenci, Arizona, Central and Mountain."

Regarding the company's proposed railroad, Mr. McLean said: "The road will be known as the Morenci and Central, and its terminus will be Guthrie, on the Santa Fe, connecting with the Arizona and New Mexico. It will be nineteen miles long, and will have a half maximum grade from Morenci to the Santa Fe River, which it will cross and continue up the bank of the Gila River to the terminus. The road will be standard gauge, but will be operated as a narrow gauge."

An Improved Lunch Box.

A PATENT has been issued to Adelia J. O'Brien for an improved lunch box. It is a box which does away with the drawback of the ordinary lunch box. Following is a copy of the description of the box in the patent:

"The lunch box herein shown and described, comprising an outer box, having screen-covered in its walls, inner compartments, an air-circulating device, the outer from the inner compartments, a cover fitted over the upper part of the box, and secured to and hanging pendant from the inner ends of the box cover and adapted to normally screen openings by the flanges of the box substantially as shown and described."

Plenty of Water.

MONTECITO in Santa Barbara county is now the development of a large amount of water in the Whitehead tunnels, belonging to a Montecito Water Company. The flow was recently up to thirty inches, and the pipe line is capable of handling, so that no water has been run to waste. A reservoir will be constructed below the mouth of the tunnel, and the water may be stored for summer use. A distributing system will be put in. The tunnel is long.

A Big Tank.

THE Lacy Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles recently finished erecting a big storage tank for roundhouse in Bakersfield. The tank has a capacity of 335,000 gallons.

Chile Sauce.

THE chile sauce factory at San Buenaventura closed down for the season with an output of 100,000 cans. It is said that more than that amount could have been disposed of, but the inability of getting sufficient cans. The proprietors intend to enlarge the factory next year so that they can produce 10,000 cans daily.

Lemon-Growers' Exchange.

THE lemon-growers of the Calhoun Valley have organized an exchange, which has done much to help the industry in that section. There are seventy members in the exchange, and the lemon-growers in the valley are about nine-tenths of the lemon-growers in the valley. Last year the exchange shipped forty carloads of lemons, according to estimates of growers, these worth sixty to seventy-five carloads.

SOU' BY SOU' WEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

SAN BERNARDINO paper recently announced that a resident of that city who had been on a trip to the Colorado Desert, had brought in with him a canteen near the bleached bones of an unfortunate prospector, Strubemiller, who lost his way and died on the desert five or six years ago. No friends have yet been found of this victim of the desert. His fate points a moral to those who venture out into the desert sections of the Southwest in search of mineral, or for other purposes. Much care cannot be taken to provide for an ample supply, or to secure accurate information regarding location of springs or wells. For lack of such precaution hundreds of prospectors have died miserably in the Colorado deserts during the past quarter of a century. Astonishing what a vast amount of water a man can consume while tramping across the shadeless plains in the glare of a semi-tropical sun. To a certain extent the thirst for a large amount of liquid may be overcome, for the fact that the appetite for water comes with drink, and that for food with eating. My friend Prof. Watts, who spends much of his time in tramping over the hills, says that he finds it a good plan to chew gum while on a trip, and that in this way the craving for water is lessened. I once had an unpleasant experience in consequence of what it is to be on a desert without any water. A couple of friends started out from Phoenix one hot morning for some placer diggings that had recently been mentioned in the papers. They were located about sixty miles from Phoenix and the nearest water on the road was many miles away from what is now the capital of the Territory. We had a burro and two canteens, one holding a gallon and the other a big one of five gallons' capacity, supposing that this would be ample for the trip to the first diggings, but we had not made two-thirds of the distance before both canteens were empty. The heat was terrific and our tongues began to swell so that we could scarcely talk. It is not been that we met a couple of men in a wagon who had a little water from them we should have been saved. Had we! When we came to the well we simply drank ourselves with water and for several days afterward scarcely got enough. The water in that section was heavily impregnated with copper, in consequence of which I was laid up for several months. The placer diggings, by the way, turned out to be a fizzle. We had a washer and worked like coal heavers for several weeks, but resulting about enough gold to fill a quill, while the men working alongside with their primitive beats, or wooden bowls, made a fair living. Considering that water is worth a gallon and sugar 40 cents a pound, it may be said that this was not much of a Klondike. Only a few months ago the Arizona papers reported the finding of a body of an eastern man, who had lost his way and died of thirst in this same section. Just now, when so many prospectors are starting out in search of mines, it will be well to bear in mind this warning about water, for a little is of little use to a man out on the desert when the canteen is empty.

There has been some excitement in Monrovia lately over the reported discovery of a rich gold deposit in the hills north of that city. Several years ago there was a little boom of a similar kind near Lordsburg, between Monrovia and Pomona. There is gold scattered more or less generally throughout Southern California, but the trouble is to find a deposit where it does not cost more to extract the mineral than it is worth. However, the prospector need not be discouraged by the fact that any section has been pretty well explored in the past, as some of the richest mines in the world have been found in locations that have been tramped over by thousands of people, and sometimes close to a highroad.

That the education of the head is forced at the expense of manual training which would often be of more use to its possessor admits of no doubt. A boy who recently graduated from one of our business colleges obtained a job in a pressroom and on going to a restaurant for the first day found that one of the waiters was a graduate of his. Another of his classmates has been working in the Third-street tunnel, and yet another has a job as a street contractor. A good many graduates of our high school may be found in similar lines of activity. Will some practical philanthropist give us a first-class manual training school, like that at Pasadena?

What is or is not permissible language to send over the wire sometimes admits of question. At the time of the show in Los Angeles an Englishman from Riverside, who came to take in the entertainment, was requested by a friend to telegraph him what he thought of the show. He went to the telegraph office and handed in a dispatch reading, "Horse show no dam good." The clerk politely told him that they could not send such language over the wire, whereupon the Englishman changed it to read, "Horse show no bloody good." And so the dispatch went.

A Tucson correspondence states that a petition has been forwarded for presentation to Gov. Murphy, asking for the release of Fred G. Hughes—who is no relation of L. C. Hughes, editor of the Star and ex-Governor of the Territory—and that the document bears the signatures of a majority of the property-owners of Pima county. Hughes was one of the earliest pioneers of Arizona. He was half a century a member of the Territorial Legislature and was president of the Legislative Council. For several years he was clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Pima county and later was president of the Society of Arizona Pioneers. For misappropriating funds belonging to the society he was sentenced to five years in Yuma, where he has been for a little more than a year. Fred Hughes is one of the most popular men in the Territory,

a man of family and of kindly disposition, his only fault being a liking for gambling, which, doubtless, led to his present troubles.

Appropos of the Society of Arizona Pioneers—or "old stiffs," as they were sometimes irreverently referred to by later comers—the organization was formed in 1883. The members took the society very seriously, much more so, indeed, than did a majority of the "tenderfeet." About that time I started a paper called the Prospector at Quijotea, and in the first number worked off a joke on the Pioneer Society, which was having a somewhat heated discussion as to the proper test to be applied for admission. There was some question as to the verification of the dates when members arrived in Arizona and I published an article affirming that a lengthened residence in the Territory was conducive to mental aberration, or to put it plainly, to insanity. Such being the case, it was proposed to engage a leading specialist who had made a close study of cerebral idiosyncrasies as official expert of the society. His duty would be to examine the brains of all candidates for admission, in order to determine the date of their arrival, and he expected to establish a gauge which would indicate within three months the date when an applicant first set foot in the Territory. Some of the venerable pioneers looked at me rather askance for some time after this article appeared. They were not quite sure whether it was a joke or not, and I fancy some of them have not yet quite made up their minds on the subject.

The Southwest has never yet received much recognition from the government in the shape of appointments to the consular service, yet there are in this section of the country many men of wide experience and knowledge of the world, gained through extensive travel, who would fill such positions with credit to themselves and benefit to the nation. At least, we might easily dig up a few men who would be able to make a better showing for Uncle Sam than Mr. Wildman of Hongkong, or Mr. Macrum, late of Pretoria.

A number of Los Angeles physicians and others recently purchased a tract of land a mile long and half a mile wide, including the old Strawberry Valley resort and the resort known as Idlewild, in the San Jacinto Mountains, a most romantic section which came into prominence lately as the scene of one of the severest earthquakes that has visited Southern California for many years. The tract is well timbered with oak and pine and is well watered. For the present the improvements now on the tract will be utilized, but before long the purchasers expect to make some extensive betterments. Notwithstanding the fact that Los Angeles attracts health and pleasure-seekers from all over the United States and from other parts of the world, the mountains of this section are still to a great extent a terra incognita. Mount Lowe attracts quite a number of visitors since the railroad was built to the summit and some go up to Mount Wilson, Bear Valley and a few other points during the summer months, but the great majority of visitors, as well as our own people, content themselves with trips through the foothills or to the seacoast. This is somewhat surprising, in view of the fact that the mountains of Southern California, varying in height from 5000 to over 11,000 feet, present a remarkable succession of varied scenic attractions, while the bracing atmosphere at those elevations is like an injection of new life to the thin-blooded invalid or the worn-out business man. It is pleasing to note that the Federal government has provided for a perpetual protection of this mountain region and there is now an unbroken succession of government reservations extending from the northern boundary of Santa Barbara county to the southern part of Riverside county. For those who enjoy fair health, no more pleasant way to spend a few weeks can be imagined than a camping trip through this mountain range, either going afoot or on horseback. San Bernardino is a good point of departure for such an expedition. At an altitude of 5000 feet there is such a change in scenery and surroundings as to make it difficult to believe that one is within a few miles of the orange groves in the San Bernardino Valley. There are forests of pine and spruce, with a few silver firs and oaks and in between fern-carpeted open glades. There is delicious spring water and the air is laden with balsamic perfume. Here and there in the mountains are orchards and gardens where excellent apples and vegetables are grown, for the soil is very rich. In some of the creeks there is excellent trout fishing. Camping under the giant pines, with the stars shining overhead, even the dyspeptic wakes up in the morning with a voracious appetite, ready to do justice to the plainest kind of camp fare. Bear Valley is an ideal mountain resort, with fine drives, trout fishing, hunting in season and good camping grounds, with log cabins for those who wish to sleep under cover. Such a resort, if located in Switzerland, would have half a dozen big hotels and a railroad from the valley below, but we have scarcely yet begun to realize the possibilities of making this the playground of America, as Switzerland is the playground of Europe. For those who are ambitious as mountain climbers, there are such high summits as Mount Greyback and Mount San Jacinto, over eleven thousand feet above the sea, from which grand and far-reaching views of a large portion of Southern California may be had. At present there is no accommodation for the visitor at these elevated points, but we may be sure that before many years some enterprising people will construct mountain inns there and furnish entertainment for man and beast.

The latest of these government reservations in Southern California is in some respects the most picturesque of all, and at the same time the least known, very few, even among the old residents of Southern California being acquainted with it, while to most of our visitors it is unknown even by name. This is the new government park and forest reservation known as the Pine Mountain and Zacca Lake Reservation, embracing an area of about a million and a half acres in Los Angeles, Ventura and Santa Barbara counties, or about half as large as Los Angeles county. The reservation is a wild and picturesque section, about two hundred thousand acres of it being covered with fine pine timber. Near the eastern boundary are hot springs, with a temperature of 200 deg. They are on government land, and will be kept free for the public, who will appreciate them as soon as they are opened up by

roads and trails. Zacca Lake, in Santa Barbara county, is a fine body of water, which will be stocked with fish and made a pleasure resort. Another pretty body of water is Lake George, containing about twenty acres, surrounded by pines. For the hunter there are bear, deer, antelope and smaller game, and over one hundred and fifty miles of good trout streams. The view from the higher peaks embraces a long coast line with the islands in the distance. Before long the fine mountain reservation will be crowded with health and pleasure-seekers during the greater portion of the year.

Another party has just returned from San Clemente Island, bringing with them a large amount of Indian relics. There must have been a carload of such relics brought away from this and other islands of the channel during the past few years. These channel islands are, indeed, a rich field for the archaeologist. On Catalina Island large quantities of relics have been unearthed at Avalon, at the new town site on the isthmus, and at other points. The right to dig for and remove relics on Catalina Island has been reserved by the Banning Company, but some of the other islands offer an unusually rich field for research, especially San Clemente, and expeditions are often made to that isolated spot by relic hunters. Owing to the winds and currents, the rocky shore and the scarcity of water, it is not an easy place to visit, and parties should always be accompanied by an experienced guide. "Chappie," the well-known boatman of Avalon, is probably as well acquainted with San Clemente and its Indian relics as any one. He has a small museum of his own at Avalon and was anxious to make a display of island relics and curiosities at the World's Fair in Paris, but failed to receive sufficient encouragement.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the origin and history of the ancient race which once inhabited these islands off the coast of Southern California. That they were numerous admits of no doubt, for the mass of remains which they have left behind them. It is said that as late as the year 1805 there were fully ten thousand Indians upon the islands, while in 1816 there was not one left. The cause of this sudden disappearance has been a puzzle to historians. From what has been unearthed in the burying places and townsites it may be learned that the primitive inhabitants of the islands made their living almost entirely from the sea. Of the abalone they made great use, eating the flesh and fashioning all kinds of implements and ornaments from the shell. To judge from the remains the inhabitants of the islands were an intelligent race and much superior to the Indians of the mainland. One story is to the effect that the islanders were killed off by Russians and natives of Alaska, who accompanied the Russians in their search for sea otter and seal, the unprotected natives being shot down in cold blood for the sake of the fur garments which they wore. Another story is that a famine carried off the people, while others claim that they were destroyed by an epidemic. The story has often been told of how the last remaining survivor of these islanders, a woman, with a child, was brought over from San Nicholas Island by the late Capt. John Nidever. The woman had been overlooked when her companions were removed from the island by the priests, and died soon after her arrival.

There has been some comment in the local papers on the fact that a man was recently arrested in Pomona for picking up an orange in an orchard and brought to Los Angeles, where he was placed in jail. This certainly does look like an excessive punishment for a small offence, but then, when you come to think about it, there are two sides to the question. It is astonishing with what cool assurance travelers—especially recently-arrived eastern visitors—will step into an orange grove or a garden and pick the golden globes from the trees, without as much as a "by your leave," eating them and scattering around the peel and perhaps stuffing a few oranges into their pockets. While the loss to the grower in each individual case is trifling, yet in the aggregate it often amounts to quite a serious difference in the amount of fruit available for shipment, especially in sections that are largely patronized by tourists. It is evident that in case this practice should be allowed to go on unchecked the owners of some small groves adjacent to much-frequented highways would find themselves without any crop to market when the shipping season arrives. In some sections of the country, where stock-raising is the principal industry, it is considered a greater crime to steal a steer or a horse than to kill a man. Here in California fruit-raising is the principal industry and it is certainly aggravating for the man who has spent years of hard work and much money in planting, cultivating, irrigating and fertilizing an orange grove, in fighting against frost and insect pests, to see his fruit calmly appropriated by people who are amply able to pay for what they take.

KAFFIRS ADEPTS AT LYING.

[London Daily Mail:] The Kaffir makes an interesting study. You cannot understand him all at once. It requires time, and a good deal of it. A new arrival thinks the Kaffir is a born prevaricator of the truth, and has his reasons for so thinking.

Suppose you catch a "boy" committing a misdemeanor. Ask him what he has been doing, and he will look up in your face, a picture of innocence, and reply, "Ikona, baas"—a plump denial. Tell him you saw him do it, threaten him with punishment, he will still persist in maintaining his innocence. He will still plead ignorance of the misdeed, and mutter in astonishment or fear, "Ikona, baas." In fact, he knows nothing whatever about it. If the offense be one that cannot be overlooked, you proceed to administer reproof—with the foot, if you are not particular and wish to be impressive. What does he do? If he is a raw "boy," and not used to it, he runs off with a terrified look on his face; if he is used to it, he retires precipitately with a satisfied smile, not necessarily because he has got the thrashing, but because he no longer has it to look forward to.

The only explanation for the systematic lying of the native in face of the most convincing proof is that the native mind is totally unable to form a conception of what we understand by truthfulness.

FOUR GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE already has more paying subscribers than any other magazine published west of Chicago. It proposes to multiply their number by at least four this year. We will therefore during 1900 to any subscriber, new or old, who will devote some time to securing new subscriptions to **LAND OF SUNSHINE**, such a cash commission as will ensure liberal payment for effective work. In addition to this cash payment, we will deed outright to the person sending us the longest list of new annual subscribers during the year ending February 1, 1901,

Ten Acres of Choice Land Set to Figs,

10 Acres
of
Figs.

Free from Incumbrance and Without Cost to the Successful Competitor.
We have further made such a contract with the Southern California Fig Co. that their trained experts will care for and cultivate the orchard for three years at no cost to the winner of this contest. The property is in one of the most choice residence sections of Southern California. This is such a chance as may never again to secure a home UNDER YOUR OWN VINE AND FIG TREE. Note that under the terms of this offer, every person undertaking the work will be paid in cash for work done, while the most successful worker will receive a bonus that may be fairly called princely.

Only one of our subscribers can get the fig orchard. The other premiums will be had by every subscriber who wants them, at a price far below that at which they could be obtained in any other way. In order that every subscriber to the **LAND OF SUNSHINE** who has a garden may see, at his own door, a sample of that gorgeous carpet which nature spreads over California's plains and hillsides, we have secured a large supply of seeds of fifteen varieties of **NATIVE WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA**. The kinds are a treasure in any garden and the wonderful Matilija Poppy, some six to nine inches in diameter; the superb California Poppy; the brilliant Scarlet Larkspur; the exquisite beauty and interest. The collection is of the public. No resident of to whom the flower garden collection of seeds. At retail postage paid, with one year's subscription ONLY \$1.50. **Snap Shots of California** beautiful and characteristic photographic views of places, people and things, perfectly reproduced and printed on heavy, highly-coated cards. They are just the right size to slip into a letter to Eastern friends. The set is worth a dollar. With the **LAND OF SUNSHINE** for a year we will send them to any address for \$1.50.

California
Wild Flower
Seeds.

selected are all of great beauty, each one would be a prize in itself. Some are rare and difficult to obtain. They include the Matilija Poppy, with its profusion of yellow-centred white petals; the superb California Poppy; the brilliant Scarlet Larkspur; the exquisite Baby Blue Eyes; and others hardly inferior to the collection as a whole has never before been offered in Southern California but has some friend or relative who is a delight and who would prize and rejoice in it. At prices the seeds would cost \$1.40. We will send them to any subscriber to the **LAND OF SUNSHINE** for only \$1.50.

Southern California include sixty carefully selected

Mission Memories is a beautiful volume, 7x10 in. full-page views of the Old California Mission Buildings and delightful souvenir of these historic landmarks. Bound in covers of wood, with one year's subscription to the **LAND OF SUNSHINE** furnish the same volume in paper cover, with one year's subscription to the magazine for \$1.50. **All Three of the Premiums**, to the magazine (about \$4.50 worth, separately) for only \$2.75.

The **LAND OF SUNSHINE** is the Magazine of California and the West. Its editor, Chas. F. Lummis, is widely known as scholar and explorer. Its regular staff of contributors includes most of the ablest writers, students of California and the West. In every number, with a profusion of novel and interesting illustrations, it presents brilliant, short stories, accurate and interesting historical and descriptive material, discriminating book reviews and bold and penetrating discussion of public affairs. In a word, it nowhere else short of the highest standards of magazine-making.

Every Resident of Southern California should see the **LAND OF SUNSHINE** regularly, because in no other way can he so easily get complete, varied and interesting information, through text and picture, concerning the **LAND WE LOVE**.

Every Tourist and Visitor should subscribe, if only for the continuing reminder of what has been without doubt a charming experience.

The **LAND OF SUNSHINE** alone is good value, ample money's worth. In connection with the premium offers here made, its attraction ought to be irresistible. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Sample copies 10 cents. Call or write for fuller particulars of our premium offer.

Snap Shots
of
Southern
California.

ches, containing seventy-five photographs. They make a complete set. Bound in covers of wood, with one year's subscription to the **LAND OF SUNSHINE**, \$1.75; or with one year's subscription to the magazine for only \$2.75.

of California and the West. Its editor, Chas. F. Lummis, is widely known as scholar and explorer. Its regular staff of contributors includes most of the ablest writers, students of California and the West.

Mission
Memoirs.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE PUBLISHING COMPANY

121 1-2 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Situation in China. (Cartoon).....	1	Delfina. By Isabel M. Austin.....	14
Editorial.....	2	Good Short Stories. Compilation.....	15
"Jack and Jill." By Robert J. Burdette.....	3	Marquis Ito Visited. By Frank G. Carpenter.....	16-17
The Earth's Center. By Prof. N. S. Shaler.....	4	In the Wrong Box. By Kate Tannett Woods.....	17
Imperial Portraits. By J. M. D.....	5	Current Literature. By Adachi Kinnoosuke.....	18-19
How Hobos are Made. By Josiah Flynt.....	6	The Story of Fung Hee. By Olive Percival.....	19
Congressman Hitt. By R. E. S.....	7	Graphic Pen Pictures. Sketched Far a-Field.....	20
Astronomy. By G. R.....	8	The House Beautiful. By Kate Greenleaf Locke.....	21
The Hermit of Santa Catalina. By J. Torrey Connor.....	8	Woman and Home.....	22-23
Mr. Dooley on the Servant Girl Problem. By F. P. Dunne.....	9	Topics of the Times. By a Staff Writer.....	23
A Few Ruakiniana. From Springfield Republican.....	9	Our Boys and Girls.....	24-25
Fleurs-de-Lis. By Sarah Winter Kellogg.....	10-11	Home Study Circle. By Prof. Seymour Eaton.....	25
Hilder's Mission. By J. E. Watkins, Jr.....	11	Care of the Body.....	27
Patricia's Valentine. By Elizabeth Vore.....	12	Development of the Southwest.....	28
Stories of the Firing Line—Animal Stories. Compilation.....	13	Sou' by Sou'west. By the Ancient Mariner.....	29

PEERAGE FOR YANKEE GIRL.

The Countess of Ava, who in all human probability will be the next Marchioness of Dufferin, is another American girl who has been caught up by marriage into the loftiest of the British peerage. "Pretty Flora Davis" was married a few years ago, when she presided over her father's house in Washington Square, New York. Her father, the wife of John H. Davis, the New York banker, and when the future Countess was a child, and early in the duties of hostess fell upon the beautiful girl, who may now be called upon to preside over the home of the great Dufferin.

Miss Davis and young Lord Blackwood met in Paris several years ago, when he was attached to his father's embassy, and when she was spending a year or two abroad. The marriage was solemnized in Paris in 1893, and Lord and Lady Blackwood removed to London, where they lived for a short time in a quaint house in Cadogan Square. They have two little daughters, but no son.

When Miss Davis married the second son of Lord Dufferin there seemed small hope that her husband would ever succeed to the title which his distinguished father had honored so highly and so long. On the contrary, all the appearances were strongly against that prospect. Lord Dufferin's eldest son, the late Earl of Ava, and heir to the title, was young, and in the nature of things, it was to be expected that he would marry and displace his brother in the position of heir presumptive, with a son of his own. But the Earl did not marry. Whether he was a misogynist or had been severely disappointed in his early affections in such manner as to leave him with an incurable wound, who can say? At all events, he passed the age of 37 wifeless. Romance or no romance, he went to the wars in South Africa, and there he found a soldier's grave.

The second son, Lord Blackwood, at once succeeded to the place of direct heir. Up to the death of his brother he had been heir presumptive, and he now assumed the title of Earl of Ava.—[Chicago Times-Herald.

A CHINESE WEDDING IN A PHILADELPHIA CHURCH.

In the most approved American fashion Wong John was joined to pretty almond-eyed Lee Qui N'Gun last week in the Arch-street Presbyterian Church. The ceremony formed the last act of a drama of love acted out when the principals were separated from each other by over three thousand miles. There was an exchange of photographs, there were letters, and Jack got his Jill and the whole thing ended like an old comedy. Every feature of this unique wedding was strictly American except the making of a few of the Chinese guests. There were pretty bouquets of flowers, and music of an elaborate order.

The wedding procession was led by two American ushers, followed by seven Chinese ushers. All the ushers except two wore full-dress suits. Following the ushers walked the bridegroom, leaning on the arm of Miss Elizabeth Hildes, his Sunday-school teacher, who superintended the arrangements for the wedding. Next the bride, escorted by Miss Donaldino Cameron, the matron of the Girls' Chinese School at San Francisco. The bride wore a handsome fawn-colored broadcloth, tailor-made suit, and a silk waist to match. A pretty hat, also fawn-colored, finished the costume. She carried a bouquet of bride roses. The white that is so common at American Weddings is never worn by Chinese upon such occasions, as that color and light blue are with them the emblems of mourning. The bridegroom wore pearl-colored trousers and black waistcoat and vest. A Bride rose was worn in the lapel.—[Philadelphia Record.

WHEN A MAN SPEAKS FIRST.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] "I suppose we ought to have the house painted this spring," said Mr. Greenough.

"Have you enough money put by to have it done?" his wife asked.

"Yes," he said, pleased at the interest she took in the matter. "I've been laying away a little every month for it, and when I counted up, the other night, I found that the fund amounted to something like \$250."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "that will be just enough to buy a lovely diamond I was looking at yesterday. Diamonds are going up on account of the war in Africa. Paint the house!"

Then he began wondering why man was ever blessed with the gift of speech, anyway.

THE RED CLOUD MINING COMPANY

Has Sixteen Well-Developed Mining Claims

Rich in Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead

Work is progressing rapidly. Situated in the Chuckawalla District, Riverside Co., Cal., 36 miles from Salton. Abundance of fuel and water. Natural facilities for successful milling and reduction operations. There is purchased, and will soon be placed, a large set of Cornish Rolls, with a

Capacity of 175 Tons of Ore a Day.

A limited amount of this company's stock, in fact the most valuable now on the market, is offered for a short time only at their office.

Some estimate that each 100 shares will earn \$50 per month income, and as there is ore enough for over 100 years, this stock would be the best investment a person could make for himself or give to a child. Dry or wet weather, hard or good times the gold yields just the same. It matters not where you live your monthly dividends will be sent you. For a few days only, this stock will be offered at 25c a share—not less than 500 shares sold at one time.

For over 6 months a large force of men have been doing development work until now there is over one million tons of ore in sight. One carload shipped to El Paso, Texas, to the smelting company, and in their letter of Nov. 9th, say: The gross value of your ore is \$24.17 per ton.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

218 South Broadway.

S. P. CREASINGER, President.

W. L. ELDER, Secretary.

KOCH INSTITUTE

Established 1896 for the scientific treatment of Consumption and all Lung and Bronchial Troubles. More than 1000 cases of Consumption in all stages have been treated, and nearly 70 per cent. of permanent cures recorded. No other treatment has ever given such results.

Any one who may be suffering from lung or bronchial troubles should call or send for literature free.

KOCH INSTITUTE,
Rooms 2 to 20 Zahn Bldg. entrance 431 1/2 S. Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Complexion Insurance.

Ladies, is it worth anything to you to be assured of a perfect complexion? The famous liquid cosmetic,

Crème de Lis

Takes the place of powders, creams, balms and skin foods, containing all necessary qualities to whiten and nourish the skin. It creates a perfect complexion. Is absolutely pure and harmless. Soothing and healing rough or irritated skin caused by the use of injurious cosmetics. It removes such unsightly blemishes as pimples, blackheads, muddy skin, wrinkles, freckles and tan. If your druggist has none in stock, accept no substitute if you value your complexion and health. We send it to any address, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, 50c.

E. B. HARRINGTON & CO., Manfg. Chemists,
Los Angeles, Cal.



SHONINGER
PIANOS

Lead in quality and tone. Established 50 years. Easy terms.

Williamson Bros.,

227 South Spring.

"Eata Biscuit" is the very apex of cracker making. The best thing in the way of a cracker yet produced.

EATA

Biscuit warmed in the oven for breakfast
Biscuit" with milk the last thing at night
are good for the noontime

When you have
crackers, cakes and
then is the

"Eata
Bisc

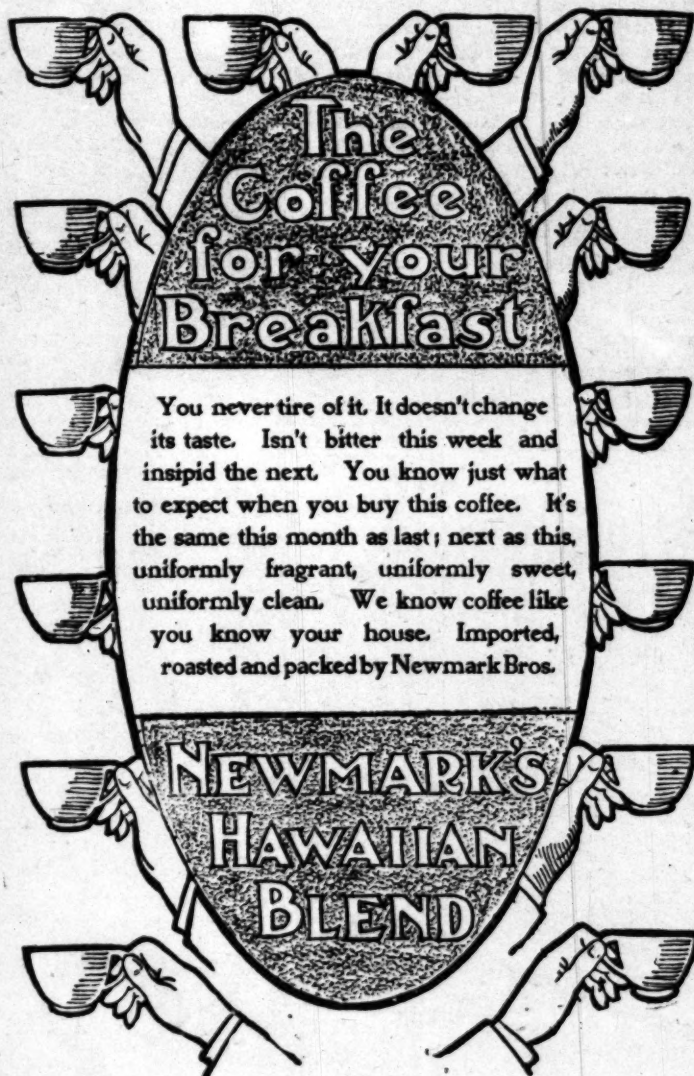
5 and 10 Cent Packages.

Moisture proof, dust proof, clean and
crisply fresh, owing to the way they are
packed. There is only one genuine Eata

BISCUIT

Made by Bishop & Co.

All first-class grocers
"Eata Biscuit." Try
tomorrow.



**The
Coffee
for your
Breakfast**

You never tire of it. It doesn't change its taste. Isn't bitter this week and insipid the next. You know just what to expect when you buy this coffee. It's the same this month as last; next as this, uniformly fragrant, uniformly sweet, uniformly clean. We know coffee like you know your house. Imported, roasted and packed by Newmark Bros.

**NEWMARK'S
HAWAIIAN
BLEND**



CAPITOL

MILLING CO.

LOS ANGELES

**EXTRA FAMILY
PATENT (ROLLER) FLOUR**

**Test
This Flour
Yourself.**

Test it in your own kitchen, under every-day conditions. Bake what you will with it and see for yourself that we praise it none too highly. One trial is enough to convince the housekeeper that this flour is the finest on the market, and the most economical.

CAPITOL MILLING CO.

LOS